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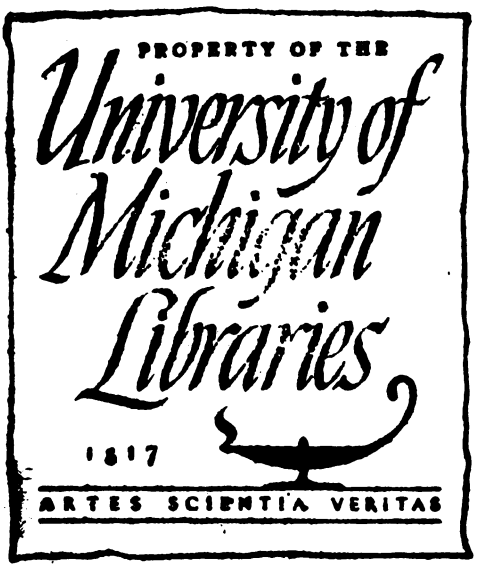
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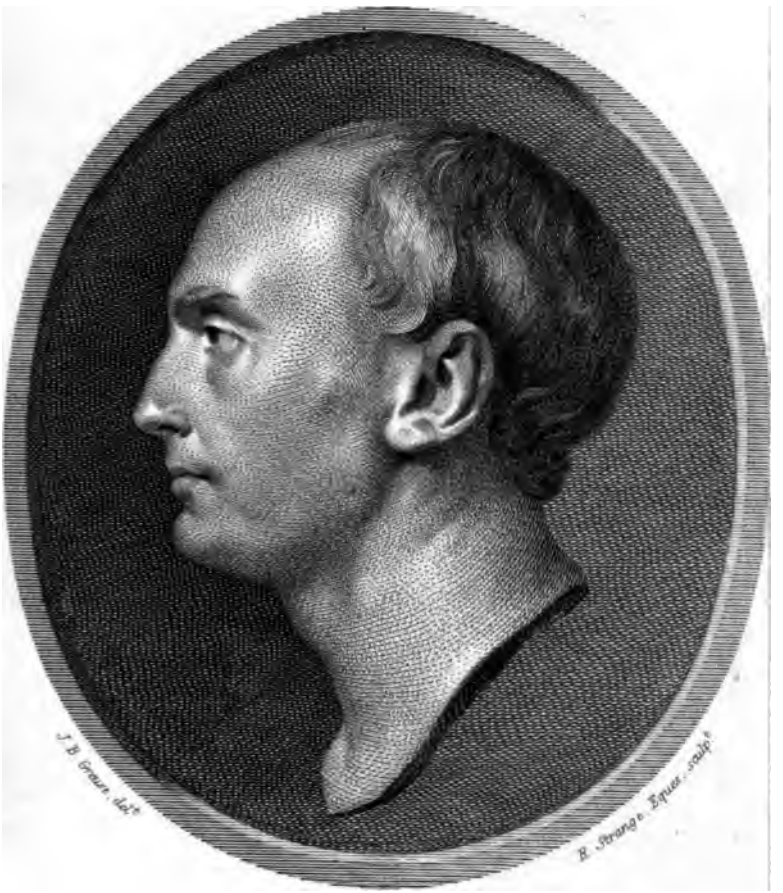

SIR ROBERT STRANGE.

17310

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR ROBERT STRANGE, KNT.,

ENGRAVER,

MEMBER OF SEVERAL FOREIGN ACADEMIES OF DESIGN;

AND OF

HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW

ANDREW LUMISDEN,

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE STUART PRINCES,

AND AUTHOR OF

"THE ANTIQUITIES OF ROME."

BY JAMES DENNISTOUN

OF DENNISTOUN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

1855.

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" NEC SENSUS, NEC CLARUM NOMEN AVORUM,
SED PROBITAS MAGNOS, INGENIUMQUE FACIT."

Ovid.

" LE BEAU . . . EST LE FRUIT D'UNE INSPIRATION PERSÉVERANTE, QUI N'EST QU'UNE SUITE DE LABEURS OPINIÂTRES."

Eugène Delacroix.

" LA BIOGRAPHIE D'UN ARTISTE SE COMPOSE DE DEUX PARTIES BIEN DISTINCTES EN ELLES-MÊMES, MAIS CEPENDANT INSÉPARABLES; LES DÉTAILS DE SA VIE, ET L'ÉTUDE OU L'ANALYSE DE SES ŒUVRES: . . . SES ŒUVRES SUBISSENT L'INFLUENCE DE SON ÉDUCATION ET DES HASARDS DE SA VIE: . . AUCUN DÉTAIL, DE QUELQUE MINIME VALEUR QU'IL PARAISSE D'ABORD, NE DOIT ÊTRE NÉGLIGÉ, MAIS LES DATES SURTOUT SONT IMPORTANTES."

L'Abbé Carton.

LONDON:
A. and G. A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-street-Square.

PREFACE.

THE following pages have been chiefly compiled from papers, which came into my possession with an understanding that their more interesting portions should be given to the public. Most of them were left to me by my wife's granduncle, the late Sir Thomas A. Strange, who alone could have satisfactorily performed the task thus devolved upon me. He had been intimately acquainted with the habits and character of his father, Sir Robert, as well as of his uncle and godfather, Mr. Lumisden; and would have brought to the task many of the most graceful qualities of a biographer. That he had contemplated some such labour of love appears from a slight sketch of Mr. Lumisden's life, now in my possession, which, although too crude for publication, will occasionally be quoted in these volumes. Its non-completion by him, at an earlier period, is the more to be regretted, as the Jacobite cause, on

which it was calculated to throw some passing lights, is now of rapidly waning interest; and as several documents important for this purpose have, in the interval, disappeared from his collection.

In undertaking what has thus been too long deferred, I am not without hope of conferring pleasure upon some readers. The meagre notices of Sir Robert Strange which have hitherto appeared are singularly barren of incident; and, notwithstanding a dictum ascribed to himself, "that the works of an artist should serve him for a life and monument," they seem to me unworthy the reputation of one who not only felt, loved, and illustrated high art as none of his countrymen had before done, but who, by talent, industry, and taste, elevated his profession of engraving beyond its previous rank. Again, the correspondence of his wife's brother, Mr. Andrew Lumisden, who, during eighteen years, was secretary to the Stuart Princes, by throwing lights upon their Court and policy, as well as upon the vicissitudes of their exiled partisans, bears upon a portion of their melancholy story hitherto shrowded in doubt as well as in sadness; and occasionally affords curious glimpses of Scottish families and manners. And it would be gratifying to find a wider interest attaching to these volumes, from the examples they hold out

of earnest and unwearied perseverance in an arduous profession on the one hand, of conscientious devotedness to a desperate cause on the other, as well as from their portraiture of a family group, singularly united in affections, though often severed by adverse fate.

Sir Robert Strange has long enjoyed a European reputation; yet the excellence of his works is no adequate index of his merit. Living in an age when art, equally degenerate in aims and execution, seldom rose beyond flimsy efforts at decoration, and when a tasteless public were well content with such trifling gratifications as it offered them, immediate success in his profession would have been most readily secured by following the prevailing fashion. But his mind was set on higher efforts. Despising a course recommended to the wants of an increasing family, he sought inspiration from the old masters; and, after feeling his way on one or two Flemish and French works, devoted himself almost exclusively to Italian masterpieces. As his country contained no freely accessible collection of these, his ever improving perception of the beautiful stimulated him to seek for them in other lands, at an outlay of time and money, and by an abnegation of domestic ties, which few would have incurred. Rather than turn

aside from the path he had thus chosen, he sacrificed the favour of George III. and of his favourite minister, the only two men in Britain then disposed to patronise art. There remained but the public to look to for support in a course towards which their intelligence had never been awakened, nor their sympathies evoked. The risk was consequently great; and, although years elapsed ere his unflagging diligence and indomitable perseverance attained the success due equally to his courage and talent, one object was much sooner effected. From his native Orkney to the Land's End, his engravings brought within the reach of all men the best works of great painters, whose very names were almost unknown to his countrymen, or had been ignorantly prostituted to canvasses altogether unworthy of them. These engravings, offered at the same price as the trash which preceded them in the market, gradually obtained a large circulation, and became the first important step towards a general amelioration of English taste in the fine arts. Other appliances were devoted by Strange towards the same ends. He boldly ventured the moderate capital at his disposal in importing a superior class of pictures for the home market; and, by descriptive catalogues of these and of his own works, he did much to instruct

the public regarding the merits of such masters as he recommended to their preference.

Memoirs, especially when copiously illustrated from private letters, must always be desultory; but the risks of overlaying the subject, and distracting the reader, are much increased when it is proposed to mould into one narrative the biography of two individuals, who, although mutually and intimately connected, were generally placed in totally different scenes and circumstances. Notwithstanding this inconvenience, we have preferred making the brothers-in-law tell the story of their lives chiefly in extracts from their own correspondence and writings, the peculiarities of their respective characters being thus more satisfactorily unfolded. The length to which these extracts have consequently extended will, therefore, it is hoped, be received with indulgence.

It was at one time my wish to have traced the progress in Britain of that art which Strange so greatly advanced, examining the merits of his contemporaries and their works, and also, from his own and Mr. Lumisden's papers, to have gathered notices of their countrymen who studied or practised art in Italy from 1750 to 1773. But to do this in a satisfactory manner would have inconveniently enlarged

these volumes, without materially illustrating the persons whose lives I had undertaken to narrate.

I have gratefully to acknowledge facilities obligingly afforded me by Mr. Carpenter, of the British Museum; by M. Frenzel, of the Royal Collection of Drawings, at Dresden; and by M. Charles Le Blanc, of the Bibliothèque Impériale, at Paris. The catalogue of Sir Robert Strange's engravings, compiled by the latter, and published by Weigel, of Leipsic, in 1848, is indispensable to every amateur. Friends in the far Orkneys have sent their gifts; and the antiquarian stores of Mr. Robert Chambers, Mr. David Laing, Mr. James Maidment, Mr. J. Gibson Craig, and the late Mr. C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, were placed at my disposal with the wonted liberality of their owners. Mr. Domenic Colnaghi's extensive information had already been made available to M. Le Blanc; but I am debtor to my friend, Mr. Lewis Gruner, for not a few judicious critical hints in regard to Strange's works. To these and many other well-wishers I thus warmly offer thanks.

An attack of severe illness, while the last sheets of the work are passing through the press, will, I trust, excuse such oversights as may have consequently occurred.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

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I. Head of Sir Robert Strange, electrotyped from his own plate after Greuse, *frontispiece.*

II. The Death of the Stag, an etching electrotyped from Sir Robert's own plate, to face p. 237.

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ERRATUM.

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MEMOIRS

OF

SIR ROBERT STRANGE.

CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN OF THE STRANGE FAMILY. — SIR ROBERT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY YEARS, AND APPRENTICESHIP WITH RICHARD COOPER.

THE predilections entertained in Scotland for pedigree have been frequently matter of comment, sometimes of ridicule. They emanated from social and territorial relations long prevalent there, in which feudal and patriarchal principles were singularly blended. When large districts were owned or occupied by families bearing the same surname, and more or less under the influence of clanship, it was gratifying, if not advantageous, for these to establish a connection with the main stem of their spreading tree. Hence the tendency traceable, even in our

days of removed landmarks and cosmopolitan innovations, for Scotchmen suddenly elevated in the social scale to attach themselves to some recognised branch of an ancient stock, or even to assert claims to its vacant chieftainship. It was in this spirit that Sir Robert Strange, when the reputation earned by his graver had been attested in the honour of knighthood conferred on him by George III., applied for authority to assume the armorial bearings of the most ancient house of his name. Evidence in support of his pretensions having been duly exhibited, the result was a recognition, by the Lord Lyon of Scotland, of his right to represent the Strangs of Balcaskie, in Fifeshire, through the pedigree set forth in the following patent.

"To all and sundry whom these presents do or may concern: WE, John Hooke Campbell of Bangeston, Esquire, Lyon King of Arms, do hereby certify and declare, that the ensigns armorial pertaining and belonging to Sir Robert Strange, Knight, heir male and representative of the ancient family of Balcaskie, in the county of Fife, and chief of that surname, only [surviving] son and heir of David Strange, or Strang, of Kirkwall, Esquire, and Jean, daughter of Malcolm Scollay of Hunton, Esquire;—which David was eldest son and heir of James Strange, or Strang, Esquire; who was eldest son of Andrew Strange, or Strang,

of South Ronaldshay, Esquire; who was eldest son of Sir David [Magnus] Strange, or Strang, of South Ronaldshay, a younger son of the above mentioned family of Balcaskie, which failed in the direct line near the end of last century;—are matriculated in the public registers of the Lyon office, and are blazoned as on the margin, thus, viz.: Argent, a cheveron between three lozenges, sable: above the shield is placed an helmet befitting his degree, with a mantling gules, the doubling argenton; on a wreath of his liveries is set for his crest, a cluster of grapes proper, and in an escroll above the crest this motto, *Dulce quod utile.* Which armorial ensigns, above blazoned, we do hereby ratify, confirm, and assign to the said Sir Robert Strange, Knight, and the heirs male of his body, as their proper arms and bearing in all time coming. In testimony whereof these presents are subscribed by Robert Boswell, Esquire, our deputy, and the great seal of our office is hereunto appended. At Edinburgh, the twentieth day of December, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one.—Ro. Boswell, Lyon Dep."

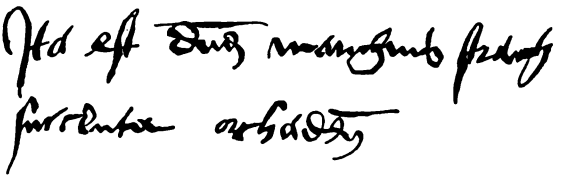
This document appears to have fully satisfied Sir Robert's ambition, but not that of his helpmate, with whose energetic temperament the reader will by and by become acquainted. She accordingly, after his death, applied for supporters on behalf of her eldest

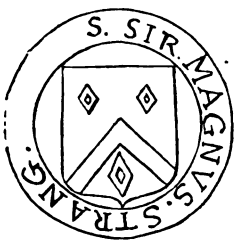
son, as head of his name, and employed Mr. William McTaggart, writer in Edinburgh, to make the necessary researches. In 1798 he reports, "In the first place I waited on Mr. Home, the depute Lord Lyon, with your patent of arms, accompanied with a memorial for you, in which I set forth your claim. But I soon found from him that being chief of a name does not *per se* entitle a person to assume and use supporters. The principal thing necessary to be instructed is 'that the family held *in capite* of the Crown prior to the year 1427,' at which time the barons of Scotland, every one knows, were not merely entitled, but in fact obliged, to appear in Parliament to treat of the affairs of the nation. To prove this, I next betook myself to the records, the only legal authorities, and I found three charters which did the business, none of which are now extant elsewhere. Of these I gave the depute Lord Lyon an abstract, which he was perfectly satisfied with, but, for sake of form, he behoved to see the originals himself."

Encouraged by this success, Mr. M'Taggart embodied the results of his inquiries in a history of the family. The "tin case" which contained it has disappeared, but from his notes, it would seem that he had found a John Strang of Balkasky, in 1362, married to Cecilia Anstruther of Anstruther; and that from William Strang of Balkaskie, in

1440, he had been able to trace their line until the estate was sold in 1615. The title deeds of their original lairdship, to which, by favour of its present owner, Sir Ralph A. Anstruther, Bart., I have had access, prove that the Strangs were in possession of it at least from the time of that William, who died before 1441, and, moreover, confirm the alienation of their old barony, under a weight of debt, soon after the Union of the crowns. We have thus ample evidence that they were gentlemen of ancient lineage and fair estate in the eastern "neuk" or corner of Fife, holding also lands in Tweedale some four centuries ago. One of them fell in 1547 at the battle of Fawside, or Pinky, so fatal to Scottish chivalry; and the landless heir of their name, becoming a soldier in the Dalgetty school, rose during the German wars to be lieutenant-colonel of Cochran's Scotch regiment. But neither his occupation nor the age favoured a restoration of broken fortunes. The parent stem having thus been blighted, and probably cut short, the Lord Lyon accepted as its representative a branch transported to Orkney. At the Reformation, Sir Magnus and Sir George Strang were respectively prebendaries of St. Colme's and St. Andrew's in that island group. Sir Magnus also held the ecclesiastical dignity of subchantor, or "succentor," of Orkney, from about 1544 until his death in 1565.

Here are his signature and seal, the latter with the arms of his Fifeshire chieftain, bearing out his southern extraction, as recognised in the Lyon office.





By the great kindness of Mr. James Robertson, sheriff substitute at Kirkwall, I have obtained numerous notices from the public records there regarding the line of Strangs in Orkney and their marriages. With many of these it is unnecessary to load our pages, but it appears that Andrew Strang, notary-public in 1642, held landed property in the island of South Ronaldshay; that his second son, James, settled as a merchant in Kirkwall, and had, by his second wife, Isabel Irvine, a son David, born in 1680; also that David, who became treasurer of

that town, had by his two wives a numerous family, the eldest son of his second marriage with Jean Scollay being SIR ROBERT STRANGE. Mr. Robertson writes me, "I am satisfied that the engraver's mother, Jean Scollay, was a daughter of Malcolm Scollay of Hunton. The Scollays [originally Scolé] were an old county family of Norse descent, and of undoubted gentry. Both Mr. Petrie and my friend Mr. Balfour of Trenabie, say that they have seen notices of Edward Scollay as Sheriff of Orkney, circa 1610-20. * * * Isabel Irvine, the grandmother of Sir Robert, I conclude was a remote or immediate descendant of the Irvines of Sebay, a still older and better family than that of Scollay. John of Irwyn had landed possessions in the parish of Holm in Orkney in 1438, when the county was still an appanage of the crown of Denmark and Norway. The Irvines of Sebay are very frequently mentioned in the times of Robert and Patrick Stewart, Earls of Orkney, and suffered very severely from the outrages of these rapacious nobles. They became extinct in the direct male line, *tempore* Charles I.; but one collateral branch had immediately before settled in the island of Sanday, and another, the Irvines of Gairstay, in the island of Shapinshay. They lost the estate of Gairstay several generations back, and sank down into the condition of mere peasants, tenants of Quhome, where some of them reside at

this day. I was there lately with Mr. Balfour, the proprietor of Shapinshay, who pointed out the old and modest house at Quhome where was born William Irvine, father of Washington Irving! Is it not somewhat singular that Sir Robert Strange and the author of Bracebridgehall can be almost demonstrated of the same blood. I *guess* that, if Irving knew his pedigree could be traced step by step up to John Erwyn of 1438, he would readily claim and vindicate his Orcadian descent."

David, the father of Sir Robert, left three sons by his first wife, Jean Boynd. His landed property, and some houses in Kirkwall, were settled on James, the eldest of these, to whom he bequeathed, as a special legacy, "the number of twelve double silver spoons, marked A. S. and E. R., my knock and case thereof, and wainscot cabinet, and my whole sheep runing in Wynfoord hill, or upon the privelege of the burgh of Kirkwall, and my sheep mark upon them." Mr. Robertson observes that "the owner of twelve silver spoons in those days must have been a man of some note;" they were probably heirlooms, as well as the "knock" or house-clock; and their initials carry us back to Andrew, the notary-public of 1642. His will manifests the serious feeling under which our ancestors becomingly undertook the duty of settling their mundane concerns. "I, David Strang, merchant burgess of Kirkwall,

being for the present, by the blessing of God, in health of body and mind; yet considering the frailty of man's life, and the uncertainty of the time thereof, am therefore resolved so to order my affairs in my owen time, that all differences that may follow thereanent after my death may be obviated and prevented; therefore I make my latter will and testament as follows. In the first place, I recommend my soul to God Almighty, my Creator, hoping to be saved by the merits of Jesus Christ, my only Lord and Redeemer: and I desire my friends, when it shall please God to call me, to cause decently inter my body in the ordinary burial-place of my family: and as to my worldly affairs, I nominate Jean Scollay, my well-beloved wife, my only executrix." To her he left, besides the jointure provided to her out of his real estate, all his personal property during her life, with a power of distribution among the children of both his marriages.

David Strang died in 1733; and, all the sons of his former marriage being dead within five years thereafter (one of them a writer in Edinburgh, with whom we shall make farther acquaintance), his heritable property devolved upon ROBERT, eldest son of his second nuptials, and the subject of this memoir. He was born on the 14th of July 1721, but the celebrity of his name has tempted some unscrupulous antiquary to filch from the parish register the leaf which

it graced. Of his numerous sisters, Sibella alone is known to have married; and one of her sons by Edward Keith will recur in an after chapter. Though the Orcadian Strangs, in sympathy with the uneuphonious patronymics of their Scandinavian neighbours, wrote their name in its harsher form, the parent stock had occasionally softened it by adding a final *e*, and thus we find it in the earliest of the remaining Balcaskie title-deeds, dated in 1441. Among their off-shoots may be reckoned Sir James Matthew Stronge, Bart., of Tynan Abbey, county of Armagh, who bears the Balcaskie cheveron, duly differenced. His ancestor, like Sir Robert Strange, adopted the open termination of his name, while returning to what may have been its original import, the *strang* or strong man. Thus much regarding our artist's antecedents. To refined minds, a consciousness of gentle blood is an equivalent for many of Fortune's gifts; yet the long pedigree of these Fifeshire lairds owes more lustre to his reputation, than its chieftainship could impart to his name. The amount of his patrimonial fortune is not known, but it enabled him to pursue the highest walks of his profession with considerable advantages, and without depending on its drudgery. Of his younger years nothing is on record beyond what he has noted in a crude and scarcely corrected fragment which I shall now introduce, regretting that the autobiography

which it was intended to commence should have so soon been discontinued.

"The island of Pomona, in the Orkneys, gave birth to the author of the following work. My father was a descendant from an ancient family of Balcaskie, in the county of Fife; my mother, the daughter of John Scollay of Hunton, Esquire, in the Orkneys. In my earlier years, till towards the age of fourteen, I received such education as the country afforded, and which terminated in an excellent grammar school, where I attained some general knowledge of the classics.* Having had

* In the Fingask MS., to which we shall presently refer, it is stated that Sir Robert "received his classical education at Kirkwall, in Orkney, under the care of a learned, worthy, and respected gentleman, Mr. Murdoch M'Kenzie, still alive, who has rendered infinite service to his country by the accurate surveys and charts he has given of the islands of Orkney, and the British and Irish coasts." M'Kenzie, also an Orcadian, and grandson of the good bishop of that name, was his pupil's relation, and, though his senior by nine years, survived him. He enjoys a well-earned reputation as the first Scottish hydrographer who brought science and accuracy to the task of surveying his native coasts. After publishing his charts of the Orkneys and Lewis in 1750, he was employed by the Admiralty upon a great maritime survey of the western coasts of Great Britain, which, to his great annoyance, was interrupted by orders from the First Lord [Sandwich] sending him to work upon the Irish coast. It was published, notwithstanding his protest, in so imperfect a state, that many important errors, especially in the Firth of Clyde, committed by incompetent assistants, went forth to the world, and have only of late been corrected. He was also author of a treatise on Maritime Surveying in 1774.

the misfortune to lose my father, it became necessary that I should betake myself to some regular course of life. My natural inclination was to go to sea: having been often accustomed to pleasure upon the water, and visiting many of the vessels who either arrived or took their departure, I had, in general, experienced all the sweets, but none of the hardships, which do accompany this watery element. I had frequently been accustomed to amuse myself with drawing, without knowing its tendency, for never had an idea of art passed the Pentland Firth. Living in a remote corner of the world, genius had not here its proper latitude, either for exertion or information.

"My relations, in general combated every idea I entertained with respect to the sea; particularly my mother, to whose opinion I owed every deference. The Law was what they held out to me, which, after some difficulty, and having no other alternative, I of course agreed to. Soon after this, I was placed with an intelligent man, an attorney. I had not been long here before my time began to hang heavy on my hands, nor had I lost sight of the agreeable hours I had passed upon the water, but from which I was now interdicted. The task assigned me was in copying papers which I but little understood; of course they could afford me no entertainment. In this manner did I rub over several months, neither

to my own, nor to the satisfaction of others. I had, at this time, a brother who had been settled several years at Edinburgh as a writer or lawyer. * I had reason to believe that my mother had instructed him privately of my situation, and of the strong desire I still entertained of going to sea, for, weary of the state I was in, I had from time to time testified every desire of this nature, and forced it in some measure to a trial. She, who was all indulgence, told me she would herself have no hand in removing me from where I had been placed, but that she would consult my brother at Edinburgh. I was elated with this proposal, and no sooner had the return of a letter been received, than I was to be consigned by the first opportunity which sailed from Kirkwall to Leith, and which actually took place in the course of a few months.

" On my arrival at Edinburgh, no reception could be more kind than that which I experienced from my brother. In the sequel, indeed, he proved to me a father. Tears of gratitude at this moment bedew my cheeks, and whilst breathing I must venerate his memory. I passed some days here, as it were to see the place, without anything material having happened, only that my inclinations had, in general, been consulted, when I had the same propensity as ever of

* The imperfect records of this fraternity do not enable me to give any farther notice of our artist's half-brother here spoken of.

going to sea. We had a most agreeable passage from the Orkneys, passed about a week at Peterhead on the voyage, where we had been detained by a contrary wind. All this had been exceedingly agreeable, and only confirmed me in my former desire. There was at this time stationed in the road of Leith the Alborough man-of-war, a vessel of twenty guns, and commanded by Captain Robinson. Some days after my arrival at Edinburgh, it happened that this gentleman gave an entertainment to many of his friends, on board the Alborough; and my brother, who had been an acquaintance of Captain Robinson's, was of the party. It is more than probable that during this interview I had been the subject of conversation, and that my brother had mentioned to him his consignment from the Orkneys; for the very next morning, when at breakfast, he put a question to me, saying, 'Robie, how would you like to go on board a man-of-war?' I replied there was nothing I should like better. Thus understanding each other, he told me that he had mentioned me to Captain Robinson, who informed him that he was going upon a cruise for some weeks, during which time he had no objection to receive me on board the Alborough; and that, after his return to Leith, I might either remain, or leave the vessel if I found the sea was not agreeable to me. No proposal could be more flattering than this; I was elated with it

beyond measure. My brother then desired I might not be out of the way, for that next day he would see Captain Robinson and of course present me to him, which was accordingly done.

"No time was now to be lost. The Alborough was to sail in a few days, during which I was provided in what necessaries were requisite for so short a period as that of a few weeks' cruise; but, in the sequel, it turned out otherwise. I was conducted on board the Alborough by my brother; it turned out to be the very morning she was beginning to unmoor, and in the course of the day to sail. Captain Robinson received me with politeness, and recommended me to the care of the midshipmen; but particularly to that of a Mr. Sommers, who was then walking the quarter-deck, and from whom I afterwards received every attention. I here took leave of my brother, who remained with other company that were on board, and dined with the captain. In the afternoon, the vessel was under sail, and towards evening we quitted the road of Leith. It was towards the middle of summer; the weather was pleasant, and, upon the whole, my situation was agreeable, though I was by no means exempted from doing my duty. We continued our cruise off the coast of England for I think the space of near four weeks, when Captain Robinson received an express rom the Admiralty, desiring his attendance with

the Alborough at Gravesend, there to receive on board the Swedish Ambassador, then at the Court of Britain, together with his family, and conduct them over to Gottenburg. This unexpected change in our situation opened to me, as it were, a new scene of entertainment; and, the weather having in general been fine, rather confirmed me in the choice I had made. Several weeks had intervened before we finally left Gravesend. We had a most tedious passage to Gottenburg; the winds being in general adverse, and the weather rainy and disagreeable. I could often have dispensed with doing my duty, and the rather that during the whole of our voyage I had been in general sick. After several weeks being tossed at sea, we at length reached the port of our destination, and got to Gottenburg. Here we remained from two towards three weeks, during which time the weather was tolerable. My friend, Mr. Sommers, carried me on shore, where we passed a day or two; and where I had that curiosity satisfied which is peculiar to every stranger. Captain Robinson, too, during our being at sea, had frequently beckoned me to him on the quarter-deck, and asked me various questions, in particular relative to my like or dislike of the sea. This attention on the part of the captain had its proper effect with respect to others.

"Before leaving Gottenburg, I had wrote a letter

to my brother, in which I was not altogether that enthusiast I had been in favour of my new profession; for, by this time, I had begun to state, as debtor and creditor, both the pleasures and the hardships which attended this course of life. My friend, Mr. Sommers, too, contributed not a little to unhinge me, by stating to me his own grievances, together with the precariousness of promotion in the service, notwithstanding he had been long in the navy. His words frequently were, 'Bob, if you have any other alternative, quit the sea, and you'll afterwards bless me for my advice.' Time, indeed, did verify it.

"We sailed from Gottenburg rather with a contrary wind; but the weather was mild. Our passage back to England seemed to be as tedious as it had been to Sweden. It was now late in the season, and we had reason to apprehend the equinoctial storms, which, indeed, we soon experienced. They were both violent and of a long duration. For many days our fire was extinguished, the guns lashed, the topmasts lowered, the sails furled, and the vessel herself left, as it were, to the discretion of the waves, or to the fury of a merciless element. All this while I was sick to death, and ever wished myself on shore. Nay, I could again have returned to the Orkneys — anything would have been agreeable for a change of situation during this period. The storm at length abated; and in the course of a few days we

got sight of land, and consequently got into smooth water. Soon after this the Alborough was ordered back to her station: winter was approaching, for almost five months had intervened from the time of our leaving Leith till our final return. The day after our arrival I got on shore, blessing my stars on so happy an event, and congratulating myself for the first fortunate period of my life which restored me to an affectionate brother, and from whom I received the kindest welcome.

"Some days passed over without anything material happening, only that he informed me he was by no means displeased when he understood, by a second letter I had wrote him from sea, that I had given up every idea of pursuing it; and he was now desirous to know what I would point out, or what would gratify my inclination, adding that, that I was the first to be consulted, as it regarded my future fortune, and perhaps the happiness of my life. I was on this occasion all obsequiousness, and grateful to my benefactor; I wished to consult him, and even to be regulated by his advice. The field where I was now placed had not, as yet, given me time to deliberate, and though I had formerly spent many hours in amusing myself from time to time with drawing, I had not as yet got into the track of it, nor had I once thought of it during the several months which I spent on board the Alborough. My brother, however, urged

me to a decision, asking me at the same time what had been my material objection at being with Mr. Mackenzie in the Orkneys. I replied, I had none, but that a desire of going to sea had preponderated with me, and I believed from no other reason but that I had been often accustomed to pleasure upon the water. 'That being now over,' added he, 'would you like to return to him? or, if you could follow the same profession here, would it be perfectly eligible to you, supposing I should undertake to breed you myself?' I answered, it would, and that he could not propose to me a question that could make me happier. Thus were our ideas for the present perfectly united; nay, I knew it gave him pleasure, because he had a predilection for his own profession, and I had on former occasions frequent opportunities of knowing that he wished I would give it the preference.

"Before leaving my native country, I had wrote an excellent hand of write, but had been out of the practice of it for several months. It was not to be doubted but that I should soon recover it; and which literally was the case, for I soon became extremely useful. My brother attended at this time a public office in the line of his profession, where he spent the morning till towards the hour of dinner. I generally occupied his apartment at home; where I employed my time in copying such papers as he had occasion

for. In this manner the winter passed over, though not without some little encroachments on my part with respect to the time I should have employed in what regarded my common avocations. These briefly were no other than that I had begun, as it were in a private way, to amuse myself with drawing; keeping everything, however, as much as I could out of sight. I was even sometimes gently reprehended, and questioned in what manner I could pass my time, he being a perfect judge of what I was capable of doing. To these and such like questions I had little to answer. Silence was the rule I observed, notwithstanding it implied a certain guilt. One day my brother came in, rather bytimes, with a resolution of passing the whole of the afternoon at home, in order to expedite some writings were in a hurry. He sent me some messages after dinner, which employed a considerable part of the afternoon. During my absence on this occasion, some papers, which had been mislaid, he had rummaged for in the bureau at which I used to write, where, unfortunately, he put his hands upon a budget of drawings I had carefully concealed. These drawings were no more than little sketches I had done in pen and ink; some few from my own fancy, and others from the ornaments and title-pages of books, &c. On my return I little dreamt of this detection, nor did I even suspect it. No conduct on the part of my brother afforded me the least hint, but, on the contrary, he was placid to a degree. He had

removed the drawings, and afterwards did not fail of making a proper use of them, and converting them to my advantage.

"There was at this time settled at Edinburgh, Mr. [Richard] Cooper, an engraver, who I shall afterwards take an opportunity of mentioning. A Mr. Fraser, by profession a lawyer, and an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Cooper's, introduced my brother to this artist, when my drawings were tabled, and an opinion of course asked. Mr. Cooper replied, that he could not say but the young man who did them had some promising genius; but if it was proposed I should be an engraver, he would take trial of me for five or six weeks, during which time he would be a more competent judge, and he thought it would be to the advantage of both parties. This was agreed upon, and I was to call on Mr. Cooper; which I soon did, presenting him a note from my brother by way of introduction. I had been a perfect stranger to what had been going on, nor had I even missed my drawings. My brother was the first that gave me any information of them, and of the use he had made of them. He did it, indeed, in a manner that did him honour, adding, that he had only one object in view, which was my future welfare and happiness. As to himself, he said it would be no disappointment whatever my quitting his profession; he had observed that my mind did not go along with it;

that in the field in which I was now likely to embark nature seemed to point out the way; and that he hoped on my part no assiduity would be wanting. These, and many such fatherly hints he threw out, which softened me into tears. The very Monday following I went to Mr. Cooper's, who immediately assigned me a task, and from one [day] to another he seemed much pleased with my assiduity. Nature had here her full scope, and genius soon began to exert itself. I felt my situation happy, and apparently a prospect of its continuance. I had not been ten days with Mr. Cooper before he met my brother in the street, and, accosting him, testified how much he was pleased with his young pupil, adding at the same time that, if it was agreeable to all parties, and not to prolong time, a bargain might be instantly concluded. To this my brother had no objection. I was in the course of a few days bound an apprentice, for no less a period than that of six years, paying at the same time a decent apprentice fee. Mr. Frazer with my brother were my principal cautioners. I was now totally removed to Mr. Cooper's, where I insensibly became one of the family, and a favourite, too, with my master. I felt my situation easy, and the love of my profession grew upon me more or less every day.

"I shall here trespass upon the reader's patience, and say something of Mr. Cooper. It is, indeed, incumbent upon me; it is even a justice which I

owe to his memory. This artist was born in London, and bred under Mr. Pine, an engraver. A considerable succession having reverted to him upon the death of his father, he quitted his profession as an engraver, and went to Italy in order to study painting, and passed several years at Rome. I am entirely a stranger in what manner he employed his time whilst in that city; but certain it is, he was an excellent draughtsman, had acquired a knowledge of the great masters, and was himself no inconsiderable painter, notwithstanding he did not follow it in a professional line. As a graver, he seemed to want more practice with that instrument than he had acquired; but what he executed had both spirit and taste to recommend it. He had formed an excellent collection of drawings, and many of them by the great masters. His own studies, too, were not inconsiderable. Mr. Cooper, during his stay in Rome, had formed an acquaintance and friendship with a Mr. Guthrie, a native of Scotland, and student in painting. They returned to Britain together. They arrived in the summer season, when Mr. Cooper was prevailed upon to escort his friend part of the way to Scotland, without having entertained the least idea of visiting that country. The travellers got as far as York, where they were to separate; but it so turned out that the friendships of these artists being so cemented, Mr. Cooper

was prevailed upon to pay a visit to Edinburgh, where Mr. Guthrie's family resided. He got acquainted in a short time with several of the principal gentlemen in that city, and indeed of the country at large. The arrival of such a stranger was no small acquisition to Edinburgh, where the arts had languished, or where, more properly speaking, they never had been introduced. Scotland, however, had had her painters. The celebrated Sir John Medina had been a residenter in that kingdom; Jameson, an excellent portrait painter, had been bred under Vandyck, and was a native of that country; Smeebort had been likewise the same; Aikman, too, an ingenious portrait painter, had been a scholar of Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

* Although mentioned in most art-biographies, Richard Cooper will be best known by this tribute from the most eminent of his pupils. The few cited works from his burin are chiefly portraits, inadequate to found a reputation; and his profile, engraved by himself in mezzotint, after J. Donaldson, is extremely rare. Strutt has confused him with his son Richard, who taught drawing to Queen Charlotte, and at Eton College. The elder Cooper built for himself a house of more pretension than was usually occupied by the gentry of Edinburgh, which, sharing the common lot of their dwellings, is now sadly degraded, and has become a hat manufactory. It is situated on the east side of St. John-street; has three stories, each with three well-proportioned rooms, and, connected by a spacious stair, ornamented with a handsome carved balustrade. Rumour speaks of compositions painted in oil on the ceilings; but, alas! whitewash alone remains to tell a tale of decorations barbarously defaced. On the wall, however, of the adjoining dining-room, there is still a landscape in the classical taste, about 5½ by 9 feet, which, from the

"Mr. Cooper was prevailed upon to pass the winter at Edinburgh, where, in a short time, he enlarged the circle of his acquaintances amongst many of the nobility and principal gentry of that country. All, as if by one consent, solicited his remaining, and many had already tendered to him their friendships and good offices. An offering so flattering as this had its desired effect; and the first journey which Mr. Cooper made to London was to settle his affairs there, and bring down to Scotland the purchases he had made in Italy, which was no inconsiderable acquisition to the country where the arts were yet in their infancy. The line which Mr. Cooper pursued was engraving, this art having been almost totally unknown. Of one kind and another he had a multiplicity of work, though not of the first choice. He had employed an artist or two he had brought down from London; and, besides myself, he had

tendency of mural oil paintings to darken, and from accumulated smoke, is scarcely discernible. The house afterwards belonged to the Earl of Wemyss, and within the last thirty years looked upon a private garden, tastefully kept up. Cooper's master was John Pine, who published the Armada tapestries from the old House of Lords, and engraved the text of Horace. His son, Robert Edge Pine, was a tolerable portrait painter, whose restless temperament carried him to America, where he died in 1790. A brother, Simon, miniature painter, died in 1772. William Aikman of Cairney, in Forfarshire, was, like Strange, destined for the law; but, preferring the pursuits of art, sold his patrimonial estate and went to Rome in 1707. On his return some years later, he settled in London, where he painted many portraits of distinguished persons, and died in 1731, aged 49.

other apprentices. A school of this nature could not fail of communicating, as it were, the first rudiments of the art, particularly where the assiduity of the young artist was perpetually employed, and solicitous of doing well. Mr. Cooper encouraged me as much as possible in the study of drawing, well knowing its tendency towards forming an engraver. He was exceedingly communicative, and on all occasions opened to me his portfolios. In short, I soon became of consequence, and of real utility to him, and of course a favourite with him. Amongst other advantages to a young artist, we had a winter's academy at Edinburgh. It was superintended by Mr. Cooper, who was well qualified for it, and was supported, at the easy subscription of half a guinea, amongst the few artists of that city, and a number of gentlemen who were solicitous of promoting the arts. I became a constant attender on this academy, after being in some measure qualified for it. I had likewise copied some French prints, which gave me a facility with the graver, intermixing that harmony which the exercise of drawing will ever produce in the execution of any subject, but particularly that of history, to which I had ever an eye.

"In this manner had I passed over about the two first years of my apprenticeship, when an event happened which proved to me one of the greatest misfortunes I have experienced in my life; it was

the death of my brother. He was cut off in the flower of life, and in the course of a few days, by a violent fever. I not only lost on this occasion a brother, but a second father, a friend and benefactor. There was united in him all the qualities of the best of hearts. He was generous, he was benevolent, and he was humane. He had been settled at Edinburgh for several years, and, had he lived, he would have shone in his profession. His acquaintances were numerous, and they were respectable, and there seemed on this occasion a general concern in the city for several days. I had now lost a connection which was dear to me, and which I knew could not be replaced. He was ever vigilant over my conduct, and perpetually tendering me his kind offices. I in return was studious to deserve both. This unexpected misfortune perhaps created in me a desire of revisiting my native country. I was discouraged in it by Mr. Cooper, to whom I had become exceedingly useful. This opposition on his part was natural. But my desire did not end here, for it became a perfect disease with me, which I could not subdue, and what the French call *la maladie du pays.* After various efforts, I at last obtained permission, assuring Mr. Cooper that I should make up to him whatever time I was absent.

"I of course sailed for the Orkneys about the beginning of June, elated with the idea of revisiting

the town of Kirkwall, the seat of my nativity, which my imagination had formed to be one of the elegant cities of the times, and not even a second to Edinburgh. We had a pleasant passage, which we performed in the course of a few days, and came to anchor in the road off Kirkwall upon a Sunday morning. This scene I viewed with pleasure, as it reminded me of happy days. We got on shore, I will not say about the hour of divine service, but about the time that the kirk had assembled. Soon after our arrival we separated, some one way, and some another. I had a long way to walk before I reached my mother's house. But never was astonishment like mine; not even a dog was to be seen on the streets. The solitude of the place, the nakedness of the houses—for I had formed to my imagination so many palaces,—the magnitude of the cathedral church, which diminished every other object, were to me the whole as if it had been a dream, the whole a piece of delusion. I reached my mother's house, and waited her return with impatience from the kirk. That instant she saw me we were locked in each other's arms; our tears were mutual, on account of the misfortune we had so recently sustained. Dinner being over, my mother solicited me attending her to the kirk; but I begged to be excused; I rather preferred taking a solitary excursion round the suburbs of this magnificent town, which had led

me into delusion, and to persuade, if possible, my wayward senses whether the whole was yet reality or delirium.

"I had now been upwards of three years absent from my native country; of course a sight of me had been rare. My reputation, too, as an artist, had found its way even to the Orkneys,—an appellation which for the first time had been heard of in the country. Many in consequence were desirous of possessing something of my engraving, whether in seals, crests, or coats of arms, &c. I passed the first days in visiting my relations, friends, &c., and in renewing my intimacy with some of my old school companions. I even endeavoured to get the better of my delirium, and to restore to my deluded fancy their pristine ideas; and in which I soon succeeded. The town of Kirkwall insensibly resumed the appearance I had known it have formerly, and even the stately edifice of St. Magnus had lost to me his consequence. Thus I became a rational being. My intended visit to my native country was meant to be but of short duration; I knew I was wanted at Edinburgh. During my stay in town, and in visiting several gentlemen in the islands, I had been charged with a number of commissions, which my employers in general were anxious to possess. This abridged several of my visits, and made me return to Kirkwall, where I deliberately sat me down, and

executed such of my commissions as I conveniently could, leaving others till my return to Edinburgh. This occasioned a prolongation of my stay in the Orkneys, and it was towards the latter end of autumn before I could leave it.

"I now returned to Edinburgh, where I had been waited for with impatience, and I resumed, with every ardour in my power, my former avocations. Mr. Cooper had engaged in a new work, which was a folio edition of Albinus' Anatomical Plates, to be superintended by the celebrated Monro. I had in some measure the conducting of this work, and even my choice of such subjects as I wished to engrave: what fell to my province was the ostiology, and two plates of the external muscles. This work did not fail to be a considerable advantage to me. There were some alterations to be made in the muscles, which gave me frequent opportunities of conversing with this celebrated anatomist. I was besides a sort of favourite with him, because he wrote from time to time in the Medical Essays of Edinburgh, and had generally some anatomical preparation to illustrate what he had wrote upon; of course I engraved several of them. Even in the practice of my academical figures I have had many excellent hints from him.*

* I am unable to verify this reference to matters no longer fresh in the writer's memory. The only Edinburgh edition of Albinus'

"During my stay in the Orkneys, Mr. Cooper, as I was informed, had it in contemplation to alter his state. He has hitherto lived the life of a bachelor, and, being superior to common prejudices, and disregardless as it were of the censure of the world, I must say that many things in his family required a reform. He had built what in those days was called a fine house, or indeed at any period it might be termed so. He had decorated this house with every ornament; and on the walls of his great drawing-room he had himself painted in oil some historical compositions which were by no means contemptible. It had been the fashion, when this house was finished, for all ranks of people to visit it; and it was in reserve for the lady who should be the object of his affection to furnish it in what manner she pleased.

Tables of which I am aware, was published in 1777-8, dedicated to and with the approval of Professor Alexander Monro, by Andrew Bell, whose name appears as the engraver of each plate. Whether this was the publication undertaken by Cooper some thirty-eight or forty years before, and in which his apprentice took part, I cannot positively say, although doubtful of the new editor's good faith; but, in any case, these anatomical plates could be of little interest as tests of artistic promise. The same may be said of still humbler efforts exhibited in the illustrations to the first edition of the Edinburgh Medical Essays, 1733-44. These almost all bear Cooper's name, and afford no means of detecting Strange's labours. One which, dates and other circumstances kept in view, may be his, is plate ii. of vol. v., 1742: it represents the posterior view of a remarkable skull, after a drawing by Cooper, for a paper by Dr. Monro.

This choice fell to the share of Miss Anna Lind, the daughter of a respectable family, and in herself possessing every amiable accomplishment. She was elegant in the extreme, modest to an uncommon degree, had a courtesy in her deportment which won her to your esteem, and what few people even bred at a court do possess. She was by no means beautiful, but was exceedingly agreeable. Her features were regular, but they had been marked with the small-pox; notwithstanding of which, when in conversation with her, you would have sworn that the graces played upon her countenance. Added to all this, she had been well educated, and had an elegant understanding. Such was the choice of Mr. Cooper, which indeed did him infinite honour, and which, to the best of my remembrance, took place sometime after my arrival from the Orkneys.

"This apparent change in our family before it took place was not relished by all of it, for every one had been his own master or mistress. The female part of it saw themselves under the necessity of decamping, and of losing their authority. This indeed took place before Mrs. Cooper's arrival; other changes were regulated by time. I was perhaps the only person that relished a revolution of this nature, where I foresaw order, decency, and regularity would take place. I had a fellow-apprentice with me in the house, Michael Hay. He had been the son of a

gentleman in Fife, and nephew to an Andrew Hay, who was well known in London towards the beginning of this [eighteenth] century, and had been instrumental in forming the collections of the Duke of Devonshire, the Houghton, and others of this country. Andrew Hay was bred a portrait-painter, but, possessing a middling degree of merit, he soon abandoned it, and, as he had passed several years in Italy, he had acquired a knowledge in the works of the great masters, and of course became a dealer. He made regular journeys to Rome, and on his return, after his sales were over, he generally visited his native country. He was much connected with Mr. Cooper, and bound an apprentice to him this young man that I have mentioned, but without having in the least consulted his genius. Michael was a pleasant, sensible, young fellow, but dissipated to a degree, without either genius or inclination for the arts. Application to him had at all times been a restraint, notwithstanding he had most excellent qualities, and in any other line of life would have shone.

"Soon after my return to Edinburgh, I had applied to Mr. Cooper that he would indulge me now and then in a day or two, that I might execute a few commissions which I had brought with me from the Orkneys, and others which I had received elsewhere, assuring him at the same time that I would keep an

exact account, and make up to him every hour at the expiration of my apprenticeship. This proposal I foresaw that he would not, nor did he actually relish it; concluding, doubtless, that what money I earnt in this way was like taking so much out of his pocket, and that the employers I had was like depriving him of so many customers. He even threw out some hints to this purpose. I soon, however, persuaded him of the contrary. With respect to my employers in the Orkneys, I told him that no idea of art had ever entered there, nor would it but on my account have happened, and that the gentlemen who had employed me had done so from benevolence and friendship, and that several of them were actually my relations. With respect to what few jobs I had at Edinburgh, I told him that they had been solely procured me by persons who had been the intimate friends of my brother, and who, on hearing that I was likely to do well, had actually found me out, and tendered to me their friendly offices. I concluded, by way of argument, that he could be no stranger that the death of that brother had been the greatest misfortune to me, and that I could not subsist, nor make a decent appearance in the world, without some resource of the nature I was now proposing; that I had already borrowed some money of my mother, which she could but little spare, having still a numerous family to support; and that I had given her a security upon

the property which she now life-rented, to be paid her upon my coming of age. I added that I should keep a regular account of the time I might have occasion to encroach upon, and that I should faithfully make it up to him at the expiration of my indentures. All this was in the natural order of things, and actually happened. My proposal was of course complied with, but not without apprehension on my side that it produced a degree of what the French call *jalousie du maître.*

"I shall now, for an instant, return to my friend Michael Hay, who by no means relished the intended change which was to take place in the family; but, in the sequel, as will appear, he made it subservient to his purpose. Michael had been accustomed to keep bad hours; Mr. Cooper was himself regular in going to bed, and, of course, an early riser in the morning. In order to reform Michael, he had made it a rule to shut the gates before eleven, and actually had the keys brought up to him. This was a grievous restraint, which Michael was obliged for some time to comply with. On my return from the Orkneys, he had heavy complaints of this nature, but for which he had planned a remedy, and only waited my arrival to put it in execution. This project was to scale the walls, which I warmly, at first, opposed. All he requested, he said, was that, as he pretended, I should not in honour betray his secret, and that to facilitate

his re-entry, I should submit to tie a string about my ankle or great toe, in order that he might wake me on his return. It was in vain to remonstrate with Michael, and, of course, I did indulge him for awhile. Once, towards one in the morning, after being awaked, I heard a whispering below the window. On my opening it, I saw a young wench who was locked into the arms of my friend, and on my appearance he desired that I should give her admittance by throwing down the ropes, swearing at the same time that he had brought her solely for my purpose. Michael had drunk a glass too much. I insisted on his departure, otherwise I told him that Mr. Cooper, who slept but in the adjacent room, would be awaked, and that he would betray all our secrets; with that I let down the window gently. I heard no more of Michael till it was past four in the morning. Mr. Cooper's marriage took place soon after this, and put an end to scaling the wall; for, notwithstanding every effort was made which was in the power of my friend Michael, I never once after that indulged him.

"Mrs. Cooper's arrival was attended with every good consequence to the family. She herself was the envy of many of her own sex, possessing a most elegant house, and what ease and a certain degree of affluence could afford. She had been well connected, visited and received visits of many of the principal

people of both sexes in the country. Such a situation was flattering to a degree. Many of Mr. Cooper's old connections insensibly fell off, and were succeeded by others, more suited to that regularity and decency which had now taken place. For myself I was much pleased, and being rather of consequence in the family, Mrs. Cooper was on all occasions exceedingly courteous; indeed, it was her nature to be so, for she could not be otherwise.

"I shall now, for the last time, bring my friend Michael upon the stage, and who by degrees had made up his mind to his situation. Mrs. Cooper had brought with her from the country an innocent and beautiful young girl, to be the attendant upon her own person. No sooner had Michael thrown his eyes upon this girl, than an intrigue was instantly devised, and actually in the course of a month or six weeks information had been brought to Mrs. Cooper that her maid Nelly, for such was the girl's name, had been seen walking with Hay in the country. This charge bore hard upon poor Nelly, and which she could not deny. Her relations lived near the seat of Mrs. Cooper's brother, about two miles or more distant from Edinburgh, and the road was for ever frequented by one or other of the family. Nelly had been permitted to visit her relations every Sunday and holiday, and, of course, was subject to a discovery. Many weeks had not intervened when a

second report of the like nature was carried to Mrs. Cooper the very day after which it happened, with this aggravating circumstance, that it was upon a Sunday evening, and under cloud of night, that the happy couple had been met. This information came from a female, a near relation to the family, and, of course, could not be doubted. Michael had before now obtained his purpose, and poor Nelly, when challenged, was all blushes and confusion. She was sent home in a few days to her relations, and was upon the straw almost as soon as her mistress. Mrs. Cooper was a woman of most exemplary conduct, but could not put up with anything like a *faux pas* in her own sex. It was a virtue, though perhaps carried to the extreme; at any rate we must admit it.

"Michael's situation in the family was rather [unpleasant]; he was by no means the favourite of his master, and Mrs. Cooper had always a degree of restraint upon her when in company with him. Soon after this his uncle came down to Edinburgh, and dining one day with Mr. Cooper, there were grievous complaints against him. Dinner happened to be that day in the room which was contiguous to the one in which we engraved. Michael, who depended upon his uncle, was ever obsequious, and even dreaded him. After we retired from dinner, his ears had been all attention, and he overheard Mr. Cooper concluding

with saying 'Damn the young dog, all my fear is that he will debauch Bob.' There he was not greatly mistaken, for Bob had escaped many dangers, but Bob was one of those who ever made his pleasures subservient to him. Andrew Hay had been long conscious that his nephew would never make a figure in the arts, and he on this occasion removed him by buying up his indentures. He carried him up to London, and sent him out to Jamaica with a large assortment of French and other prints, which he disposed of to great advantage. No sooner had Michael returned from Jamaica than, flushed with success, he was anxious to show himself to his country and relations. He was a genteel young fellow, gay as any West Indian; was bedaubed with lace, and had a sword dangling by his side. Added to this, his pockets were lined with gold. He past part of the winter at Edinburgh, figured away at balls, plays and assemblies; and was a favourite with the young ladies."

The simple and unpolished sketch which breaks off thus abruptly appears to have been discontinued and left almost without revisal. Its freshness and individuality, as well as an orthography of French words scarcely reconcileable with Strange's subsequent long residence on the continent, connect it with his early life, although it seems extraordinary

that he should then have conceived the idea of his biography ever becoming worthy of publication. Our readers have had more than enough of Michael Hay, who might almost have sat for Hogarth's idle apprentice; yet we must regret the interruption of a narrative naïvely reflecting the writer's character and adventures, and promising curious glimpses of an age that has left us but scanty traces of manners and arts in the northern metropolis. And we part from it with the more reluctance, as its minute portraiture must be ill replaced by such sparing and scattered notices as we have been able to glean.

The entire absence of dates in the MS. may be thus conjecturally supplied. David Strang having died in 1733, his son Robert, then about twelve, was soon afterwards placed in Mr. Mackenzie's writing-office at Kirkwall, where he spent some months before going to Edinburgh. He probably arrived there in the spring of 1734, and the summer and autumn of that year were passed at sea;—next winter in his brother's office at Edinburgh. Thus his apprenticeship must have begun in 1735, and would end in 1741.

CHAP. II.

STATE OF THE ARTS IN SCOTLAND. — STRANGE JOINS IN THE REBELLION OF 1745. — HE ENGRAVES BANK-NOTES FOR THE REBEL ARMY. — HIS ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN. — HIS ESCAPE, AND ENGAGEMENT TO MISS LUMISDEN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rude climate, rugged features, and rough temperament of the country and its people, music and poetry were unquestionably of indigenous growth in Scotland. It was not so, however, with the sister arts of design. Although we cannot tell in what proportions native genius or foreign skill raised those monastic and ecclesiastical piles which, in extent and elaborate beauty, far surpass the other monuments of that country, and seem out of all keeping with its early resources, we may cite Aytoun, Mylne, Graham, and a few more architects of well-earned fame. But the eighteenth century found sculpture and engraving unknown in Scotland, and, at least for many preceding generations, painting had there been practised only to meet the demand for portraiture. Among a peerage and squirarchy inordinately observant of pedigree, such demand was natural. Yet it had been fostered by a singular circumstance. During the reign of Charles I., the

genial influence of whose artistic taste and patronage reached not his northern dominions, a citizen of Aberdeen returned from foreign travel thoroughly master of portrait painting. He is reputed to have studied under Rubens, with whose style his lively conception of nature and easy execution bear some analogy. His practical good sense limited his labours to the only field in which employment was offered,—his efforts to giving portraits somewhat of the dignity of historical representation. But George Jameson unfortunately formed no school and left no follower. Vandyke, Lely, or Kneller painted such of Scotland's "fair women and brave men" as sought them out in London. Yet, until Sir John Medina, no limner of note crossed the border; and even his works, and those of his less successful son, but little influenced their successors, who, converting a liberal art into mere handicraft, itinerated from one laird's house to another, carrying a stock of canvases ready daubed with stereotyped figures in varied garb and attitude, from which the doomed sitter might select one of fitting guise, to have the head and hands put in, with scanty reference to character or effect.

Such being the real condition of the only branch of ornamental art encouraged in his country, Strange had adopted what promised to be at best an ungrateful profession, under circumstances neither favourable nor attractive, and with no facilities for its

successful pursuit. How far he might have surmounted these obstacles, or turned them to useful account at home, it is needless to conjecture, since unforeseen circumstances soon gave a different complexion to his prospects, and eventually opened to him a new and more promising career in the cultivation of art. These circumstances arose out of the Jacobite rebellion of 1745, which, for the time, made Strange a soldier, and gave him permanently, in Miss Isabella Lumisden, a helpmate of singular energy and worth.

Among the papers of Robert Dundas, of Arniston, then Solicitor-general for Scotland, is a bundle of intercepted letters, containing the following note from William Balfour of Trenaby, in Orkney. It is written in a disguised hand from Kirkwall, on the 14th of November, 1745, under cover to Mr. William Lumisden, along with an order on him for five guineas, payable to, and indorsed by, Thomas Traill.

"*To Mr. Robert Strang, Ingraver, Edinburgh.*

"Dear Robie, — The inclosed, which will, I persuade myself, be duly honoured, please accept of as a mark of the zeal and affection I have for you and your welfare. At present, my circumstances won't permit me a greater; but, small as it is, it may be, I presume, acceptable at this juncture. You are to ask no questions on getting payment of the bill. I shall send by another occasion a second bill, for fear of miscarriage. Who I am I don't

incline you should know at present, farther than that I am, "Your affectionate friend and comrade,

"And humble servant."

The gift thus sent was probably among the last fruits of the kindly feeling entertained for young Strange in his native island, on which he had now finally turned his back. The "juncture" referred rather, it would seem, to public affairs than personal matters, the rising of the clans for the old race of Scottish royalty being already known even beyond the Pentland Firth. Ten days previously, this Mr. Balfour had addressed a letter, complimenting Mr. Andrew Lumisden, writer in Edinburgh, and son of his correspondent William, on "embracing this opportunity of showing that you are not a friend to the Stewart family only in pretence, but in reality. Your conduct on this occasion confirms the opinion I have always had of your candour and sincerity, since I had the pleasure of your acquaintance; for I hate those noisy pretenders who, though Providence has put an opportunity into their hands of evidencing their sincerity, can yet slight it and sit still." Rather a damaging document this for his friend, in the hands of a solicitor-general; but, as we shall afterwards see, Andrew Lumisden had thrown himself without reserve among the Jacobite party, and must have already been a marked man. With such sentiments, at all events with their open

avowal, his father had probably less sympathy; but it was otherwise with his sister Isabella, who, like many daughters of Scotland, so wreathed their smiles as to draw recruits to the Prince's standard. Beyond all question, Mr. Strange's entanglement with the Stuart cause arose neither from youthful enthusiasm, hereditary prepossessions, nor earnest conviction. His son, the late Sir Thomas, writes that "his habits of thinking in after life, according to all my observation, were abhorrent from the principles that too much influenced the rule of that unfortunate, if not misguided, family. My father's were liberal, in the best sense of the term. Zealous he was; but it was for good government, founded on the claims of all, without extravagant regard for dynasty or partisanship. My maternal grandfather, on the contrary, embarked deeply [?] in the cause which the young Chevalier had come to Scotland to revive and maintain; and my excellent mother, warm in all her affections, and teeming with that loyalty for which her family had been distinguished, made it a condition with her lover, betrothed to her at the time as he was, that he should fight for her Prince."* The opinion thus expressed finds confirmation in a brief paper of memorabilia of Sir Robert Strange, dated 1797, and in the possession of Sir Patrick Murray

* The acquaintance of Robert Strange with Isabella Lumisden commenced the year preceding the rebellion.

Thriepland, Bart., of Fingask, whose grandfather, Sir Stuart, was his comrade in arms, and friend in their consequent exile.* "The rapid progress which Mr. Strange made under Mr. Cooper's instructions soon satisfied his friends that, in making the arts his study and profession, he had yielded at last to the bent of nature, and was following the course which genius prompted him to pursue. While thus assiduously employed in laying the foundation of his future fame, a fatal interruption to the arts of peace took place in Scotland, by the sudden appearance of that youthful adventurer, whose father's vain attempt at a former period, since it could not serve as a warning to his unfortunate family, was destined to be the portent of his son's disasters. The romantic boldness of his enterprise; the flattering confidence which it bespoke in the valour as well as the attachment of the Scottish nation, and in their steady adherence to principles, however long these principles had ceased to be the favourites of fortune; these considerations, though probably not entirely lost on a young and

* It will be occasionally cited as the Fingask MS., and may, I think, have been drawn up by Sir Stuart's younger son Moncrieff, whom we shall find domesticated in the Strange family, from 1784 to 1787, while qualifying for the Indian bar, where he practised for many years with success, became judge-advocate at Bombay, and, on his return to Scotland, married Elizabeth, daughter of Walter Campbell of Shawfield and Isla. Most of this MS. has been printed in Chalmer's Biographical Dictionary, (v. Strange), and is sometimes ascribed to the pen of Archdeacon Nares.

ardent mind, still would not have been sufficient to have influenced the conduct of one whose education had received no tincture from those political prejudices, descending from father to son, in blind and ruinous succession, in other families. But, resident in Edinburgh, and in habits of intimacy with many who might well be denominated less fortunate in this respect, Mr. Strange could not but see in what light mere neutrality in the approaching contest would be viewed; and, in those days of enthusiasm, when the ferment of party was taught to mingle with gentler passions in the breast of youth and beauty, he perceived still more clearly how poor would prove the claim of an inglorious spectator to a heart, the possession of which had already become necessary to his happiness. Influenced by so many motives, the comparative force of which it is unnecessary to estimate, Mr. Strange joined the rebel army, and continued to act along with it, as one of the corps styled the Life-Guards,—a post of danger as well as honour,—till the total defeat of the Pretender's few remaining troops at Culloden, an event which forced all those who escaped the carnage of the day to fly for shelter to the Highland hills, where they continued, and he among the rest, for many months, enduring hardships the detail of which would serve to make dear the purchase even of life itself."

Although it thus appears that Mr. Strange accom-

panied the army into England, and on its retreat to the north in 1746, notwithstanding the near access which Andrew Lumisden's appointment as private secretary to Charles Edward may have given to his friend and future brother-in-law, we look in vain among the known details of the expedition for his name; a circumstance which no doubt exempted the soldier from the more severe penalties eventually inflicted on the civilian. Nor was the only service he rendered to the Jacobite cause that of the sword; his graver, too, was volunteered, like the pen of Montrose, to render glorious his ideal of royalty. Mr. Robert Chambers, in his Biographical Dictionary of eminent Scotsmen, tells us that Strange, then residing in Stewart's Close, was commissioned, during the Prince's visit to Edinburgh, to engrave a half-length portrait of him; he looks out of an oval window or frame over a stone ledge or pedestal, with the motto, *Everso missus succurrere seclo.** This print, the earliest known work of its author on his own account, was regarded as a wonder of art by those visitors of distinction who watched its progress with the interest of partisans. The plate, $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $7\frac{1}{2}$, remains in possession of the family. Its epigraph, "A Paris, chez Chereau, Rue St. Iaques, C.P.R.," may

* "Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere seclo,
Ne prohibete."

Virg. Georg. i. 500.

have been either a blind adopted on publication, or possibly an addition, made subsequently in France, for a re-issue of impressions there. Charles wears the star and broad ribbon of the Garter; his weapons —a two-handed sword, Medusa shield, and antique casket, with the Prince of Wales' feather—lean against the pedestal, interlaced with an olive branch. The time had not yet arrived when Strange was to lead public taste to better things, so, following a fashion which Houbraken and others had established, he overcharged this plate, and that of Dr. Pitcairn, with ponderous allegorical accessories, which deprive the figures of their due importance. Notwithstanding these redundant accompaniments, the composition is not ineffective. On close examination, however, certain delicate passages are found to be deficient, while those more strongly marked stand well out. The flesh tones are partially marred by *macrot;* the laced ruffles and coat-embroidery appear somewhat blurred and slovenly; but, looking to the faithful and sharp working out of the subsidiary portions, I should ascribe the latter at least of these defects rather to haste and interrupted labour than to want of skill or taste. The likeness is rather unfavourable, as the youthful, open expression of the Prince's other portraits is wanting in these heavy features. We shall see that, towards the close of Strange's long professional life, in 1789, he entertained the idea of re-issuing this

print in a finished state, and of mating it with one of Cardinal York. It is of great rarity, and appears unknown at the British Museum and Bibliothèque Impériale. From his own pen, we are enabled not only to describe the rout of Colloden, but to present Mr. Strange as turning his professional knowledge to excellent account, for supply of the rebel army with a paper currency.

"During this period that the army were stationed in and about Inverness, the first battalion of the Life-Guards, commanded by Lord Elcho, were billeted upon Culloden House. One evening, after I had retired to rest, an express arrived from Inverness between eleven and twelve, acquainting me that the Prince was desirous of seeing me as soon as possible. I that instant got up, and my horse being saddled, I made the best of my way to town. Upon my being announced at the head quarters, I was desired to be shown into the Prince's bed-chamber. There was this evening a ball. After having waited but a short time, the Prince, accompanied by Sir Thomas Sheridan and Mr. Murray, the secretary, came into the room. Sir Thomas Sheridan took the lead, and, addressing himself to me more particularly, told me that His Royal Highness was desirous of taking my opinion, relating to a circulation of one species of money or another, which it had been thought expedient to

issue for the service of the army in general, but more particularly amongst the soldiery, and that they were desirous of knowing what plan I could recommend as the most eligible. I answered Sir Thomas that the subject was entirely new to me; that, so far as regarded my own profession, I thought everything of the kind exceedingly practicable; but that it was a question with me whether or not the town of Inverness could afford me what assistance would be necessary in executing a work of this kind, particularly a rolling-press, which would be indispensable on the occasion; but, if they would indulge me with a few hours the next day, I should then have put my thoughts together upon the subject, have considered it in every point of view, and give my opinion of course. It was agreed upon that I should return the next evening between eight and nine.

"I attended soon after eight, and was again shown into the same apartment as I had been the night before. Soon after the Prince appeared, accompanied as the preceding evening, with the addition of a third gentleman. Sir Thomas Sheridan again accosted me, and asked me what I had done. I answered, that it was just as I had apprehended, for that there was no such thing in the town of Inverness as a rolling press; but, that I had had recommended me a very intelligent man of a carpenter, and an excellent mechanic, who had entered into my ideas, and per-

fectly comprehended the construction of what was required, and was even ready to begin such, were it necessary. I then proceeded towards explaining what I had in view, and with that intention pulled out of my pocket a small device I had put together, the better to communicate my ideas. It consisted, I said, of nothing but the slightest compartment, from behind which a rose issued on one side, and a thistle on the other, as merely ornamental: the interior part I meant should be filled up by clerks, with the specific sums which were intended, &c.; and I proposed etching or engraving, in the slightest manner for expedition, a considerable repetition of this ornament on two plates, for the facility of printing; that such should be done on the strongest paper, [so] that, when cut separate, they should resist, in some measure, the wear they must sustain in the common use of circulation. The Prince had at this time taken the compartment out of my hand, and was showing [it] to Mr. Murray, and seemed much pleased with the idea of the rose and the thistle. In short, everything was approved of, and the utmost expedition recommended me.

"We now talked of a circulation of larger sums, which would likewise be required. I gave it as my opinion, that I thought they could not do better than issue notes in imitation of the Bank of England, or the Royal Bank of Scotland, in the execution of

which there was very little labour: that it would be necessary, if possible, to see such notes, in order to concert a form how they were to be drawn up, by whom paid, or at what period; if at a given time, that of the Restoration I imagined would be the properest. This produced a general smile. Mr. Murray at this instant left the room; and, soon after returning on his steps, brought with him two notes of the Bank of England, one for one hundred pounds, and the other for two, and which, though different in appearance, yet both were payable on demand. On examining those notes, I observed the impossibility of having a proper paper made for the occasion, but that I did imagine the finest post-paper would be sufficiently adequate for the purpose; that it had strength enough, as the notes would be less subject to friction in the wear than the smaller paper, which would be in circulation amongst the soldiery. All this was agreed upon; and Mr. Murray said, as I would have occasion for the notes to regulate me in the engraving, I might then put them in my pocket, and that in the course of a few days I should hear from them, when they had considered of a proper form for drawing up what was intended. The Prince, on my leaving the room, recommended me all diligence.

"Next day, being Sunday, my carpenter was early employed in cutting out this wood, in order to begin

on Monday. It was not so with a coppersmith, whose assistance I more immediately required. He was a good Presbyterian, and thought he would be breaking the Lord's day. But necessity has no law; he turned out even better than his promise, overcame his prejudice, went to work, and furnished me with a copper plate on Monday about noon. I had passed that morning in making a composition of etching-varnish; but had not perfectly proportioned the materials, for I well recollect the aqua-fortis playing the devil with it; but which was repaired with some little trouble. In short, it mattered not much, provided the purpose was answered; and, indifferent as things might be, I would at this moment purchase a series of them even at a considerable expense, to decorate as it were this volume with the more juvenal works of its author. Such would be a curiosity of the kind. The reader may naturally conclude that, on this occasion, I lost not a single hour. Solicitous in the service in which I was employed, my activity was, of course, redoubled; I laboured till late at night, and waited the approach of day with impatience. Not a fortnight had elapsed when I was ready to begin printing, and had even forwarded the notes for a larger circulation.

"Such was the position of my undertaking when, all of a sudden, news was brought to Inverness that the Duke of Cumberland, with his army, had passed

the Spey on the 13th of April. The town was in a general alarm, and even in confusion. Nothing was heard but the noise of bagpipes, the beating of drums, and the clash of arms. The field of Culloden was the following day to be the general rendezvous, and every individual betook himself to his corps.

"The next morning I went betimes to the secretary's office, and delivered over the whole of my charge, together with the notes I had been entrusted with. I told the treasurer that an account would be presented by a carpenter who had been very active in serving me; that there would be added to it a few articles he had disbursed, and requested the whole might be paid; which was accordingly done. I now returned to Culloden House. My companions were, in general, glad to see me, and, joking, asked me when they were to have any of my money, I replied that, if they gave a good account of the Duke, I hoped his treasury-chest would supply us.

"The army was now mustering upon the field, it being the 14th; but unfortunately we had not been joined by a considerable number of our men, who were actually upon their march from different parts of the country, and would have been up in the course of a few days. The whole of the Macphersons, a considerable body of the Frasers, some few of the Macintoshes, in general all the Mackenzies, and several other bodies of men who had been raised in

the more northern counties, had all received repeated expresses, and were hastening to join the army. In this situation, divested as it were of part of our numbers, we hourly expected the Duke. He had come on to Nairn on the 14th, and was there halting. There was even no appearance of his moving, the 15th being his birthday. In the afternoon of that day, the Prince had summoned a council of war to be held upon the field, and had proposed a plan of a march under cloud of night, to attack the Duke's army by surprise, and to force his camp. This plan was worthy even of any of the greatest heroes of antiquity, and met with general approbation, particularly amongst the clans. The council remained long in deliberating in what manner it was to be conducted. Two essential things, secresy and expedition, were the great objects to be observed. There was only one road to Nairn, which was the high road; and this being covered in many places with villages, it was essential to avoid it, to prevent any information being carried to the Duke's army. The next alternative, and indeed the only one, was to attempt a way along the foot of a ridge of mountains which fronted the sea, but had scarcely been ever trode by human foot, and was known by the name of the Moor-road. It would have brought us in upon that part of the enemy's camp from which they could apprehend no danger. It lengthened in-

deed the road, which, in the sequel, and from the shortness of the night, proved our misfortune.

"Before the council broke up, every regiment as it were had his place assigned him in the order of the march. The van was commanded by Lord George Murray, who, with about one-third of the army, was to have passed the water of Nairn about two miles distant from the town, and who, unexpected by the enemy, was to have invested the Duke's quarters, and to have made him prisoner. The remaining two-thirds, commanded by the Duke of Perth and Lord John Drummond, were to have attacked them from the plain, which, in all probability, would have been carried sword in hand. It is to be remarked that the same army had been already surprised at Falkirk.

"Night coming on — and not sooner could the army begin its march, to prevent the country people from being alarmed, or any intelligence being carried to the enemy, — part of our numbers, weak as we were, was under a necessity of being left on the field, in order to save appearances, and light up fires, as had been done the preceding evening, and to prevent stragglers, if any there were, forming unnecessary conjectures. The night was favourable to our wishes, but, alas! such a road was never travelled; the men in general were frequently up to the ankles, and the horses in many places extricated themselves with difficulty. In this manner were we retarded almost

the whole of the night; notwithstanding of which, an uncommon spirit supported itself throughout the army.

"It was now the 16th of April, when day began to break about four in the morning. It was indeed a dreadful knell to us, being as yet above four long miles from Nairn; nor did we know what sort of road we had yet to encounter. Appearances became serious, each was whispering to his neighbour, and, so far as countenances could be descried, disappointment was evidently marked. During this critical moment of suspense, what was to be done? A halt took place; a council was called as soon as the general officers could be got together. The morning was fine, and the day was ushering in apace; it required but little time to deliberate, and, finding it impossible to attack the Duke by surprise, it was judged expedient, for the safety of the army, to give up the enterprise, and return to the field of Culloden. Thus were our hopes disappointed. We saw, as it were before us, the glorious prize; but we durst not encounter it, for there is almost a moral certainty that we should have been cut off to a man. The enemy was early in motion, must have seen us at a considerable distance, and received us upon the points of their bayonets.

"We now turned about to the left, and as soon as we conveniently could, got into the high road. The Prince, attended by his followers and a few of his

body-guards, went on towards Culloden. Thus did the shortness of the night, attended with a most harassing march, prevent a plan from being carried into execution which was as morally certain of success as it would have been glorious to the youth who projected it. For it is a known truth, that the enemy had no idea of the intended attack, and that the first information they received was after their army had begun to move; and it was even communicated to them from their own vanguard, who had learnt it upon their march. We had got but a few miles upon the road, when a number of the guards, finding themselves overpowered with fatigue, and ready every instant to drop from our saddles, came to a resolution of stopping: we were shown into an open barn, where we threw ourselves down upon some straw, tying our horses to our ankles, and the people assuring us that, in case of any danger, they should awake us. They were indeed as good as their promise, for we had slumbered here but a short time before a woman gave us the alarm that the Duke's horse were in sight. We that instant mounted; and, as soon as we got upon the high road, the vanguard, as yet at some distance, were approaching. We now made the best of our way; but, before ascending to the field, we found the Prince had been there some time, and was actually at that moment engaged in holding a council of war, deliberating

whether we should give battle to the Duke, or, circumstanced as the army was, retire and wait the arrival of our reinforcements. The former was determined on.

" Let us for an instant view the situation of this army. They had, for many weeks before the battle, been reduced to a short allowance of bread; when I say bread, I mean oatmeal, for they had no other. Must not this have enfeebled their bodies? Their treasury-chest had been nearly exhausted: they had received but little money: of course considerable arrears were owing them. They had passed the 14th and following night under arms upon the field of battle, every instant expecting the Duke. Upon the night of the 15th, which was the eve of the battle, they had performed the march I have described. Judge, then, what was to be expected from such an army, worn out with fatigue, and at this moment short of the common necessaries of life, and outnumbered upwards of two to one by their enemies; for the Duke's army consisted of at least eleven thousand men; that of the Prince did not exceed six, of which we shall find at least a thousand during the action were asleep in Culloden parks. What, then, can justify the deliberate folly and madness of fighting under such circumstances? But our time was come. We were at variance within ourselves: Irish intriguers and French politics were too predominant

in our councils. These gentlemen, forsooth, considered themselves as to be but prisoners of war, whilst every other individual were fighting with halters round their necks. General appearances upon the field of battle were much against us. No line was as yet formed; the men were standing in clusters; and stragglers in small numbers were coming up from all quarters. Overpowered with fatigue, they had stopped everywhere on the road, and were now joining the army.

"It being determined to give battle to the Duke, no time was now lost in forming the lines, and in making every proper disposition. The right of the army, commanded by Lord George Murray, was composed of his own regiment of Athol, the Camerons, Stuarts of Appin, one battalion of the Frasers, and the Macintoshes. The left wing, commanded by the Duke of Perth, consisted of the MacDonalds of Glengarry, Keppoch, and Clanronald, two companies of MacLeans, two of MacLeods, and the Farquharsons. The second line, commanded by Lord John Drummond and Major-general Stapleton, consisted of the Irish pickets, the regiments of Lord Ogilvy, Lord Lewis Gordon, Duke of Perth, and Lord John Drummond. On the right wing, behind the second line, was a troop of Fitz-James' horse, and on the left part of the horse-guards, Perthshire squadron, and hussars. The

regiment of Kilmarnock's foot-guards, and Colonel John Roy Stuart, with such of the men as had no guns, formed a sort of reserve. The Prince, attended by his aides-de-camp, and Lord Elcho's guards, placed himself towards the centre, behind the first line. We had six pieces of cannon; two placed on the right, two on the left, and two in the centre of the front line.

"The Duke of Cumberland drew up his army in three lines. The first, commanded by Lieutenant-general the Earl of Albermarle, consisted of the regiments of Burrel, Monro, Scot's Fusiliers, Price, Cholmondley and St. Clair. The second, commanded by Major-general Huske, consisted of the regiments of Wolfe, Ligonier, Sempill, Bligh, and Fleming. The third line, commanded by Brigadier Mordaunt, consisted of the regiments of Blackney, Battereau, Pultney, and Howard. On the right wing were placed Cobham's dragoons, and the half of Kingston's horse; and on the left Ker's dragoons, and the other half of Kingston's horse, with the Campbells of Argyle. Ten pieces of cannon were placed in the first line, two between each regiment, and six pieces in the second line.

"The enemy formed at a considerable distance, and marched on in order of battle, outlining us both on the right and on the left. About one o'clock the cannonading began; and the Duke's artillery, being

well served, could not fail of doing execution. One of the Prince's grooms, who led a sumpter horse, was killed upon the spot; some of the guards were wounded, as were several of the horse. One Austin, a very worthy, pleasant fellow, stood on my left; he rode a fine mare, which he was accustomed to call his lady. He perceived her give a sudden shrink, and, on looking around him, called out, 'Alas! I have lost my lady!' One of her hind legs was shot, and hanging by the skin. He that instant dismounted, and, endeavouring to push her out of the ranks, she came to the ground. He took his gun and pistols out of the holsters, stepped forward, joined the foot, but was never more heard of. The Prince, observing this disagreeable position, and without answering any end whatever, ordered us down to a covered way, which was a little towards our right, and where we were less annoyed with the Duke's cannon: he himself, with his aides-de-camp, rode along the line towards the right, animating the soldiers. The guards had scarce been a minute or two in this position, when the small arms began from the Duke's army, and kept up a constant fire; that instant, as it were, one of the aides-de-camp returned, and desired us to join the Prince. We met him in endeavouring to rally the soldiers, who, annoyed with the enemy's fire, were beginning to quit the field. The right of our army, commanded by Lord George

Murray, had made a furious attack, cut their way through Burrel's and Monro's regiments, and had taken possession of two pieces of cannon; but a reinforcement of Wolfe's regiment, &c., coming up from the Duke's second line, our right wing was obliged to give way, being at the same time flanked with some pieces of artillery, which did great execution. Towards the left the attack had been less vigorous than on the right, and of course had made but little impression on the Duke's army; nor was it indeed general, for the centre, which had been much galled by the enemy's artillery, almost instantly quitted the field.

"The scene of confusion was now great; nor can the imagination figure it. The men in general were betaking themselves precipitately to flight; nor were there any possibility of their being rallied. Horror and dismay were painted in every countenance. It now became time to provide for the Prince's safety: his person had been abundantly exposed. He was got off the field, and very narrowly escaped falling in with a body of horse, which had been detached from the Duke's left, were advancing with an incredible rapidity, picking up the stragglers, and, as they gave no quarter, were levelling them with the ground. The greater numbers of the army were already out of danger, the flight having been so precipitate. We got upon a rising ground, where we turned round and made a general halt. The scene was, indeed,

tremendous. Never was so total a rout—a more thorough discomfiture of an army. The adjacent country was in a manner covered with its ruins. The whole was over in about twenty-five minutes. The Duke's artillery kept still playing, though not a soul upon the field. His army was kept together, all but the horse. The great pursuit was upon the road towards Inverness. Of towards six thousand men, which the Prince's army at this period consisted of, about one thousand were asleep in Culloden parks, who knew nothing of the action till awaked by the noise of the cannon. These in general endeavoured to save themselves by taking the road towards Inverness; and most of them fell a sacrifice to the victors, for this road was in general strewed with dead bodies. The Prince at this moment had his cheeks bedewed with tears; what must not his feeling heart have suffered!"*

* It would be foreign to our purpose to examine the conflicting accounts of the retreat before the battle. The points at issue are, how far Lord George Murray was justified in ordering that retreat, and whether it was necessary for the Prince to have risked a general engagement under circumstances so hopeless. Lord George's own account, and that of the Prince, have been printed in Nos. 42. 44. and 30. of the Appendix to Home's History of the Rebellion. While writing that work in 1801, Mr. Home seems to have received materials from Andrew Lumisden, which he neglected to return. A narrative of the battles of Preston, Falkirk, and Culloden, in Lumisden's fair autograph, has found its way from Home's papers into the valuable library of Mr. James Gibson Craig, at Edinburgh; but it throws no new light upon these affairs, or the writer's part in

Here ends the second and only other fragment of Mr. Strange's autobiography that has come down to us. Had we as graphic and spirited an account of the many interesting or stirring scenes of his chequered life, few narratives would be more attractive. Of the incidents during his hiding in the Highlands after the catastrophe at Culloden, and of his eventual escape to the Continent, we possess but scanty particulars. One printed anecdote comes to us on the authority of Cooper, his instructor, that, when hotly pressed, he dashed into a room where the lady, whose zeal had enlisted him in the fatal cause, sate singing at her needlework, and, failing other means of concealment, was indebted for safety to her prompt intervention. As she quickly raised her hooped gown, the affianced lover disappeared beneath its ample contour, where, thanks to her cool demeanor and unfaltering notes, he lay undetected, while the rude and baffled soldiery vainly ransacked the house.* The little farther we know of this period is thus told in the Fingask manuscript:—

"Mr. Strange so nearly escaped the severest fate

them. On the whole, after reading Strange's life-like details of this affair of Culloden, our wonder is, not that Charles Edward and his followers were there routed, but that they ever gained any battle whatever.

* Smith's Life of Nollekens, vol. ii. p. 245. Such a hoop as saved the rebel and secured a husband to the ready-witted songstress, may be seen in a print of Kitty Clive, as the Fine Lady in Lethe.

of war, that the accident may perhaps deserve to be recorded. Having been employed to execute some military order in the absence of an aide-de-camp, he was riding for that purpose along the shore, when the sword which he carried was bent in his hand by a ball from one of the king's vessels stationed off the coast. When the vigilance of pursuit was somewhat abated, he left the Highlands and returned to Edinburgh, where, for the first time, he began to turn his talents to account, contriving to maintain himself in concealment by the sale of small drawings of the rival leaders in the rebellion, many of which must still be extant, and which were purchased at the time in great numbers at a guinea each. A fan also, whose intended owner gave it in his eyes additional value, and on which his pencil had, on that account, bestowed more than usual pains, was sold at this time with a sad heart (*non hos quæsitum munus in usus*) to the present Earl of Wemyss, who was too sensible of its value to allow it to be repurchased, when that was proposed a short time afterwards.

"Tired of a life of alarm and privacy, Mr. Strange at length, after no small difficulty, procured a safe-conduct to London, intending as soon as possible to embark for France; but not till he had received the reward peculiarly due to the brave, and made that hand his own, for the sake of which he had risked his life in the field, and was still content to

bear about with him a precarious and forfeited [?] existence. The name of the lady to whom he was thus united in the year 1747, and in whose steady affection, through the whole of a long life, the dangers were forgotten by which it had been won, was ISABELLA LUMISDEN, the daughter of an ancient and respectable family, and sister to a gentleman since well-known to the literary world, whose work on the Antiquities of Rome is less indebted for its acknowledged merits to its author's long residence in that celebrated city, than to the profound learning which accompanied his investigation of its almost deathless monuments of ancient art and splendour."

It is necessary here to correct the allusion of this lively writer to Mr. Strange's life as forfeited, or in danger. Though, in common with a vast number of those who had borne arms, or were notoriously disaffected, he was at first liable to annoyance, and long lay under suspicion, his name was neither included in the bill of attainder of May, 1746, nor specially excepted from an Act of grace passed in June of the following year; so that, from Midsummer, 1747, he was in no way amenable to justice for his political errors. Had the Inverness paper-money been issued, it might have been otherwise. His hand had now to turn from rough sabre practice to the gentler implements of his craft for subsistence. A very rude etching of the Prince was given me by

the late Mr. C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, as one of those hastily produced by Strange with wretched tools while in hiding, and sold for half-a-crown to those sorrowing and suffering adherents, from whom the original was now torn for ever. The anecdote is partly confirmed by a proof-impression remaining among the family relics, on the same sheet with other minor productions of his hand. It seems a poor repetition of his print described in page 48., without the sanguine but no longer appropriate motto it had borne in brighter days. Of his portrait likenesses referred to in our extract, several remaining in his family will be mentioned in No. II. of our Appendix. A fan paper, shaded in pen and ink, and bearing his name, is still at Gosford, with ten chalk drawings of his more advanced period.

Before tracing further Mr. Strange's adventures, or entering upon his progress towards professional distinction, it will be well to describe, in some detail, the family with which he intermarried, more especially as his brother-in-law, Andrew Lumisden, just alluded to, will be henceforward intimately mixed up with our narrative.

CHAP. III.

DESCENT OF THE LUMISDEN FAMILY. — ANDREW LUMISDEN BECOMES PRIVATE SECRETARY TO PRINCE CHARLES. — THE STUART COURT AT HOLYROOD. — LUMISDEN'S ATTAINDER AND ESCAPE TO ROUEN.

THE Lummisdaynes were located at an early period on lands bearing their name in the county of Berwick, where one of them, Adam, did homage to Edward I. in 1292. From their line are believed to be sprung the LUMISDENS OF CUSHNEY, whose descendants have founded several respectable families in Aberdeenshire. Among the cadets of that house is said to have been ANDREW, who settled in Edinburgh, about the end of the sixteenth century, as a merchant-burgess. Younger sons of Scottish gentry had then but few openings offered to their enterprise. The Roman Catholic Church no longer attracted them by preferments and influence compensating the restraints imposed by cassock and cowl; the law was scarcely a profession, so long as right generally succumbed to might, or a strong arm countervailed parchment investitures; the sword, though indispensable for defence, neither gave continuous employment nor livelihood; and a needy court held out scanty guerdons for ambition.

Accordingly, the provision usually given by lairds to their younger children was a portion of the family

acres, the produce of which supported them and their retainers. By the greater barons these dotations were usually made in absolute property; but where such alienations would have cut too deeply into the estate, beneficial leases were substituted, as an expedient meeting the exigency, without abandoning the paramount principle of primogeniture. Under the designation of kindly tenants, this class of husbandmen strengthened the family influence, and swelled its muster-rolls, eking out an indifferent maintenance at home, by frequent visits to their ancestral tower. Occasionally, however, where feudal contempt for civic life was countervailed by its comparative ease and repose, or where a wasted patrimony threw sons on their own resources, names of ancient lineage were entered on the guild-rolls of mechanical trades or retail commerce; and though these were gregariously classed under the sonorous designation of merchant-burgesses, not a few Scottish lairds, baronets, and even peers, connect themselves with the older noblesse through an ancestry of goldsmiths, maltsters, curriers,—nay, grocers and tailors —whose mercantile gains enabled them ultimately to replace their posterity in the congenial position of landowners.

The line of trade pursued by ANDREW LUMISDEN is unknown to us; but, in his right, his son, CHARLES LUMISDEN, was entered merchant-burgess of Edin-

burgh in 1614. The latter, having some years previously taken orders, was then described as "pastour of Chrystis evangell at the kirk of Dudingstoune," in the immediate neighbourhood of that city. He was in due time succeeded in these municipal privileges and ecclesiastical functions by his son Charles, both being designated Mr., the prefix then given to clergymen. The second MR. CHARLES LUMISDEN married Margaret Seaton, said to have come of the illustrious house of Winton, and had three sons and two daughters.

1. MICHAEL LUMISDEN, who was called to the Scottish bar in 1673, and survived until 1739. He married a daughter of Scott of Bavelaw, and afterwards Miss Dundas, of the Arniston family. His male line soon became extinct; but a daughter, Katharine, married Andrew Boswell of Balmuto, who sold that estate to a younger son of the Boswells of Auchinleck.
2. MR. ANDREW LUMISDEN, to whom we shall return.
3. MR. JAMES LUMISDEN, minister at Newton, near Edinburgh, whose son Thomas left to the Orphan Hospital most of the fortune made by him as a printer in that city.
4. ELIZABETH LUMISDEN, wife of Charles Bell, advocate, was mother of Andrew Bell of Craigfoody, and of Charles, Governor of Cape Coast, in Africa, about 1770.

Mr. Andrew Lumisden succeeded his father as episcopal clergyman at Duddingstoun. In 1681 he had the honour of a summons before the Privy Council, in order to explain his pulpit application, or misapplication, of certain scriptural texts and phrases, which was construed to reflect upon the Test, as imposed by government. Although frankly admitting conscientious difficulties as to that compulsory oath, he solemnly denied having ever intended to preach it down, while bewailing the disjointed state of the times: and as he was understood to have been "staged" or accused, rather as a terror to others than for any marked delinquency, he was without difficulty acquitted. At the Revolution of 1688 he however underwent that process of ejection which the Presbyterians called "outing," and which, in his case, was executed, on the 1st of November, by a mob of infuriated fanatics, who plundered his manse, stoned his infant son in the cradle, and sent forth his family with outrage and insult for conscience sake. Driven for shelter to Edinburgh, he gradually gathered a congregation of the oppressed church, and was eventually consecrated bishop there in 1727. His death occurred six years later, leaving these five children by Catherine, only child of John Craig, advocate, son of Sir Thomas Craig, the learned Scottish feudalist:—

1. JOHN LUMISDEN, who, having joined the rebellion of 1745, escaped to France, where he

died in 1751, after being created a baronet by the titular King James III. He is said to have married Mary Dalzell, sister of John, sixth Earl of Carnwath, and widow of William, the attainted Viscount Kenmure.

2. CHARLES LUMISDEN, a surgeon in Edinburgh, whose son John, by Ann Butler of St. Germains, near Haddington, followed the same profession at Battersea.
3. WILLIAM LUMISDEN, to whom we shall return.
*4. ELIZABETH LUMISDEN, wife of William Alexander, nearest heir to the Earl of Stirling, whose line failed in her children.
5. MARGARET LUMISDEN, who married Captain Dalzell grandson of General Dalzell.*

William Lumisden carried arms for the Stuarts in 1715, and refusing to take the oaths to government, could not pass at the Scottish bar, for which he had been destined. He, however, practised as a law agent in Edinburgh, and in 1718 married Mary, daughter of Robert Bruce, merchant there, a son of the ancient family of Kennet. Their united means,

* The preceding genealogy has been condensed from a memoir drawn up by Andrew Lumisden in 1798, and checked by me from documents among his papers, and from other sources. His original was printed by Mr. Maidment in the Analecta Scotia, vol. i.

as settled by the marriage contract, amounted to 10,000 marks; something above 500*l.* sterling, but equal to three or four times that sum in our day. He was a weak, but harsh and selfish man, blessed with a superior wife, whom, fortunately for the peace of his family, he did not long survive.* Their children were,—

1. ANDREW.
2. ISABELLA, born 17th October 1719, and married in 1747 to Robert Strange.

Andrew Lumisden had been educated to the law, then the favourite profession of Scottish gentry, and had attained twenty-five when Charles Edward Stewart raised his father's standard at Glenfinnin. Political convulsions—insurrections, revolutions, rebellions—are generally a means to an end,—present pains for prospective gains,—sacrifices incurred as the price of security. But the rising of 1745 was a romantic episode in a nation's history—the last and brightest corruscation of Scottish chivalry. The cause should accordingly now be judged rather by its attractions than its intrinsic worth. The Revolution of 1688 had been brought about by causes personal to James II., and which had little weight

* Her mother was Isabel Paterson, of the Drummure family in Fifeshire, through whom the Lumisdens and Stranges are related to the baronetal families of Dick of Prestonfield, Cunninghame of Caprington, and Douglas of Kelhead; to the marquis of Queensberry, the earl of Crawford and Balcarres, the Pringles of Whytbank, Murray Keiths, &c.

in his northern dominions. The Scotch were too far removed from court to know his weaknesses, or share the disgusts fostered by an administration rash and vacillating at home, truckling and corrupt abroad. His leaning to prerogative was venial in the estimate of a people among whom constitutional freedom was less understood or appreciated than by their Saxon neighbours. His favour for papists gave little alarm to those who groaned under presbyterian domination. Indeed, the adherents of episcopacy were nearly all Jacobites; for, under sovereigns of the olden race, their church had ever been in the ascendant, but was degraded and oppressed by all governments which successively supplanted that dynasty. The son of a bishop was thus naturally predisposed towards a rising, and William Lumisden, having barely escaped with life in his nurse's arms from the manse of Duddingstoun in 1688, had few inducements to support the established order of things, or the Hanoverian succession. Nor were there wanting claims upon Caledonian sympathy in the struggle. The Stuarts were a line of native princes, whose lengthened absence had veiled many foibles without alienating any loyalty. Granting that James II. had incurred a just forfeiture of his throne, no claim could be charged, no personal exception pleaded, against his son; the futile attempt to discredit whose birth was a further claim to sympathy in every generous breast. So long as the crown rested on

the brows of his daughters, the legitimate succession might be held as interrupted, not broken; and, however much James, like Lear, may have felt

> "The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
> Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude,"

to be outraged in his person, still those whose devotion was founded on principle, might be satisfied to bide the natural issue of a temporary expedient, and reserve their aspirations until the succession should open to its rightful claimant. But when the intrigues which troubled the death-bed of Anne eventuated in a new exclusion of the heir, expectations were turned to disappointment, doubtings to discontent. Hitherto Scotland's egotism had been solaced under slights by the thought that proud England owed her a line of monarchs. Now that boast was refuted, and her grievances were farther than ever from redress. The Union, unwillingly forced upon her as a panacea for every evil, had wounded her vanity without bettering her position; it had annihilated independence, but the promised prosperity was hopelessly deferred. During nearly forty years she had sacrificed much and gained nothing.

Such was the feeling generally entertained in the north when Charles Edward landed. Heir of the old Stuarts, he was regarded as the champion of nationality. His age, aspect and address, bespoke interest and engaged favour. His arrival alone, to

cast himself unreservedly on the faith and support of his people, without the foreign aid which none doubted that French policy would have gladly lent for his enterprise, gave assurance of a discretion irresistible to many upon whom personal fascinations would have been thrown away. The utter want of preparation against an attempt which the government ought to have foreseen, the total inefficiency of its troops, and the readiness with which bands of foreign mercenaries were brought against the rapid native levies of the young Adventurer—all contributed to demoralise the executive and disgust its partisans, as well as to lend encouragement to those against whom they had to act. The insurrection has been illustrated with equal accuracy and good taste in the later editions of Mr. Robert Chambers' History of the Rebellion of 1745; and, although some new lights might have been thrown upon its episodes by documents among the Lansdown Papers, now unfortunately lost, it is not our intention to dwell at all on its events. What we are most acquainted with is the history of the Jacobite party and its adherents, of the motives that united their loyalty, the moral and material sacrifices which they incurred, the heroism which they displayed in flight and exile, their subsequent long endurance under hope deferred, and their late but bitter experience that they had vainly spent and been spent for an unworthy object, and in a

desperate cause. Such details, honourable to our country, and replete with interest to many existing families, might yet be afforded by a careful digest of the Stuart Papers—now in the possession of Her Majesty and deposited at Windsor—aided by many scattered gleanings from other quarters. As one contribution towards such a compilation, we shall introduce into the subsequent pages various letters, notices, and anecdotes—chiefly from the Lumisden Correspondence—which it may be well to preserve.

John Murray of Broughton, a cadet branch of the Murrays of Stanhope in Peebleshire, had been secret agent of the Stuart family in Scotland, and, on the Prince's arrival, became his principal secretary; employments in which he acquired information subsequently betrayed to the English government, rather, perhaps, from cowardice than treachery, to the undoing of many a more faithful partisan of the cause. Charles, however, on his arrival in Edinburgh, finding the need of a private secretary, addressed himself to Dr. Alexander Cunningham, with whom he had been acquainted at Rome. He was a younger son of Sir William Cunningham of Caprington, by Janet, only child of Sir James Dick of Prestonfield, whose name, arms, and baronetcy devolved upon him in 1746, the paternal honours and estate descending in the line of his elder brother until 1829, when both baronetcies merged in the person of his son, the late Sir Robert Keith

Dick Cunningham. Dr. Cunningham (who is commemorated by the graceful pen of his great-grand-nephew, Lord Lindsay, as "one of the worthiest, kindest, and most intellectual men of his day"*) does not seem to have compromised himself in the rising; and, while declining the Prince's offer, suggested Andrew Lumisden, his second cousin through the Patersons of Drummure, as well fitted for the situation. Thus originated a connection which involved Mr. Lumisden in many sacrifices, and tinged the whole tenor of his after life. How far the recommendation was advantageous to Charles it is impossible now to decide, since we have no evidence as to the amount of influence obtained over him by his private secretary. But proofs are not wanting of the happy qualifications possessed by the latter, whose cool head, urbane manners, and punctilious accuracy were combined with singular discretion and unsullied honour, favourably contrasting with the character of Murray in many of these respects.

William Lumisden had brought up his only son to his own profession of writer or law agent, in Scotland; and, neither of them being men of much enterprise or sanguine temperament, the Rebellion might have passed without involving their family in more active partisanship than the enthusiasm of his daughter was able to effect. We have already found

* Lives of the Lindsays, 1849, vol. ii. p. 325.

her recruiting one gallant lifeguardsman to the white cockade, and the marked care with which a table-cloth and a dozen of napkins were consigned by her brother to the Prince's Master of the Household, warrants the suspicion that they may have been spun upon that wheel which still afforded her diversion sixty years later.* At all events, the womanly interest we shall find her ever taking in her hero smacks of that charm which his presence imparted to the gay assemblages in Holyrood, during the few evenings when the old palace was lit up by loyal smiles from lovely eyes, and anxious forebodings were for a time suspended by music or the merry strathspey.

A word as to the shadowy Court which once again brightened the long-neglected saloons of the Abbey. On the 30th September, the Duke of Perth wrote to Lord Ogilvie, "It is truly a proud thing to see our Prince in the palace of his fathers, with all the best blood of Scotland around him. He is much beloved of all sorts, and we cannot fail to make that pestilent England smoke for it. Upon Monday last there was a great ball at the Palace, and on Tuesday, by appointment, there was a solemn chapter of the ancient chivalry of the Temple of Jerusalem held in the audience-room. * * * Our noble Prince looked most gallantly in the white robe of the

* Chambers's Jacobite Memoirs, 199.

order, took his profession like a worthy knight; and, after receiving congratulations of all present, did vow that he would restore the Temple higher than it was in the days of William the Lion."

It is generally supposed that the drama of royalty thus enacted was not less acceptable to its hero than to the minor performers — at all events that his gallantry was quite as formidable to the Hanoverian dynasty as his king-craft. Thus, an Edinburgh matron, whose politics were proof against romance, wrote to her daughter in London, "the young gentleman that we have got amongst us busses the ladies so that he gains their hearts. We must certainly have the Duke of Cumberland to kiss the ladies and fight these dogs, or there will be no living here for honest people." Lord Elcho, on the other hand, in his unpublished History of the Rebellion in my possession, says that on the night of the Prince's arrival in the metropolis, "there came a great many ladies of fashion to kiss his hand, but his behaviour to them was very cool. He had not been much used to woman's company, and was always embarrassed while he was with them." Lord Elcho's pen was often dipped in gall, when Charles Edward was in question. In this instance, however, he is borne out by a pasquinade favourably contrasting the Duke of Cumberland with the Prince, in the Glasgow Courant, of May 5, 1746, which, among various

innuendos against the latter, reflecting on his disinclination to gallantries, assures us that "William was celebrated for his bravery—Charles for his chastity": that "Charles loved the men better than the women; and yet, which is wonderful, the less he courted them the faster they followed him." Indeed, I have somewhere met with the anecdote that on one occasion, as the young Chevalier stood moodily apart from the gay throng in his ancestral halls, a friend expressed surprise that their bright eyes had no charm for one so young and so winsome. "Nay," said Prince Charles, beckoning a rude clansman who stood sentinel at the door, and stroking his shaggy beard, "these are the beauties to whom I devote myself, and for a few thousands of whom I would fain dispense with all yonder fair damsels."

But, whatever may have been the pleasures of the Jacobite ladies under their titular Prince, some of them were not indisposed, after the bubble had burst, to share in the amusements soon provided by his successful opponents. In October, 1746, the Countess of Buchan, whose brother, Sir James Stuart of Coltness, was already in exile as a rebel, wrote thus to his wife, Lady Frances:—"We are to have a very gay town this winter, by which you will see our spirets are not much the lower by oure misfortons. On Thursday, first there is to be a great asembly, in honour of the King's birthday. Everybody is to

be there; the loyal folks from love to the day, and the Jacobets for fear of being obnoxious to them for whom they are not matches. There is four generals in town, and vast numbers of officers, which cannot fail to put the town in the spiret of gayety, as they are looked on as preferable to all other gentlemen by the ladys in this place, on account of their success in destroying the rebels in the north. The brags of this they make at all the tea-tables in town wold fill a volum, tho' some of there best friends think it wold be better they wold hold there toung. One of the most remarkable in this way, is a man who was at Coltness with Jamie Barclay, when Nelly the chambermaid was dress'd and passed for Miss Patersone. He tells how prodigiously he was disapounted, for that he once thought he had the *therty thousand rugg*, as he tells it. He found in the north a young man who, from his looks and the make of his person, and by his speeking both the French, and Italin, and English toungs, convinced him that it was the young Pretender; 'On which,' says he, 'I hanged him on the first tree I came to; but to my great disapountment afterwards, I found he was a French officer.' However, his good intentions has been rewarded by a higher comand in the army."*

* In this and other letters subsequently quoted, mis-spellings and ungrammatical phrases have been retained, not only as vouchers for scrupulous accuracy in our extracts, but as illustrating the characteristics of Scottish gentlewomen of the last century.

Among Sir Thomas Strange's papers were several narratives regarding the progress of the rebellion, written by his uncle, Mr. Lumisden, and unfortunately now lost at sea. We are thus deprived of the means of tracing him through its events, but there cannot be a doubt that he accompanied his master to England, and shared in the conclusive conflict at Culloden. Indeed, the household accounts mention him as supplying money for current expenses; and on the evening of the battle, the Prince's aide-de-camp wrote, desiring Cluny Macpherson to "take care in particular of Lumisden and Sheridan, as they carry with them the sinews of war." In the flight he obeyed the order to rendezvous at Ruthven, where a message from Charles Edward on the 17th of April, warned all to look to their own safety, and so terminated the insurrection.*

Like many of his devoted comrades, Andrew Lumisden spent the next four months skulking in highland fastnesses; a precaution the more necessary as his name had been included in the Act of Attainder for high-treason. When the hot pursuit of the unhappy rebels had somewhat abated, he ventured to Edinburgh as the liveried groom of a lady, who rode behind him on a pad-saddle in the fashion of the time. As a farther disguise, his yellow locks had

* Chambers's Jacobite Memoirs, 186.; Tullibardine Papers, 221.; Home's History.

been replaced by a black wig, with eyebrows corked to the proper tinge, and, in entering the city thus travestied, he passed without recognition his early companion and eventual friend, John McGowan. After being for a time concealed, at first under some friendly roof, and afterwards in a closet at his father's, an opportunity occurred in October for reaching London in company with a king's messenger, on his return from citing witnesses for the treason trials still in progress. On this occasion, he was introduced to his convoy as a poor teacher, in rusty black garments and bushy periwig, anxious to proceed southward in search of employment and fortune, but who "did na like to travel by his lain!" The device, though a daring one, was not ill adapted to disarm suspicion, yet one can scarcely conceive the broad accent of the north any recommendation to English pupils. In his pocket were a tiny Virgil and Horace, at once badges of his ostensible profession and companions on a weary fortnight's ride. Contrary to all prudent advice, he hazarded visits to some former associates then in Newgate; an exercise of benevolence for which, rather than for politics, his caustic father said he deserved hanging. Finally, he embarked at the Tower Stairs for Rouen about the close of the year. These few particulars of his escape are narrated by his nephew, Sir Thomas Strange. The first letter to his family containing

them has not been preserved, but from his correspondence with home during the next two years, we shall insert extracts which, even if tedious, are calculated to exhibit his position, and that of the little circle of exiles who had assembled at Rouen, as well as to throw light upon the character, habits, and remarkably strong family affection of three persons whom this volume is intended to commemorate—Lumisden, his sister and her husband. It will be seen that the original letters were usually written with various sorts of sympathetic ink, in order to baffle official espionage.

Andrew Lumisden to his Father.

"Rouen, Jany. 20. 1747.

"Immediately after my arrival, I wrote you an account of the remarkable manner in which I came here; and at the same time used the freedom to draw on you for a 1000 livres, which I hope you have paid. My time here has been so very short, that I dare not attempt to write you any account of this place, having seen so little of it. I go seldom into company, as I want first to acquire the language and apply to my studies, afterwards I will taste the pleasures of the country with more satisfaction. Curiosity has, however, led me to make one visit to the French and Italian Comedies, the Opera, and Masquerade.

"I was entertained at the French stage with an imitation of Venice Preserved, from Otway, which has been received here with great applause, being much improved in the translation, and the rules of the drama observed with greater accuracy than in the original. I could

not forbear smiling a little at one passage in it, when I cast my eyes on some of your unhappy countrymen concerned in the late rebellion, who were present. The words, I think, were

> 'Pour fonder un empire, il faut bien des vertus !
> Mais pour le renverser, il en faut encore plus.'

" The Italian Comedy is a place of great resort. The players, though Italians, play in French. 'Tis a harlequin entertained in a *grand gout*. Mr. Harlequin is not the same dumb fellow here as in Britain, but a person of great wit and address: the speeches and repartees are so quick that he is sure to keep the audience in a continued laugh. Surprising indeed are some of his tricks. As I am no judge of music, I can say little of the Opera; the rich dresses, the fine dancing, and beautiful scenes must, indeed, afford great pleasure at first; but it is soon over — it makes no lasting impression on the mind. There appears to me something so very ridiculous in the composition of an opera, that I confess I have no taste for it. Can anything be more unnatural than for a king to sing three or four minutes to his valet, to give him his gloves, and the valet to quaver out as many minutes in saying he will bring them? This is really the grotesque of poetry. But there is no place where the French humour is to be seen in such perfection as at the Masquerade. All come out of different views — some to admire, and others to be admired. Love and gallantry reign here with arbitrary sway. The bishop plays the rake, and the rake the bishop. Here a grave statesman wears, what's frequently due to him, hood and bells; and the first duchess passes for a lady of the town. Strange medley! but such is the taste of the country.

" Thus much for the diversions I have seen. As to

myself, thank God, I never enjoyed better health. The only uneasiness I feel is the difficulty of hearing from you and my other good friends. Pray offer my compliments to them all. Assure them that I shall always retain a grateful sense of their friendships; and, in my potations, I never fail to drink all your good healths, which may you long enjoy! The many obligations I lie under to you in particular will oblige me, at all times, to testify how much I am, &c.

"These entertainments are, no doubt, very engaging; but they are no sooner done than I feel a pain that greatly over-balances momentary pleasure, when I reflect on the situation of my poor, but brave, country, groaning under all the miseries of a usurpation and civil war, whilst I enjoy such gaieties; and thus I know how much the love of my country is rooted in me, and gets the better of my other passions; since neither the distance of time nor place is able to erase it."

Mrs. Strange (then Miss Lumisden) to her brother Andrew.

"Edin. Oct. 10. 1747.

"MY DEAR ANDREW, — Your mama and I were both very happy on receipt of your two letters of the 10th ult.; but, alas! when we held them to the fire, they never threw up distinctly, so as we could read them. I wish you had wrote them with milk, as I desired you; for we can hardly make out a single line out of both; so I beg you'll try the difference yourself betwixt the milk and water. But, if you cannot get milk, even write with ink; for, I assure you, none of your letters are ever opened. All I can make out of my letter is, what gives mama and me extreme concern. I mean your being much straitened. We wish to God it was in our power

to relieve you out of all your difficulties whatsomever. Mama begs, without loss of time, immediately on receipt of this, you'll write to her distinctly, either with milk or ink, a sort of abstract of both your last letters, which we suppose is a full account of all your affairs: as I fancy you always keep a copy of whatever you write, you'll easier do it. Calculate it for my papa's meridian; but be sure to address it to mamma, as if you did not know that she was to show it to him. At present papa's at Hallyard's, with Mr. Scott. He shall get his letter when he comes to town: I wish he may [be] able to make more of it than we can. Mama is to tell him, that in his absence she took the liberty to write to you, to desire you to let her know what money you had got since you went to France, and what you was doing; at the same time, you may be sure she will use her interest with him to send some present supply. I see by your letter to me you have got 25*l.*: be so good as name it over again, for papa must not know that I ever wrote to you about anything. Name what your travelling expenses came to; what your clothes, board was, &c. Was the 1000 livers you got from Mr. Waters on your going over, a present from the Prince; or is papa still owing it? Say something about that too. From the little we make out of yours to papa, I think I see a catalogue of books, which I suppose you are wanting: pray repeat them over again, and say you do it because mama tells you she could not read your last, which I am sorry is the case, because 'tis giving you a great deal of trouble; but you must excuse it. As mama hears that Lord J. Drummond is dead, she desires to know what she shall do with Dundas's bill to the Duke [of Perth]? — Whether she shall give it to his sister, Lady Mary Drummond, or not?

'Tis a pity that it should be lost — more so, that a rascal is not punished.

"I hope, my dearest Andrew, you'll understand all this, and how to write the letter your mama desires. She would have wrote this with her own hand, but the white is very bad for her eyes. With pleasure could I write to you for ever, if thereby I could in the least serve you; but, my dear, I hope you'll accept of the will for the deed. Oh, Andrew! is there no news? Is there nothing to be expected soon, now that the French is so victorious? We are amus'd with a story of General Keith's coming to help us — are there anything in it? Has the Prince no Scotch folks about him? What is John Hay doing? Can the dear Prince trust any body in his station? Write if you know anything about Willie Mushet; and how the rest of my acquaintances are that's near you; and if ever you have seen Lady Ogilvie. My dearest Andrew, be careful of your health: for God's sake, keep up your heart. I trust in the Almighty you'll be happy. You know correction is not the mark of God's displeasure; on the contrary, whom He loveth He chastens. Your suffering for the testament of a good conscience ought to be a great support to you. Mama and I offers our blessing to you, and prays that God Almighty may preserve you in soul and body, and keep you out of bad company; and that the Almighty may reward your virtue, is the continual prayer of her who is, my dear Andrew,

"Your most affectionate Sister,
"Isabella Lumsden."

"P.S. Last week I wrote a few lines to you, along with one of the French prisoners who they call Rynands: they were all to set off from Berwick yesterday.

I enclosed a merry song to you, and a copy of the poem on the Grave, which I caused print last spring. I have a great collection of pamphlets keeping for you."

Andrew Lumisden to his Mother.

"Rouen, Nov. 26. 1747, N. S.

"Having been three weeks at Paris, as you will see by the sequel, I have but just received yours of Oct. 10. O.S., which is the reason of not answering it sooner. I am sorry you was not able to read my last, which was a full and distinct account of my situation. It was wrote exactly in the same manner that I used to do; however, I write this with milk, and hope it will be easily understood. My papa's silence more sensibly touches me than when I had death every moment before my eyes. It is now more than thirteen months since I parted with him, and, notwithstanding the many letters I have wrote, I have only received one from him of March 28th. I am really at a loss how to account for it. Surely something very extraordinary has happened, which you conceal from me, otherwise I am certain my dear papa would not have thus deprived me of his wise instructions and advice. Let me, therefore, conjure you, my dear mama, from the love and affection you have always had for me, and from the duty I never failed to show you, to write me, without loss of time, the reason of papa's silence; for I am not conscious to myself of ever having done anything to merit so great a chastisement. If I have committed a trespass, will you not inform me, that I may correct it? Though I see writing is to no purpose, and though there is nothing so disagreeable to me as saying the same thing again and again, yet, as you tell me my last was not legible, I will, in obedience to your order, repeat what I then wrote concerning my not

being already engaged in business; viz., that though I had the language in perfection, the French merchants will not employ foreigners, and the British merchants here, who are very few, are all so jealous that they'll instruct or employ none that they think may hurt their own trade; so that far from getting anything from them, they expect a recompense for their instruction. And indeed 'tis the same every where. Will Coutts, Fairholm, or Hogg take any person into their counting rooms but those who have been formerly in business, or with whom they get an apprentice fee? And 'tis necessary to know the forms of trade before I venture any money in it.

"I thought once that, by forming a society with some of my countrymen, bred merchants, we might immediately have entered into business, whereby I might have saved both time and expense; but, after the strictest enquiry, I find it impracticable for many reasons at this juncture. For as foreign trade is what we can only carry on, there is no such thing at present in this country, or in Spain, on account of the war; insomuch that there is not a day but, by stagnation of trade, captures of ships, &c., the foreign merchants are giving way, except those who have stocks to live on, belong to the public companies, or have been long in trade, and have correspondents in all countries, which we cannot at this time have. And even with these advantages, the wisest and ablest of them are, in so general a war, difficulted how to conduct their matters with any degree of certainty. Should I then risk my all at hazard? There are above fifty of our countrymen here who have been in trade, and some of them of active spirits too; but not one of them has been able to get employment, which has forced many of them, contrary to their inclination, into the army. Perhaps papa thinks that, as many of the gentlemen, after the 1715,

carried on trade here and in Spain, that the same may be done now; but you know the state of Europe is very different from what it was then: now it is engaged in war, then it enjoyed peace. If it was possible to execute such a scheme at this time, I could find a person or two of worth who are as anxious as I am to employ themselves, but who will do nothing as things are now situated. But, at any rate, is it to be thought that I can pursue trade without friends, money, or credit? I have hitherto got none of them, and where can I find them without papa's assistance? What I therefore proposed at present was to accomplish myself to carry on business as soon as the situation of affairs would allow, and with all possible frugality; and for that purpose begged papa to procure a recommendation to Mr. Ainsley, or Sandilands at Bordeaux, or Mr. Hay, who carries on Mr. Smith's business at Boulogne, to board, or allow me to come into their counting rooms, to see their business, at a reasonable rate. Judge, then, my dear mother, if I can be blamed for being so long unemployed!

"But I have now no reason to think that papa can do anything for me in the way of trade, otherwise he would have done it before this time. And as I am in a starving condition, I have at last made application to be provided for in the army, and for that purpose have been put to the expence of a Paris journey, from whence I am just returned. As Lochiel has lately got a regiment from the Court of France, I thought from the friendship he (as indeed all my countrymen here) has shewed me, that I would have been one of his acting officers; but my application was too late, having delayed it in expectation of hearing from papa. However, the Prince told me that I should be made a supernumerary officer (or, as they are called here, an officer *à la suite*) of that regiment. I

expect to know in a few days in what station I am ranked. This I hope will afford me bread in the meantime; but unless papa can procure me money to buy my regimental clothes, and also to clear the small debts I owe, I will be even disappointed of bread in this manner, and what I shall do next God Almighty only knows. This I own is a desperate course, but necessity has no law. At the same time, if papa can form any rational scheme whereby I can be supported till there is a peace, when trade may be carried on, I will immediately resign the army.

"My straitened circumstances has been of infinite loss to me on several occasions, and I am afraid it will again prove so in my rank in the army. It forced me to leave Paris, as I could not afford the expense of that place; and the memories of princes are short when people are out of their sight, especially when they have not ministers of virtue to put them in mind, which I am sorry to say is too much our case. I heartily grudge my expense. I am well aware that every shilling I spend is a lessening of whatever stock papa will be pleased to give me, and straitens him in the meantime, but how can it be avoided? Can I starve? can I live with the fowls of the air? I solemnly declare that I have spent nothing that was possible for me to save. I am very certain that none ever made such a figure as I have done at so small an expense. But if I don't get immediate supply, I am undone for ever. Have I no friend that will pity virtue in distress? Does papa think I could live a year in France on 25*l.*, which is all he has sent me since I came here? When I arrived I had not a guinea in my pocket, and was quite naked; and before I could appear, I laid out above 30*l.* on clothes, which a year's wearing has greatly defaced, especially mournings. My board comes near 25*l.*, besides the extraordinary expense I was put to last winter in

attending the Prince's and Duke's Courts, my late journey to Paris, my barber, the washing my linens, pocket expense, &c. But 'tis impossible for any one that never was in this country to form a just notion of the expense strangers are necessarily led into, but I have not paper left to explain this so fully as it ought.

"I often wrote, and again most earnestly beg, that you'll send to Mr. Forbes, by the very first opportunity, as there is no danger of losing, the following books, viz., Boyer's Dictionary and Grammar, Hatton's and Wilson's Arithmetic, Malcolm's Book-keeping, Hay's Tables of Interest, G. Brown's Tables, my Book of Maps, with Sir Alex. Murray's Maps of the Highlands: and please buy for me all the particular maps of Scotland by Adair, Master of Elphinstone, Brice, Edgar, &c. (which will be perhaps of great use to me, as the Prince has them not), Gordon's Geography, Echard's Gazeteer, the present state of Britain. Among my papers you'll find one on Bills of Exchange, much blotted, being the only copy I made of it; put it up in form of a letter, with my Styles of Contracts of Copartnery; desire W. Gordon to find me the best book on the exchanges, weights, and measures of all nations, as I will find time enough to read and qualify myself for trade, though I get a commission in the army. Please likewise send Pascal's Thoughts, and Meaux's Universal History, Fontenelle's works, 2 vol. (these three are in French), Addison's works in 5 vol., Hutchison on Beauty, Harmony &c., M. Antoninus' Meditations, Thomson's Seasons, Barrow's Euclid, Wilson's Trigonometry, Browning's Natural Philosophy in 2 vol., Derham's Physico-Theology, Mc Kenzie's Institutions, Bayne's Notes, with my MS. Law Notes bound in 4to.; Abridgement of the Acts of Parliament, the Rudiments, the Scot's Magazine for the last two years, the Collection

of papers, pamphlets, &c., relating to the Prince's affairs, Grotius on Peace and War, Bacon's Advancement of Learning, the small Cæsar, Virgil, and Sallust. You can send no religious books, as they will be seized here; I have a Bible and Prayer-Book. Pray also put up my blue-silk waistcoat, my white sewed ones; my own, but not the Prince's seal; the silver and mourning swords (having hitherto borrowed, and which will save me at least 4*l.* a piece)—a piece of dress indispensible necessary here. If you can send a dozen of table-napkins, and two pair of sheets, they will be of use to me. Now let me again entreat that you'll no longer delay sending these things, as the want of them is a very great loss to me.

"I beg you'll give me some account of the state of the country, as we have no magazines or other papers of that kind to inform us. I wish you would buy regularly, as 'tis a very small expense, the Scots' Magazines, which you may find opportunity from time to time to transmit me. You ask me about W. Muschet: I have not seen him since March; but I believe he is well. He is a Second Lieutenant (which is the same as Ensign) in Lord Ogilvy's Regiment. I have not seen Lady Ogilvie since she came to France, but I heard that she thanked papa for his civilities to her at Edinburgh. No young man ever had such an opportunity of acquiring and preserving a character as Ogilvy; but, alas! he has too much of the family spirit in him, and his little narrow temper has already rendered him most despicable to every one that knows him. Please desire Bella to write a line to Mr. P. Seton's sister at Kirkaldy (as he has settled no method of correspondence with her), to inform that he is well, and is to serve in Lochiel's Regiment as a Second Captain. If she inclines to write him, let her address

the letter to Mr. P. Baillie only, and you'll enclose it to me. I wish it were in my power to serve Mr. Seton, who is a man of great worth, and who shows me the greatest friendship.

"There are none of my countrymen in Rouen except Mr. W. Hamilton [of Bangour], and Sir Steward Thriepland, Dr. Rait of Dundee, Mr. Barclay of Balnaquane, and I. Mr. Hamilton and Sir Stewart, who have lately come here, are boarded in one house, Mr. Barclay and I in another; and Dr. Rait boards with an eminent surgeon, called Le Cat, for which he pays 1200 livres a-year. Mr. Hamilton and Sir Stewart offer their compliments to all their friends: the former is in a very bad state of health; enquire how his children are, and write me. As Lord J. Drummond is dead, please deliver Dundass's letter of credit to Lady Mary Drummond. I can add no more. You see my miserable situation, and I need not again repeat that, if you cannot procure me an immediate supply of a little money, I am for ever ruined; but with it I hope to put myself in a way of bread, till papa can get his affairs so settled that he may form a scheme whereby I may be supported in trade. That God Almighty may long continue your healths, and render you yet happy in this world, is the earnest prayer of," &c.

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CHAP. IV.

MR. LUMISDEN'S DISTRESSED SITUATION.—THE SCOTTISH REFUGEES AT ROUEN AND PARIS.—HIS SISTER'S MARRIAGE TO MR. STRANGE, WHO LEAVES EDINBURGH TO STUDY DESIGN AT ROUEN.

ANDREW LUMISDEN'S straitened circumstances arose rather from want of will than of means on the part of his father to assist him. There was, indeed, great excuse for soreness in a stern, worldly man, who saw his only son balked of his profession and banished his country, from adherence to a cause in which he had himself already suffered, and with which he had now few sympathies; while the discovery he ere long made, that his remaining child had indissolubly linked her fate to one in a scarcely better position, and under an almost similar ban, could have no soothing influence upon his feelings towards the Jacobite martyrs. Yet these representations from Rouen were not altogether fruitless, for they procured a remittance of 20*l.* (25*l.* having been previously sent over), with an intimation that the like sum, half-yearly, was expected to suffice for Mr. Lumisden's subsistence in France. Recommendations were also procured with a view to trade, and

he was strongly urged rather to qualify himself for such employment than to think of the army. After six months, however, matters had in no way mended.

Andrew Lumisden to Mrs. Strange.

"Rouen, June 9th, 1748, N. S.

"As to myself, I can write nothing agreeable! 'Tis a subject I have almost wore out, and am sorry to say to little purpose. I have now been a year and a half in this country, and think I am no nearer being put in any settled way than the first day I came. I have again and again mentioned how impossible 'tis for me to be employed here without papa's assistance; and what I write to him or mama I reckon it the same as wrote to you, because I suppose they are all communicated to you. Mamma has been pleased to inform me, by her letter of the 1st March, that papa had applied to Mr. Ainsley, at Bourdeaux, pursuant to my desire, and expected his answer in a few weeks, which should be communicated to me; but I have heard no more. This continual delay gives me vast uneasiness; and the rather as the peace is so far advanced; for, had I got into a merchant's house when I first proposed it, I would by this time have acquired some knowledge in trade, and perhaps been able to have done something for myself in the dawn of peace, as 'tis of great advantage in commerce to get the first hit of the market. There is, however, no looking back; I only wish that no more time may be lost. If Mr. Ainsley has not agreed to papa's offer, let me hint a scheme or two more, which is all I can do; it depends on papa to carry it further. I am informed that John Haliburton intends to settle here, and carry on trade in company with Mr. Stewart. Now, if papa could get me conjoined

with them, my affair would be done at once; and, unless Mr. Halyburton, there is not another person engaged with the Prince that intends to carry on trade here, or with whom I would incline to have any connection. If this also fails, there is another scheme, viz., that papa apply to our countrymen at Cadix, in Spain, Messrs. Majoribanks and Main, of a good character, the only British merchants allowed to reside there during the war, who, perhaps, may do something for me; and no place is more proper for trade than Cadix, tho' I wish rather to continue in France, on account of the language, as 'twill be a new labor to acquire Spanish; besides the difficulty strangers meet with in Spain who are not of the religion of the country, a thing never minded in France. But all these inconveniences I will easily submit to, provided I am put into a settled way of life.

"Thus, my dear sister, you see my situation; and I leave it to you to represent these hints to my parents; and, indeed, if I have not soon an answer, necessity will force me to resolve — something rash, perhaps, will be my resolves; but I can live no longer here, borrowing from my poor friends, when I don't know if ever I will be able to repay them; and I can find no credit among the French. I am unable to represent the wretched state I am in. Had I not, by the blessing of God, fallen in with worthy friends, I must have starved. I can say no more on this subject; for am fully persuaded that my dear papa would not have pinched me had it been in his power to do otherwise; and, therefore, rather than straiten him, I'll renounce the world for ever. From the Prince I expect nothing; his own situation is too dismal. The time is past when he could have provided for me; that is, in the army. I expect every day to hear of his being ordered to leave France. God knows I have little

prospect of pleasure in life; but, if I happen to be prosperous, you may assure yourself that it will all devolve on you and your children, as I am absolutely resolved never to alter my single state of life.

"As I have the uneasiness to hear that honest Mr. Forbes, at Rotterdam, has stopt payment, am uncertain whether he can now forward my letters, I, therefore, beg you'll address for me as below, and get some merchant to enclose it to Holland, with directions to his correspondent to forward it as addressed; or you may desire Mr. Coutts to send it to Mr. Waters. But if you learn with certainty that the correspondence betwixt France and Britain is opened at Dover, you may send your letters directly to France, which will save a great deal of postage. Pray inform mamma of this, to whom I wrote on 18th April, in answer to hers of 1st March. Before this can reach you, I hope my chest is sent to Holland; if not, there is nothing to hinder its being sent directly to Boulogne, with Ogilvy or any other shipmaster, trade being already begun: or rather with my brother [in-law], if he comes soon over. I know you'll send me all the pamphlets, acts of Parliament, news, &c. I wish you would compare my books with the catalogue, and send it to me, with a note of what books are a-missing, that I may reflect on the persons who have them. Did [Lord] Kennet return Laurence's Husbandry? J. M'Gowan, the Villas of the Ancients, &c.? Adam Fairholm, a translation of Xenophon's Memorable Things of Socrates? Please send me the last.

"For God's sake write me by course of post; you see in what a dismal situation I am. Let me know how papa and mama are, and what they are doing. To write you all the various scenes I have [seen] since I left you would require a volume; besides, my spirit is too low for

a thing of that nature. Sir Stewart Threpland and Mr. Hamilton offer their compliments to you; the latter has almost entirely recovered his health, by the indefatigable attendance of the former. As soon as Mr. Hamilton enjoys the least interval of health, he resumes his usual humour. The other day he amused us with his Litany, which begins with this sentence: — 'I will arise and go unto George; and will say unto him, George! I have rebelled against thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy subject; make me as one of thy hired Englishmen.'"

Sir Stuart Thriepland, here mentioned, was the third successive baronet of Fingask that had fought for the royal race whose name was laid on him at baptism, as the somewhat superfluous seal of an inborn loyalty. His intimacy with Andrew Lumisden now ripened into a friendship, which,—after the test of long subsequent separation, and of occasional misunderstandings, consequent on his undertaking, without professional qualifications, to manage in after years the complicated Lumisden affairs in Scotland, —descended to their respective families. Sir Stuart, who had been bred to the medical profession, availed himself of the amnesty of June 1747 to return home; but his correspondence forms an important portion of Mr. Lumisden's letter-books from Italy, on which we shall by and by draw largely. William Hamilton, of Bangour in Linlithgowshire, prevented by death from becoming historian of the rebellion he had joined, was its laureat; and, in an age when

Scottish minstrelsy was waning for a time, a collection of fugitive poems, published in 1760, and reprinted in 1850, has transmitted his name as a follower of the muses, with his features from the burin of his friend and comrade Strange. He was never attainted, but remained chiefly in France till his death of consumption at Lyons in 1754, although his succession to the family estate had opened, on his elder brother's death, four years before. A man of gentle bearing and amiable character, he took no active part in scenes of strife which required more vigour of purpose than fell to his lot;

> "And often erring, broke no social duty,
> Unbribed by statesmen, and unhurt by beauty."

Several of the less marked Jacobites alluded to by Mr. Lumisden preferred commissions in French regiments, officered by their countrymen, to the precarious fortunes offered at home, under the amnesty, to blighted names. To those curious in gossip regarding the English exiles, the following pungent letter, without signature or address, from the Coltness Papers, may be acceptable.

"Paris, 23 April, 1748.

"Now I must obey your orders, in giving you an account of all our country-people. I will begin with Lord and Lady Ogilvie. My Lord is gone to the armie, where his regiment is; and, by accounts from there, it is in

very great disorder. It marched from St. Omer's with only three officers, to the great dishonneur of all those that was not there, as well as the Colonel. My Lady is here, seven months gone with child, in very great distress. She is really to be pitied. My Lord has used her extremely ill ever since she has been with him, by the advise of my Lord Aboyn, who has persuaded him that no men of quality love their wives in France, and made him keep a mistress. She has letters from Scotland, that she must go into England to ley in, which greaves her very much. She is really a most miserable young woman. It is a pity my Lord has fallen into such bad hands.* Maxwell has been very ill; but is much better. Lady Lockhart is brought to bed of a son, as is very well. Lord Louis Gordon has been very ill also; but begins to go out. He is very great with us, and really a very good young man. My Lord Aboyn goes about very grand, and thinks he does every body too much honeur if he speaks to them: but never goes into any good company. The Countesse of Lismore goes in her coatche with the *manteau ducal.* Battenbresh thinks his first choice too agreeable to change it for any other mistress he could find heir; and begs you will not do him the injustice to imagine him of so bad a teast!"

The disgust occasioned to Prince Charles and to his adherents, by his brother's becoming a cardinal in July 1747, was shared by Mr. Lumisden, who, in writing to his father soon after, says that the Prince "takes greatly to heart the step his brother has

* These notices of Lord Ogilvie's stormy youth vary widely from the respect paid to the mellowed and honoured age he passed in his native land, under the immunity of an ample pardon.

made, as one for which he had not been at all prepared when he parted with him; and he will not allow his health to be drank or his name to be mentioned." Already, too, the young Chevalier's own popularity and good name were declining, and the sufferings endured by their expatriated partisans in no way tended to mitigate the animadversions cast on the Stuarts. "Everything," Lumisden adds, "seems to conspire to their ruin; I am sorry to say they will owe it chiefly to themselves, since, from their conduct of late, in many things, one is almost led to think they had given up all thoughts of further attempting to sit upon the British throne."

The querulous notes of an exile, whose prospects were simultaneously blighted by princely neglect, paternal indifference, and an empty purse, have but scanty interest. Our extracts from the Lumisden Correspondence will now, however, be pleasantly varied by letters and projects of Mr. and Mrs. Strange. No particulars of their marriage are preserved; but family tradition bears that her hand, fairly won by her lover under the white cockade, being grudged him by an obdurate father, the pair assumed the guidance of their own destiny, and crowned it by "a clandestine marriage." Its secret celebration took place early in 1747; but we learn from the bride herself that, notwithstanding many

difficulties, she adhered to set forms at her wedding—meaning, doubtless, the episcopalian ritual. Neither can we discover how soon the union was declared; though, from the subjoined letters, she appears to have left her paternal home in October of that year, and, about the beginning of December, she announced the event to her brother. The first girl was born shortly before its father's return from London, in March 1748, and, in the usual Scottish fashion, was named Mary, after its maternal grandmother Bruce. Mr. Strange's tastes being more in sympathy with the burin than the sabre, he could not have been sorry to find his military career closed, and his chosen profession again before him. His pursuing it in France has been ascribed to political reasons; but, apart from all such considerations, it is obvious that Scotland afforded no opportunities either for study or advancement to one already conscious of high aspirations in art. These were doubtless to a great extent innate; but we have seen that, from the outset, he had the advantage of Mr. Cooper's collections, including many sketches by great masters, to ameliorate his taste, and that the few facilities for improvement which Edinburgh afforded had already been greedily seized. In consequence, perhaps, of the success attending his Jacobite portraits, the career he now destined for himself was painting in miniature; and he proposed

to pursue it in Rome. With such views marriage must have seriously interfered, and we are left in doubt whether self-confidence or rashness may have most influenced that step. We shall accordingly find his long professional absences sadly marring domestic comforts, without really impairing the devoted affection which induced it. And within eighteen months of its adoption Mr. Strange, at the suggestion of Lumisden, repaired to Rouen to study drawing under J. B. Descamps, professor of design in that city, and author of the Lives of Flemish and Dutch Painters, — an artist to whom Diderot pungently remarked, "You are said to have taken up literature; God grant you prove better in that than at painting!" whose reputation survives in the productions of his pen rather than his pencil, and who was professor of design in that city.

Andrew Lumisden to Mrs. Strange.

"Rouen, June 9th, 1748, N. S.

"I had the pleasure to write you on the 3d February, in answer to yours and Robie's of December, but have not since heard from you; only I learn, by a letter from mama, of 1st March, that you are delivered of a daughter. May God long preserve her to be a blessing to her parents! I am very anxious to hear how you do, and to know if my brother [in-law] continues his resolution of coming to this country. If he does, I can luckily be of use to him in the way of his business, from the acquaintance I have of a very ingenious, communicative

person, professor of the Academy of Design here, who is in great friendship with all the best engravers at Paris. I show'd him a few days ago the mark of my books, from which he entertains a high notion of Robie's abilities; but says there are several things wherein he can be of great use to him, especially in the articles of drawing, and recommending him to the proper masters at Paris; and, as he is a very sensible man, his instructions, I believe, may be very useful. Sir S. Thriepland has been drawing with him since December, and has made vast progress. I therefore beg, on this, as well as on other accounts, that my brother may come directly to Rouen. I would have wrote him, but he gave me no address, and am uncertain where he is; however, it is the same thing when I write to you. R. Wright informs me, in a letter from Boulogne, that he saw him well at London, and that he proposed soon to be here."

Mr. and Mrs. Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Edin. June 18th, 1748.

"My dearest Brother,—'Tis with no small shame that I see two of the kindest epistles before me unanswered. I shall not here make my excuse, but will very soon do it; in the meantime, I hope for your forgiveness. My dear Robie came from London the end of March, made me happy, and his daughter a Christian, by the name you rightly guess. Dear brother, your repeated assurances of kindness has made me the happiest of sisters; for it would have broke my heart had any step I could have taken divided my dearest brother and me, who I always had such an entire affection for. But now I trust in God your loves shall be more firmly united by the pleasure my dearest Robie has in calling you brother, which is by much the more endearing, as he can add the

name of friend to the brother. He hopes soon to have the pleasure of seeing you, as he will write you himself. You ask me what is become of Mr. Friend's process? Answer, 'tis before the Lords. Mr. Luke is in China; but as soon as he returns you shall hear of him. All friends here are well, and join me in offering their compliments to you and yours. I am, my dearest brother,

"Your most affectionate sister,

"ISABELLA S——."

"Dear Brother,—It is with infinite pleasure I hereby acknowledge the satisfaction I lately had on hearing of your welfare, which, from the friendship that ever subsisted between us, and the entire happiness I have in being more nearly related to you, are inducements that shall ever make me esteem your happiness no less dear than that of my own; and I heartily wish I may once have it in my power to testify the grateful sense I have for the regard you are pleased to express for me. I once proposed, much about this time, to leave Scotland, in order to complete the intention I had of going abroad; but from a late indisposition am obliged for some time to delay it, till (God willing) I recover what health will enable me to travel. In a few days my dearest and I propose going to the country, where I am hopeful, after some week's stay, I will be in readiness to set out, and propose no small pleasure in seeing you in my way. From several concurring reasons, of which I can the better inform you at meeting, I propose applying to miniature painting, and beg you'll take the trouble to enquire, and acquaint me to what perfection that art is in France. As I have run myself so near aground, I must here beg leave to stop, with assuring you that I ever am "Your most affectionate brother,

"ROBERT STRANGE."

"My dearest Andrew,*—Mama and I would have wrote to you ere now, but always delayed for the opportunity of your chest, that we might save postage. Mr. A. Forbes, who is here at present, advis'd papa not to send it but by Ogilvie, or some other, directly for France; so you may expect it with the first ship from this place, if not by Robie, who proposes soon to be with you. Mr. Forbes says our letters will just go in the usual way, although he be here. Every thing you wrote for is in order in your chest since the first. Dear Andrew, I must now thank you for being so good as mind my dearest Robie, who, before I received your last, was resolved to have gone directly to Rome to have studied miniature painting; but now is determined to spend most of his time with you, as drawing is what he chiefly wants. When he's complete in that point he may go to Rome. The nearer he is, I'll be the better pleased. The best of it will be hard enough on me, for I am convinced there never was a happier pair. With great pleasure would I go along with him, but am afraid I would be too heavy a cloak-bag; so must even content myself with my bonny little Mary, till my dear Robie return. If I should but attempt to describe my happiness I should leave room for no other subject; so I'll even let it suffice to tell you that, as my dearest Robie is all love, friendship, and affection, I enjoy all that a fond heart and a contented mind could wish. I thank God he has been exceedingly successful in the way of his business, both in this place and in London, where he met with many kind friends; but woe's me! his fatigue has cost him dear, for his health is not been good for some

* The remaining portion of this joint letter was written in sympathetic ink.

time past. We are going to the goat-whey in a few days; and as soon as he returns he will set out for you in the nearest way, from Leith to Rouen.

"'Tis high time now that I should say something to yourself. Dear Andrew, believe me, your present situation, as described by your own hand, is a most afflicting thought to me. I am sorry papa's endeavour with Mr. Ainslie has had no effect, but I hope there is better biding for you, and the next scheme shall have better success. I understand papa has wrote to Mr. Halyburton and to Mr. Majoribanks, proposing you to be in company with them, and offering a tolerable stock. Dear Andrew, if you write to papa before he writes to you, take no notice of my mentioning this, for I have no instructions from papa; only my dear mama, whose constant business is to make every body easy, bids me tell you what's already done. I suppose papa will write you very soon. Dear Andrew, the situation of the Prince's affairs, and those of his friends in France, is a killing thought to me: 'tis what I would not mention for the world, for every body here hopes for good things soon. It gives me great pleasure you are in such kind, agreeable company; God reward them for their love to you; but, dear Andrew, I'm surprised that they and you incline to live in Rouen, for it is as dear as any place in France. As none of you have any business, I think you should confine yourself but to the cheapest place of the country. You may be sure 'tis necessity, not choice, that makes papa send you less than what you require; you know what ill hands his money is in. I'm sure he intends to send you 20*l.* soon, and perhaps more too. Dear Andrew, forgive me for offering my poor advice, which is, before you enter into trade, to tell papa of every farthing you owe in France; for it would destroy you for ever to be paying

debt with your infant stock. If you do this I am persuaded he will make you a free man. Tell him fairly that, on your first going to France, you launched out a little farther than you now find has been convenient; but you thought things would have taken a better turn than, alas, they have: this, I am persuaded, will please him and make you easy for the future. I wish, my dear Andrew, it was in my power to assist you in anything, but God knows that must at present end in an idle wish. I have not stayed in papa's house since last October, but of this I shall write more when Robie comes to you; meantime, I am no burthen to papa, for which reason he may the better take care of you. Pray make Robie's compliments and mine to Sir Stewart and Mr. Hamilton, and tell them my daughter sends her honest wishes to them: the poor infant has early shown spirit of Jacobitism; she had almost suffered martyrdom the tenth of this month, for having two white roses in her cap. I hope one day to hear her bless God she was gotten, born, and nursed a good Jacobite, though I own at present 'tis not a profitable religion. I wish you may be able to read this scroll; I have been called away fifty times since I sat first down. That health and happiness may ever attend you shall be my constant prayer. Papa and mama, I bless God, are very well, and I am, my dearest Andrew, "Your most affectionate sister,

"ISABELLA STRANGE.

"P. S. Robie and I will be glad to hear from you before he sets out, and if there's anything you have not mentioned in your former epistles, let me know by your next; your directing for Robie or me at Mr. Gordon's, will come quite safe. Tell Mr. Hamilton that his children are well, as is also Sir Stewart's

friends. Dear mama sends her blessing to you: she and my dearest are the only persons that know of my writing, but none of them knows the half of what I have wrote. My dear did not see your last; I hate to tell him anything that's dull.—Adieu!"

Mrs. Lumisden to Andrew Lumisden.

"Edinburgh, 23. Sept. 1748.

"My dearest Child, — I embrace this opportunity of writing to you, since our correspondence is all the pleasure we can have at present; but God forbid I despair of seeing your children, and peace in Israel. In the meantime, let us be thankful for the mercy we enjoy, and duly patient under our afflictions! I am sure you will do all the service in your power for the bearer. I wish his scheme may answer, tho' there is always danger in changing of trades; but this is not the effect of advice, but his own proposal. You have the books you sent for, with a list of them, as also your Cousin's seal and your uncle's; but it would be highly improper and altogether unjustifiable to deliver your Cousin's seal but out of your own hand; and, to be sure, he would take it extremely amiss if you did otherwise. Your uncle and all friends are well, and remember you very kindly; and I am,

"Your most affectionate mother,

"M. M."*

* In this and other letters of the series names and relationships of the parties are purposely disguised. Andrew Lumisden was at this time addressed as "Mr. Charles Manson;" his mother was usually "Mary Scot;" his "uncle" meant his father. His "Cousin" is the Prince, whose seal, habitually entrusted to Mr. Lumisden, and anxiously saved in his flight, had, for its safety and his own, been left in Edinburgh, and, with this letter, was now carried to him at Rouen by Mr. Strange.

Mrs. Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

" Edinburgh, Sept. 29. 1748.

" Dear Andrew, — By the time you read this, I think I hear you bless me for sending you the best of brothers. I am sure I have great reason to bless God that has made the best of mankind mine. I believe I need not preach up the doctrine of friendship, love, and peace to subsist between you, as you are both more than ordinary brothers, so I hope there shall ever be more than common affection betwixt you. You're both so like other, and so good every way, that I have no reason to doubt of your mutual loves; therefore needs say but little on this subject, only tell you, my dear Andrew, that I expect you'll be like a father to my dearest life (altho' he has been one before you). There's a thousand things that you are capable to instruct him in, and I flatter myself that you'll take a particular pleasure in doing it; and I'll venture to say that none of your favours will be lost on either of us. And, to tell a truth which may either be overlooked or quite forgotten by some, I think my dearest is entitled to the esteem of every true Britain; for he has done more to serve his country than any servant his master has that I know of. Two years ago he was stript naked every way in his country's cause, since which he has got a wife and two children for the good of the public.* He has also, by his own industry,

* This expression is puzzling. In December, 1747, Mrs. Strange announced to her brother her secret but formal marriage, which had been solemnised some time previously: his eldest child, Mary, was first mentioned 1st March, 1748, was baptized in the end of that month, and died in the cradle. The next, Mary Bruce, was not born until 4th February, 1749, and consequently is here alluded to by anticipation by a conscious mother.

provided for his growing young family to their full satisaction. Lastly, he has shown the world the *personal perfections* of his dear master; and so charmed thousands, which is more than any British man ever did before him. I could fill volumes with his good qualities; but, as you know many of them, and will soon see more of them, I shall be as short on this subject as possible, tho' I don't know where to find such another.

"However, I must beg pardon to your patience, while, with your leave, I jot a few lines more in behalf of my dearest; and so further inform you that, with his close study and constant labour, he has of late been exceeding tender. Now, my dear Andrew, I beg you'll be so good as make him take a reasonable recreation from his common fatigue; cheerfulness and moderate exercise is the only restorative he stands in need of. Be sure and cause him spend an hour or two every day at dancing or fencing, running or riding, as you please. The doctor says a flesh diet is not proper for him; but now and then a glass of good wine will do him no harm; but, as he'll be happy in being near two able physicians, I submit to what they think proper for him. Now, tell them they shall have the prayers of an affectionate wife as a temporal reward; and at last they'll be rewarded in heaven for their care of my honest, faithful lover, who I depute to tell you how happy I am, after an incredible labour of troubles. 'Tis but fair that I allow my dearest to say something. Dear Andrew, I would have sent you wedding-gloves in form (for all the oppression I have had, I adhere to set forms as yet), but I knew that would be like sending salt to Dysart; so have converted them into wedding-garters, which my dearest will give you, and half a dozen of new shirts, which I hope you will be so good as accept of them, as a sincere token of friendship, which I hope

nothing in this world shall ever alter: bygones must be bygones with us. All your shirts are plain, as I did not know what sort of ruffles was us'd in France: they are of very good cloth, and are fit for any sort. They are marked with A. L. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, with red silk, on the gushet; good health may you have to wear them and many! My mama has sent you an inventory of what things is in your chest: I durst not send you any state papers, for fear of loosing all.

"As to news, both public and private, that I leave Robie to tell. I have received the Villas, the Book of Husbandry which you wrote of, but not Adam Ferholm's one; but I believe will get it. As soon as I am able, I shall make a full catalogue of all the books you have here; in the meantime I assure you they are taken good care of, for they are all kept in chests. I have sent you some which you did not write for, because I thought you would have use for them. Dear Andrew, altho' I know your good advice will never be wanting to my dearest Robie, I will not trouble you with unnecessary expressions of friendship for it; but only say that time will best shew all our sincerities. Pray offer my best wishes to Mr. Smith and Mr. Scott, and believe me ever to be, "My dear Andrew,

"Your most affectionate sister,

"ISABELLA STRANGE."

CHAP. V.

CHARLES EDWARD'S EXPULSION FROM FRANCE.—PROVISION BY THE FRENCH COURT FOR THE SCOTTISH EXILES.—STRANGE STUDIES AT PARIS.—LUMISDEN GOES TO ROME, AND BECOMES UNDER-SECRETARY TO THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE.

FROM the rout of Culloden, the Jacobite cause was at an end. A protracted campaign had revealed the feebleness of resources which at first, favoured by weakness of the executive, had nearly overturned it. The rebel leaders were divided, scattered, impoverished; and peace having extinguished their hopes from without, the English ministry tardily awoke to past errors, and bethought itself of social remedies. Yet, notwithstanding his reverses, Charles Edward was, in many respects, still favourably situated. Under his guidance, a Scottish army had for the first time penetrated to the centre of England, whence, had he been seconded by his officers and supported by a selfish and faithless ally, it might even have reached London. Heading a band of Highland stragglers and raw volunteers, he had gained two out of three pitched battles against the best English troops. His privations and hair-breadth escapes during five months had been the marvel of

sympathising Europe. He had borne success with moderation, misfortune with equanimity. He was just such a hero as the French people would idolise, while their government, willing to retain a tool for future exigencies, sought to compensate recent neglect by liberal offers. Had the Prince known the advantages of his position, he would have accepted these proposals, securing for himself a large pension, for his unfortunate followers either competent allowances or advancement in the French army and church. But adversity had spoiled a character of much early promise. By a singular contradiction, it engendered selfish and perverse obstinacy in one on whom indulgence had been harmlessly lavished. Even his warmest admirers find little to approve in Charles Edward after his return to France. His situation was no doubt a trying one. The failure of his expedition, his brother's adoption of ecclesiastical orders, the coldness of the Bourbon Court, and the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (October, 1748), were all reverses calculated to irritate a headstrong and imperious youth, and perhaps entitling their victim to some indulgence. But, from this time, his head and heart were equally at fault, and his whole proceedings were calculated to alienate all his friends. The events which befel him from his landing at Roscoff, on the 29th of September, 1746, O. S., until the end of December, 1748, when he was expelled from France

and took refuge at Avignon, throw light on the following letter, and will be found in Mr. R. Chamber's thirtieth chapter.

Andrew Lumisden to his Father.

"Rouen, Mar. 11. 1749.

"As the Prince's conduct of late would require a volume to set it in its true light, you cannot expect that I can say much on that head. Though I find myself often obliged to plead his cause, yet, when I write to you, I have no occasion to conceal my real sentiments, and therefore must plainly tell you that I can't with truth vindicate the conduct either of the Prince or of the Court of France, though I think the latter easier than the former. France no doubt is the state in Europe that has it most in its power to restore the Royal Family; and though the present ministry are against such a project, 'tis hard to say what a succeeding one may do, and therefore I think the Prince should not have broke with such a power. And supposing the Prince to be of a different opinion, that is, that the French will never do anything for him, yet it was wrong to break with them in the manner he has done: he might have retired with that opinion, and in the meantime made all he could of them; for the Court, in order to induce him to retire privately, not only procured settlement for him at Friburg, and contracted to pay the State a yearly sum for his support, but also offered to make a settlement on his friends abroad, who can't return home; but neither the commands of his father, nor the entreaty of his friends had any effect on him; but [he] sacrificed all, and for what? to acquire the approbation of an English mob, that, perhaps, will not last half an hour. On the other

hand, I can't justify the French conduct in forcing him from the country in the shameful way they did, when the same end could have been attained by methods that could have given offence to none. In short, there is not a man in France that does not exclaim against the conduct of the Court, and say that there never was such an wound given to their national honor, and are daily writing satires against the King and Ministry, a thing very uncommon here.

"However, upon the Prince's leaving France, the Court, not so much touched I believe with our misfortunes, as to raise their own character at the expense of the Prince's, who left so many of his faithful servants in misery, when it was in his power to have provided for them by only asking, resolved to make some settlement on the gentlemen abroad, unprovided for in the army, and unable to support themselves. Accordingly M. de Puysieux gave an order to Mr. G. Innes, Principal of the Scots' College [at Paris,] desiring each of these gentlemen to draw up memorials, in which he is to specify his birth and quality, what rank he had in the army, what he lost by joining the Prince, and whether he is attainted, excepted, or not? and that Lord Nairn, Lord Louis Gordon, Sir H. MacLean, Clanronald, Glengary, and Ardshiel meet at the Scots' College and examine these memorials, and make a report of them to the minister. As soon as this order was intimated, my friends advised me to go to Paris and present my memorial myself, which they thought would have more weight than just sending one; besides that difficulties might occur that I could easier solve by word of mouth than by writing. These considerations induced me to set out immediately for Paris, which I did with Mr. Hamilton, where we spent three weeks. As the memorial is too long I can't here tran-

scribe it, but the Report was, — 'That he is a gentleman; was principal Under-Secretary and first Clerk of the Treasury; and, to shew the confidence the Prince reposed in him, he entrusted him with the keeping of his seals, to be in readiness when necessary: that he served with distinction, and with the approbation of all the world; that he has lost considerably, and is attainted of high treason.'

"I could not have desired a more favourable report, and indeed such a declaration by my countrymen must necessarily give me a sensible satisfaction. The Court have not yet given an answer, and what they'll do is very uncertain; but I think their honor, if any yet remains, is so far engaged that they must do something, after putting themselves and others to so much trouble: at the same time it will be a trifle, for no court is so saving of money, and gives so little to them that serve them; but whatsoever it is, it will be a help. I am told the Court was surprised at the numbers in the Report, and for this reason too, the division will be the smaller. The distinction the Court made in the order to Mr. Innes, betwixt persons attainted or not, gives reason to believe that they will settle something annually on the former, and give the latter only a present of money, to carry them home. If this happen to be the case, you see what reason I'll have to continue in this country, and how necessary it will be to continue your applications to merchants here. But if the Court do nothing, I shall be doubly concerned,—first at the disappointment in general, and in the next place for the extraordinary expense of my Paris journey, being about 6*l.*, which has further straitened me; but I need say nothing on this head, as you too well know how my money matters stand, and how far I am behind. As soon as anything is done

I'll be sure to inform you, but pray don't delay writing me on that account, as it may be long enough before the Court come to a resolution. We just hear the Prince is ordered by the Pope to leave Avignon, where he'll retire to next, God knows."

Andrew Lumisden to his Father.

" Rouen, March 23. 1749.

"I am fully persuaded that the disappointment you have met with from the persons you have applied to in my behalf, and the daily hopes you had of getting something done for me, has occasioned your long silence. But let me conjure you not to delay writing on any account whatever; your silence adds greatly to my uneasy situation. To read your affectionate, kind letters, to receive often your wholesome advice, to learn that my dearest mother and sister are well, is the only pleasure I can find when separated from you, and let me not thus be deprived of it.

"Of trade I can say no more, but refer to what I formerly wrote on that subject. I have often mentioned all the merchants in this country and in Spain, I could learn anything about, proper to serve me: I have all the inclination possible to be employed, in what shape soever you are pleased to order me; but can do nothing for myself without your assistance, and without proper applications made to some of these gentlemen, which you never have been pleased fully to inform me have been made. Conscious how much I straitened you, 'tis with the utmost reluctance I mention my wants, but what can I do? I can't do anything for myself in this country, and I have no other friend but you to fly to. I could easily vindicate every step of my conduct since I

came here. I have been guilty of no extravance, and I flatter myself that Mr. Smyth, and my other friends who have seen my conduct, will satisfy you of the truth of it. I have already given you the reason why I continue in Rouen, when I might find a cheaper place, and the reason must remain till you can put me in a situation to leave it. The money you remitted me in October last did not entirely clear my debts. I have since been obliged to buy a winter coat. I have also been put to an extraordinary expense in going to Paris, so you may easily judge of the present state of my finances. All my condisciples, have either left or will leave this in a week or two; it was by their credit I have been hitherto supplied; hence my situation must be very dismal if you don't find means soon to relieve me.

In my letter of March 11th, I gave you an account of my journey to Paris. Courts are not to be depended on: they are directed only by present interest, and no court pursues these principles closer than a French one. All hopes from that quarter are now almost over. This has proceeded partly from the sordidness of [the] Court and the contempt they seem to have for the Prince, and partly from the villany of some people abroad, who, wanting to make their court at the expense of the rest of their countrymen, have made the minister believe that the report made in the month of January contains many falsehoods, and that few of the persons mentioned in it are in any want whatever. In short, there is not a single person whose character the minister has not examined in that little sneaking way; and we have nobody of character or interest at Court to represent these things in their true light, so that you may judge if much is to be expected from that quarter. But if they still happen to be induced to do anything, it will

be only in the army, and they will perhaps offer such low commissions as will be impossible to live on, and, rather than serve them on these conditions, I'll retire to some corner of the world where I am not known, and earn bread with the sweat of my brow.

"We know nothing about the Prince. The report of his marriage had no manner of foundation; it was a foolish story, published by some of the persons about him to conceal where he was. They cannot be too cautious in doing or saying anything that may hurt his character; but alas! I am afraid that there is not a single gentleman about him that has either sense or virtue, to manage that most ticklish point."

It will be a relief to the reader to know that the exile's severest trials were now over. Mr. Strange, going soon after to pursue his studies at Paris, was commissioned by him to look after the pensions expected from the Gratification List, and was able ere long to remit to him the first instalment of an allowance which, under that name, continued for many years to be paid by the French Government with tolerable regularity to a certain number of the banished Jacobites, Mr. Lumisden included. For these matters, and the new prospects opening to both the brothers-in-law, we refer to the next four letters.

Andrew Lumisden to his Father.

"Rouen, May 23rd, 1749.

"Robie, who keeps his health very well, will be in Paris in a fortnight. He has given indefatigable application since he came here, and has made proportional

progress. He has gained the first prize at the Academy of Design, which is a medal worth about three crowns. If he continues to make the same progress at Paris, in a year he will be equal to the first engraver here. He is now resolved to make engraving his principal business, in which I think he judges wisely, and miniature painting a secondary branch, which he'll soon acquire after the knowledge he has in drawing and engraving. It gives me no small uneasiness the parting with him, for he has so much goodness and sweetness in his temper that he obliges everybody to love him; — I am only afraid that his great application may at last hurt his health.

"By the time this reaches you, I reckon my worthy friend Mr. Smith will be in Edinburgh; Mr. Scot, Robie and I join in compliments to him, and our Rev. friend [Mr. Harper]; and Robie and I also offer our most dutiful respects to you and mother, and am," &c.

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Paris, June 19. 1749.

"Dear Brother, — After our departure from Rouen, the Chevalier [Mr. Scott], and I had a very agreeable journey — abstracting from [it] the night we passed in the great galliot, which, indeed, I own was one of the most disagreeable I ever spent, the boat being entirely crowded, and the greatest part of which consisting in women and children. I was not altogether without inquietude on the Chevalier's account, as he passed the whole time in bitter reflections; and, indeed, I may say so from beginning to end of our journey. You cannot imagine the situation he is in on our clothes not being arrived, which really in itself is provoking; however I am hopeful, in consequence of the letter he wrote you

yesterday, we'll have them soon. I find I must in some measure suspend my curiosity in seeing Paris, as we proposed, and take it by degrees, when I shall have more convenience. If your intended journey continues, as I heartily wish it may, I shall not only profit in that, but likewise have the pleasure of seeing you here.

"Yesterday, we dined at the Scots' College, where we passed the greatest part of the evening in seeing the few curiosities there. We conversed with Mr. Innes seriously on what you know is of some importance to you; but he no less so declared his ignorance with regard to the Court's proceedings in the whole affair. According to the arrangement of the present List, it is not without surprise that one can look on it, who judges of things in an impartial light; but what their future intentions are is, so far as we can learn, a secret from all the world but themselves. Mr. Innes paid me the money, for which I gave him the receipt; and, believe me, he's no less concerned on your account than your nearest friends would be: you may be sure, however soon he can learn anything, he will not fail to impart it. I shall, for your satisfaction, subjoin a copy of the List, which Mr. Innes gave us.

"I was this day favoured with the receipt of yours, with Mr. Hay's enclosed, who informs me that, upon enquiry at Ogilvy, he could learn nothing with regard to our small bundles; but Mr. Innes told me of a letter he had from Buologne, which, he says, mentions some things of that nature directed to his care from thence, which he expects in a few days, it would seem they have come by some passenger on board Ogilvy. As to what you mention with regard to Mr. Daniel, you may be sure a thing of that nature, if I find I am capable to undertake it, will not be wanting; however, of this we shall here-

after talk of at meeting. I have proposed to the Chevalier to visit his brother, but find him prodigiously lazy to walk any length; and, as I am altogether a stranger to him, I will probably refer that visit till your arrival here, if I get no proper person to introduce me there. As yet, I have received no letters from Edinburgh; but however soon, you may be sure I will impart them to you. I beg you may visit Mr. Descamps, and tell him I will write him when I am some few days settled with Le Bas, where I believe I shall dine for the first time to-morrow. I offer my compliments in general to all my good friends and acquaintances, and ever am,

"Dr. Andrew, your most affectionate brother,

"ROBERT STRANGE."

The French Gratification List.

	Livres.		Livres.
Lord Nairn - -	2400	Hallhead - -	1000
Glenbucket - -	2000	Hamilton - -	600
Clanronald - -	1800	Cowbardie - -	600
Glengarry, Elder -	1800	Lumsden - -	600
Oliphant, Elder -	1200	Adam Tait - -	300
Oliphant, Junior -	1000	R. Nairn - -	300
Pattullo - -	1000		
			14600

Andrew Lumisden to Mrs. Strange.

"Rouen, June 27. 1749.

"With the greatest pleasure I read yours, since I thereby learn that you and the bonny baby are well, and I am glad you find no inconveniency from nursing. I transmitted your letter to Robie, who I suppose will write you by this very post. He and Mr. Scot left this about twelve days ago; so I am now alone, and would

pass a very dreary time was it not for the friendship I received from Mr. Daniel, and his good house. I need not repeat what I have wrote to my uncle about my fine trip to the Jubilee of 1750; great are the advantages which will arise from this journey, but it depends entirely on my uncle whether I can profit of them or not.* What I beg of you is, to put my uncle in mind of the necessity of writing by course, and remitting the money; otherwise, the wish of my whole life will be lost. I flatter myself my uncle will have no difficulty in remitting the 40*l.*, so much time being elapsed since I received any. I know I'll have great difficulty to make that sum answer; but I choose rather to want several necessaries than straiten him.

"The magazines, &c., have not yet come to hand. As to the proclamations, &c., they are not all in the magazine; please send them by first opportunity. My dear Robie and I keep close correspondence; so what is wrote to the one is the same to the other. He has kept his health perfectly well here, and I trust in God he'll do the same at Paris; and, tho' he applies close to business, he will have every day a little exercise in walking to and from the Academy, which is at a considerable distance from his lodgings. I am greatly obliged to my good friend, Mr. Smyth to whom I offer my best wishes. Remember me to all my other acquaintances."

Andrew Lumisden to his Father.

"Rouen, June 27. 1749.

"I heartily thank you for yours of 29th May. It has relieved me the uneasiness your long silence occasioned. But am concerned to see that nothing can be done for

* This refers to the immediately following letter, of same date, to his father, as usual under the name of uncle.

me, at least soon, in the way of trade, so for some time shall suspend all thoughts of it. It gives me, however, a very sensible pleasure, to think that, since I have done all in my power to be usefully employed, the world can't reflect on my not being so.

"Since the scheme of trade has failed, a most kind offer has been made me, and, which I hope you'll have no difficulty in allowing me to embrace,—an offer so very uncommon that you might justly look on it as romantic, did not my worthy friend Mr. Smyth fully know the generous, humane disposition of Mr. Daniel who makes it. This gentleman goes to Rome in the end of August, about some business of his own, and of some friends in this country with whom he is connected, and offers to carry me alongst with him, and defray the whole expense of the journey. I can't but look on this as the most fortunate thing that could have thrown up in my present situation, as it gives me an opportunity of seeing—what I so much wished for—my Cousin, who I am fully persuaded will do something himself, or at least will give me such recommendations, as will induce his correspondent in this country to do something for me. If my Cousin desire me to assist in his counting-room, Mr. Daniel consents to leave me; but if he does not choose to have his relations about him, he undertakes to bring me free back to France. Can anything be more generous than such an offer, and especially as my friend has no view of any return, but the pleasure of serving one who he is pleased to think endeavoured to serve his country, and is virtuous. And though my Cousin should do nothing for me (that can't be supposed), yet I see great advantages in making this journey: first, my particular satisfaction and curiosity in seeing the once metropolis of the world, and which, as the seat of the fine

arts, still claims that title; and in the next place, as I have not given over thoughts of travelling with some person of fortune, it would be no small recommendation my having made a Roman journey. I could mention a variety of considerations to induce you to consent to my accepting of the most advantageous offer ever was made me; but the thing is so plain in itself, that you might consider it as an affront on your judgement to say more on this head.

"You are pleased to advise me that you'll remit as much money as will not only pay my debt, but subsist me for half a year. I therefore beg leave to inform you that my debt amounted to 41*l.*, but within these eight days is reduced to 15*l.*, having just got a present of 600 livres, which is about 26*l.*, in pursuance of my journey in January last.* I can't say but I was surprised to see one so rich, and [who] pretended so great friendship, offer me, in my particular situation, such a trifle, and especially as he does not engage to give it annually; but shall not trouble you at present with any reflections till I can say something with greater certainty on this article, though I have too good reason to fear that there is no more to be expected from that quarter. Now, though Mr. Daniel defrays the expense of my journey, yet I can't undertake it without first paying the 15*l.* I owe, and, in the next place, clothing myself decently, which, from my great want of necessaries, I can't possibly do for less than 18*l.*, and I flatter myself you'll not think it unreasonable for me to have about 7*l.* in my pocket, whatever accident may happen me on so long a journey. Thus you see 40*l.* will just do my business, and less will not. If I am

* The first payment of his French gratification, drawn for him by Mr. Strange at Paris, and which was continued annually.

not allowed to undertake the journey, this sum will not be sufficient, for I can't go to any place in the country to live half a year on 7*l.*, and the 15*l.* and 18*l.* must necessarily be expended before I leave Rouen. But if you agree to the journey, you'll not only write me in course, but remit the money; because, from your silence, Mr. Daniel will conclude you will not allow me to go, and perhaps turn his views a different way, and thus I will lose an opportunity that will never again occur to me. I dare say you laid your account with my asking a greater sum, and therefore will have no difficulty in remitting the 40*l.*, which please do by London, as I fully wrote you in my letter of March 11th, and which is by much the most advantageous method. I doubt not but if you would represent my present necessity to [cousins] Berry and Thomas [Lumisden], they would assist me. However, I leave this and everything else to your better judgement.

"In expectation of your favorable return, I am applying hard to Italian, that I may know a little of the language before I go to Italy. Please write me a particular account of the relation betwixt the Baron of Tranent and you; for perhaps the old gentleman will shew me particular civilities on that account. I am sorry I neglected to send the declaration of marriage with Mr. Smyth, but shall do it by first opportunity. My most affectionate wishes to my dear mother, and ever am," &c.

"If at any time you want to have a particular account how I spend my money, I can easily do it, as I keep a regular account of every farthing I lay out."

Although it does not appear what answer this letter obtained from a parent of strong will and unlovable nature, by whom its dutiful expressions were

but ill appreciated, nor in what manner the journey thus proposed was accomplished, Mr. Lumisden certainly reached Rome before the end of 1749, in company with Mr. Edward Daniel, who had held a captain's commission in the Rebellion. The project was prudently conceived, at a moment when the Scottish exiles had, by the Prince's wilful conduct, seen their cause discredited in France, and, by his undignified expulsion from that country, following upon the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, had lost all immediate chance of retrieving their fortunes by another venture. The small allowance from the Gratification Fund falling to his share, left Mr. Lumisden still dependent on aid which his father was unable or unwilling to afford, in a country where living became yearly more expensive. At Rome he might render himself useful to the family who claimed his allegiance, and possibly might participate in their bounty: at all events, he would find a residence better furnished with intellectual resources, and where physical enjoyments could be had on easier terms. In February, 1750, his sister thus acknowledges his first letter from the eternal city:—

Mrs. Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Edinburgh, Feby. 16. 1750.

"My dear Andrew,—Nothing but seeing you could make me happier than I was on hearing of your safe

arrival in Rome. May Almighty God ever preserve you in time to come, as you have been by Providence taken care of in time past! and the only way to procure that care is diligently to seek it, which I rejoice to think was always your daily study. You have had a great deal of time to reflect, and find that the ways of virtue are plea-ant ways, and all her paths are peace: there's none on earth so much need our pity as the wretch that hath no delightful relish for virtue; there's no place or state of life can make us unhappy while we retain our virtue, peace of mind, and a quiet conscience. That Heaven may continue all those valuable blessings to you shall always be my fervent prayer.

"My dear, I look upon your annexing always a line to me as a great favour, and shall ever be so mindful of it that I'm never resolved to slip an opportunity of making you a return.—Dear Andrew, nothing could be more agreeable to me than hearing of the love and friendship that has subsisted betwixt my dear Robie and you; your love and good opinion of him first laid the foundation on which I have built my unalterable esteem. I'm more happy in thinking he has kept your regard, and acquired the friendship of others, than I would have been with most of the young men of the present age, with their large sums and little sense; such, instead of being fortunes, I always looked upon them as misfortunes. I thank God I have escap'd such, and am happy with my lot. I am extremely glad he has prevailed on you to get your picture; I trust in God to see it compared with the original. Lord send you all your wishes as much gratified, as you have had your desire after travelling satisfied; having seen Rome, and the Jubilee too, you'll be (like the old maids after marriage, at your wit's end) content, and think you have seen enough; but that I will

not be till I see you again in the Land of Cakes and have a jubilee of my own. I have never shook a foot since you saw me, nor been in any public place whatever. For all that, I hope my dancing days are not done; Heaven forbid they end so! I yet hope to have broad-swords, guns, and papers under you; the happy time when I was your deput' I will never forget.

"My dear little Mary Bruce is as thriving an infant as ever was seen: she can stand at my foot and take out the pap, and suck; but that pleasure she's soon to be deprived of, perhaps ere this letter takes its journey. Indeed, I must not neglect to tell you, that I have taken great care of her education: for example, whenever she hears the word Whig mentioned, she girns and makes faces that would frighten a beau, but when I name the Prince, she kisses me and looks at her picture, and greets you well for sending the pretty gum-flower; I intend she shall wear it at the Coronation, such is the value I have for it, as 'tis a mark of your remembering my foster.

"I flatter myself that you'll let my dearest Robie hear frequently from you, and he will be so good, I'm sure, as communicate the same to me. As I would fain hope his stay will not be long in France, I beg you and he may consert how we shall send your letters from this place. All your good friends here are well; Sir Stewart and Mr. Hamilton offer their compliments to you, as I do sincerely to Mr. Chalmers, Mr. Alexander, and my honest friend Mr. Scot: tell him I am glad to hear he is in so good company, for as the greatest w——e in Rome is a very old creature, I think he'll be in no danger that way; I expect some of these days to hear of his being a holy father, such is my good opinion of him. It gives me vast pleasure to hear that my two brother-pencilers are

making such great progress as you inform me of; I assure you I publish their fame where'er I go: their friends are all well, and thank you for mentioning them with such honour. My bonny little pet is perfect well; I weaned her on the 5th current. Sir Stewart longs much to hear from you; he expects a letter every post. I ever am,

"My dear A.,

"Your most affectionate sister,

"ISABELLA STRANGE.

"P.S. My dear, when you have a fit opportunity I think you should write a few lines to cousin Berry and cousin Thomas. Also remember J. Goodwille; thank him for your name-son, and tell him you hope to put a blue bonnet on his head, and a broad sword in his hand, &c.: I assure you my papa and my dear mama has been very kind to them. I have sent you three magazines and a curious speech. I have taken a very pretty genteel house at the Cross, in that land where Sandy Stevenson has his shop; 'tis the third story: an easy scaled stair; looks very low from the street. I design to make more than the rent, of my five large windows at the Restoration, tho' it [is] fourteen pounds and a crown."

In proceeding to Italy, Mr. Lumisden was no doubt influenced, not only by the apparent hopelessness of his plans for a mercantile establishment, but by a wish to connect himself with the tiny court over which the Chevalier de St. George presided at Rome, with the empty titles of an ideal sovereignty. Before he had been there a year, he received his father's warm approval of an honourable appoint-

ment in the Stuart household, to which he thus refers in writing to Mr. Drummond of Calander, early in 1751: "Allow me, my dear sir, to thank you for your congratulation on a subject wherein I have reason to congratulate myself. I am extremely sensible of my own unfitness to serve so good and so gracious a master; fidelity and attention must make up my want of abilities." The charge thus committed to him was that of assistant-secretary under Mr. John Edgar, with a salary which, though small, sufficed, with his French pension, to save him from actual want.

CHAP. VI.

THE CHEVALIER'S COURT AND HOUSEHOLD. — MR. LUMISDEN'S DUTIES, RESOURCES, AND RELAXATIONS.—DEATH OF HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

LEAVING Mr. Strange to pursue his studies at Paris, we shall devote the next three chapters chiefly to Mr. Lumisden's residence in Rome, until the death of his new master sixteen years later, and thereafter shall resume our narrative of the engraver's life.

The Chevalier de St. George was then in his sixty-second year, and had been a widower since 1735. Scandal, which made free with his reputation during married life, spared it after the death of Maria Clementina. His own conduct was that of an easy, good-natured man, regular and devout in his habits, and indulging in few ambitious visions. His residence in Rome had long been the Muti Palace, at the north end of the piazza of the Santissimi Apostoli, varied by a few weeks spent each May and October in his handsome villa at Frascati. The honours of royalty were extended to him by the Papal Court, but indifferently paid by the inhabitants, to whom his tall, awkward figure, his melan-

choly aspect, and the simplicity of his living, were no recommendation. In 1756 his household is said to have consisted of forty persons, and he generally went out with three coaches, most of his attendants being Italians. Of the means at his command for its maintenance, and for aiding the adherents of his house, we have very conflicting estimates, quoted by his most recent biographers, without any attempt to reconcile their contradictions or ascertain the truth.* It would seem that, previous to the Rising of 1745, he had made considerable savings, which then disappeared. Mr. Lumisden incidentally mentions that the King was never more straitened for money than at the moment when, "touched with my circumstances, and judging that I might be of use to him here, he was graciously pleased to desire me to continue in his family, and ordered me a small additional sum to enable me to live."

He also tells us that the English gentlemen whom he found in attendance were six in number. 1. The titular Lord Lismore, whose wife, "a fair daughter of Eve," resided in France, and who died in 1757. He was principal secretary to the Chevalier. 2. Mr. James Edgar, acting-secretary, who managed the more important correspondence until his death in

* See Klose's Memoirs of Prince Charles, vol. i. p. 92.; Jesse's Memoirs of the Pretenders, vol. i. pp. 75-6. The latter gives some contemporary sketches of the Muti court in 1740—56.

1762, when that was devolved upon Mr. Lumisden. He was brother of the Laird of Keithock in Forfarshire. 3. Mr. Lumisden. 4. Mr. Guthrie. 5. Dr. Irvine, who died in 1759. 6. Dr. Wright, who soon after shared the like fate. We find also notices of other inmates of the household:—Abbé Wood, who died in 1755; Mr. Keating, in 1763; and Mr. Dormer in the following year. Sir John Constable was major-domo; the Rev. Mr. Wagstaffe Protestant chaplain, until his death in 1770. Lord Lismore was succeeded in 1759 as principal secretary by Sir John Graeme, created on that occasion Earl of Alford, who retired to Paris in 1763, on account of age and infirmities, when Mr. Lumisden became sole secretary. Dr. Wright was replaced, as principal physician, by Dr. James Murray, "the little man," who remained until the Chevalier's death in 1766.

On assuming his duties as under-secretary, Mr. Lumisden commenced a series of octavo letter-books, which are extant for the years 1751 to 1773 inclusive, and in which a copy of every letter is methodically entered in a hand of great neatness. The slip for 1751 consists of only sixteen leaves; but the succeeding ones increase in bulk, especially after he had succeeded to Mr. Edgar's post. That for 1766 includes two hundred leaves, and on his departure from Rome their size greatly diminishes.

His duties during Mr. Edgar's life were in no way burdensome, letters on political business not forming a tithe of his by no means voluminous correspondence. The others may be considered as private, containing occasional notices of new books and pamphlets published in Italy; but are chiefly filled with commissions, important or trifling, undertaken for friends, and with requests of a similar sort to his correspondents at home or in Paris. * Those who regard the Stuart Court as a hot-bed of intrigue, and its inmates as desperate adventurers, would be surprised at the general absence of politics and negotiation from these letter-books, and their consequent want of public interest. Sir Thomas Strange has accounted for this by the writer's characteristic prudence, and unwillingness to risk compromise of the cause or its adherents; conceiving that whatever

* The Chevalier de St. George, in all letters likely to be intercepted by British officials, is designed as "cousin" or "friend," while spoken of as "the King" on other occasions, and as "Mr. Orry" in writing to the Prince. "Trade" or "merchandise" is the disguised phrase for Jacobite politics. By the refugees in France Charles Edward was usually spoken of as "Burton;" but about 1764-5 he is occasionally alluded to from Paris under the name of "Baron." Mr. Lumisden's letters to him were addressed as "Mr. J. Douglas," and forwarded through Waters, the Parisian banker; but after his father's death he is sometimes mentioned as "Mr. Ford." In like manner, Lord Blantyre passed as "Mr. Goodwin," Lord Alford as "Mr. Blunt," and the titular Earl of Inverness as "Mr. Campbell." Mr. Lumisden's home correspondence came to him under the names of "Manson," "Andrew Bruce," or "Brown."

had such a tendency must have been suppressed. There is, however, no appearance of the slips having been so tampered with, nor any trace of a simultaneous but separate series of poltical despatches; and as letters are addressed to known agents, and to many of the active members of the party, with occasional allusions to its position and prospects, I am rather inclined to believe that during Mr. Lumisden's service the smouldering fires which had burst forth in 1745 were almost extinct, and that the weakness of its rivals had already given to the reigning dynasty that invulnerable security which it ultimately owed to the spontaneous loyalty of a united people.

Mr. Lumisden's character and qualifications were singularly adapted for his situation, and may be traced in his precise style and beautiful penmanship. Profiting by opportunities since his exile, we find him soon master of the French and Italian idioms, in which his correspondence was occasionally conducted. A frequent duty, performed with unwearied courtesy, was to deal with applications from fellow-sufferers in the Jacobite cause for direct pecuniary aid, or for recommendations to the patronage of foreign courts. Since the Prince had sacrificed his position, numerous refugees scattered over Western Europe brought their petitions to Rome, and found in James a not unwilling almoner to the

extent of his restricted means. But so small were these, compared with the demands which any approach to a lavish supply would have encouraged, that the great object was, even while granting, to seem to withhold—to give sparingly, yet with a good grace. Nothing could exceed the happy tact with which Mr. Lumisden acquitted himself of this delicate charge, saving at once his master's purse and the applicant's feelings; but it would be difficult to conceive a sadder task for one who bitterly knew how much the exiles had sacrificed to so little purpose.

Mr. Lumisden's monthly allowance as under-secretary was ten Roman crowns (about 2*l.*); subsequently increased to 200 crowns a year, he finding board and lodging: a sum which, added to his irregularly paid French pension of 600 francs, and to an occasional remittance from Scotland, rendered him tolerably independent as regarded comforts and appearance, but left little for luxuries or intellectual gratifications. There were, however, other circumstances of annoyance. The circle at the Muti Palace appears to have rarely mingled in the society of Rome, where possibly the adherence of Mr. Lumisden and others to the Protestant Church may have been unfavourably regarded. Few British travellers ventured into contact with men whom most of them regarded as rebels; and even strangers

recommended to him by letter not unfrequently left him unvisited. Thus, generally in town, and still more during the Chevalier's residence at Albano, for two months in spring and as much late in autumn, his household were thrown much upon their own resources. Secretary of a crownless king—inmate of a shadowy court—Mr. Lumisden had no protocols to dictate, no cabals to conduct; but, formal and unimpassioned, he readily accommodated himself to a life of monotony and ennui. His patient pen was equally at home in commissioning tea, sugar, and shirts, or in addressing remonstrances to Lord Blantyre on the self-abandoned lapses of Prince Charles. Sustained by an unquestioning adherence to what he considered the cause of justice and the post of honour, rather than by any tangible ground for hopes so long deferred, he resigned himself uncomplainingly to a sacrifice of all his worldly prospects, seeking consolation in books and in the memorials of the mighty dead, which a protracted residence in Rome and its neighbourhood rendered familiar to him. A man of genius, enthusiasm, or taste would, however, have made far more of his position. The history, antiquities, and arts of Italy were a soil unexhausted by natives—unoccupied by strangers. Through his master's influence, libraries, archives, and galleries, the muniments as well as the monuments of Rome, would have been patent to his

researches. But, devoid of ambition and originality, he was usually content to gather and peruse the works of others, chiefly his contemporaries, in an age when most authors were satisfied to follow beaten tracks in monotonous routine.

It is from his letters to his father and to Lord George Murray that we chiefly obtain indications of his studies; and we may smile at this sentence from the pen of one whose claim to literary reputation rests upon eventual labours in the very field from which he shrinks. "To write on the antiquities of Rome is a work for volumes — not for letters; and after the writings of so many learned men, I should tremble to risque any of my poor thoughts on these subjects, and especially to have them canvassed by so discerning a judge as your Lordship, who examined these things with so much care and taste. But, as I believe your Lordship was not at Naples, I could send you the copy of a letter I wrote from thence last year concerning Herculaneum, did I not think that you may already have seen some accounts of that remarkable discovery." In the following year (1752) he thus returns to the subject:—"How happy would I be could I contribute in the least to your Lordship's entertainment or pleasure. I may often want the ability but never the inclination. For some time after I came to this country, I applied a good deal to the study of antiquities, of

which there is here so ample a field; but observing the uncertainty that attends that study, and of how little use it is to society in general, I have in a great measure lay'd it aside. It must be allowed, however, that this study is very agreeable, especially to one who loves classical learning, as nothing clears up its obscurities so much as ancient monuments. * * * To show how willingly I obey your commands, I send you inclosed an account I wrote last spring, at the desire of a friend, of Ovid's tomb—a piece of antiquity I find not very generally visited by strangers. If this amuses you, which I dare not hope it will, I shall now and then transmit to you some other trifles of this kind." In order to vary his subjects, we find him compiling an account of Cola di Rienzi, a dissertation on agriculture in the Venetian state, and a paper for the "Edinburgh Critical Review" on the Vatican Library. The two following letters touch upon a new field, and seem to mark the aspirations of an embryo statesman; a third to Father O'Kelly indicates considerable acquaintance with a neglected branch of his country's antiquities.

Andrew Lumisden to his Father.

"July, 25. 1752.

"I received, my dear cousin, in due time your letter of 21st May, and delivered the one for Mr. Douglas, whose return is here enclosed. Accept of my poor thanks for the trouble you are at in sending me the

Magazines; they are a feast here. As I have nothing at present worth communicating to you, perhaps you will not be disatisfied to know how I spend my time. I have been for some months employed in examining Rymer's Fœdera, which I have just finished, and have made an index to that great work for my own particular use. This in general was a very dull labour, but I have picked up several curious particulars which were new to me. I am since embarked in a more considerable work, published seven years ago in Holland, entitled 'Corps Universal Diplomatique du Droit des Gens,' being a collection of all the treaties of peace, alliance, marriage, &c., between the princes of Europe, from Charlemagne to the time of publishing the book by Mr. Dumont. The reading of these deeds, though absolutely necessary to persons employed in public affairs, is even proper for every one who wants to form a just idea of the history of Europe, or the interest of its different states: and how many mistakes have historians fallen into for not having examined these treaties? Their number indeed is a severe satyr against princes, who observe them no longer than suits with their interest, according to an observation of Erasmus, 'utcumque se res inclinant, ita ambulant fœdera.' Thus do I employ myself. But how happy would I be to be present with you, and to profit of your remarks upon these and many other things. I reckon you now enjoy the company of Bella; I hope one day we shall all be merry together. In the meantime this line conveys to you, my aunt and sister, my pious wishes, and all that is most affectionate."

Andrew Lumisden to his Father.

"Nov. 21. 1752.

"Since my letter to you of the 17th Oct., I am happy in reading yours of 24th August. The satisfaction to hear of your and my uncle's good health can only be equalled by the pleasure of seeing you. As I seldom converse with any one but with my valuable friend Mr. Edgar, I should be very miserable did I not consume the remainder of my time in study; and how agreeable is it to me to think that they are such studies as my uncle approves of. Having sometime ago read M. de la Boderie's Embassy in England in the time of King James the Sixth, I have been induced for several reasons to send my uncle the enclosed account of the work. It will give him an idea of that curious book, which, as it is but lately published, perhaps is not yet known in Scotland. It will shew him my method of reading; it will afford him an opportunity to give me his opinion on the remarks I have made, and on the language in which they are conveyed. At present I am reading the second volume of Mr. Carte's History of England: I should have expected from him more exactness and candour with relation to the affairs of Scotland, and should be glad to know if any one is writing remarks on that part of his work. I heartily thank you for the account you give me of Mr. Goodall's History of Queen Mary; when it is published, I beg you'll send me two copies: one of them is for my spiritual guide [the Rev. Mr. Wagstaffe], who is a great antiquary, and fond of performances of that kind; as I lie under many obligations to him, I should be sorry to disappoint him of a copy; he proposes to pay for it, but I would rather make him a present of it, if it is not a very great price."

Andrew Lumisden to Father O'Kelly.

"Augt. 31st. 1757.

"Having read the Memorial addressed to you by the learned annalists of your Order, it would be a great pleasure to me, could I contribute to procure them materials to illustrate that part of their work that relates to Scotland. At this distance from home, and unprovided with proper books, I can give them little assistance; I shall however point out to them whatever occurs to me at present on the subject, and which you may communicate to them.

"It seems St. Dominick had his Order introduced into Scotland in his own lifetime, by Alexander the Second, as appears from Bishop Lesley's Life of that King, in his book 'De origine, moribus, et rebus gestis Scotorum.' As the greatest part of the records belonging to the religious houses in Scotland, were destroyed or lost at the Reformation, it is, I am afraid, now impossible to give a connected account of its monastic history. Such of the Chartularies, that escaped popular rage, are generally of Cathedrals or great abbacies; and either the originals, or authentic copies of most of them, are to be found in the noble library of the Advocates of Edinburgh, for none of them have as yet been printed. The ecclesiastical history of Scotland has been much neglected by our writers; — more anxious to preserve the civil than religious transactions of their country, they generally give us but imperfect accounts of the latter, unless when they happen to be closely connected with the former. I do not know of any particular history of the Church of Scotland, prior to the Reformation and what we have since, such as Spottiswood, Calderwood, Keith, &c., are chiefly accounts of what

happened at or after that era. The late Mr. Thomas Innes, mentioned by Father Echard, and author of the Critical Essay on the Ancient Inhabitants of Scotland, began a large work, entitled, 'Chronological Memoirs of the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland,' but death prevented his finishing it. He completed the two first Books, and brings it down to A.D. 600; but how far he proceeded with the remainder of the work I cannot say. His MSS. are all preserved in the Scots College at Paris. Mr. Gordon, Principal of that College, is the only person that can communicate to your friends such papers as relate to their subject as may be found amongst Mr. Innes's MSS.

"Father Haye, a Jesuit, undertook to write a Monasticon of Scotland, but did not live to complete it. He had collected a vast quantity of materials for his work, which were purchased by the Advocates of Edinburgh, and are now preserved in their library. It is from this collection that there is reason to expect any satisfactory account of the foundation and progress of the houses of your Order in Scotland. Mr. Walter Goodhall of that library, and author of the 'History of Queen Mary,' is the properest person to procure copies to be taken of such of F. Haye's papers as relate to the same subject, and may probably give some additional information of his own. If, therefore, your friends will write letters (no matter in what language) to these gentlemen, and explain to them what they desire to be informed of, I shall transmit them to them. Some materials perhaps may be picked up from the following books, viz., Dr. Mackenzie's Lives of the Scots Writers; Bishop Nicolson's Scots Historical Library; Anderson's Charters and Coins of Scotland, published by M. Ruddiman; Maitland's Antiquities of Scotland, and his History of Edin-

burgh, which I have not yet seen, being but lately published. I wish your learned friends all success in their historical inquiries, and ever am, with equal regard and esteem, Reverend Father, &c." *

Mr. Lumisden had carried abroad with him his national love for field sports; and sought from these occasional solace in his exile. "Last week [Jan. 1753] we were four days at Montefortino, with an intention to hunt; but as we had not above five hours of fair weather, we did little execution: we killed only about a dozen of partridges and two hares. The company consisted of Messrs. Edgar, Trante, Bulstrode, Sullivan, Abbé Wood, and your humble servant. This place belongs to the family of Borghese, and the game is preserved. You may be sure that the magnificent Princess would not allow us to starve at a house belonging to her. We went out in her chaises, and were attended by her huntsmen. Had the weather been favourable, the

* By the liberality and zeal of the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs, and of their individual members, most of the chartularies alluded to in this letter are now printed, and the collections of Innes and Hay, as well as those of George Chalmers and General Hutton, so far as preserved in the Advocates Library, have been freely drawn upon by many recent antiquarian writers and editors. A Monasticon Scoticanum is, however, still wanting; and I fear that the materials yet recoverable for such an undertaking are by no means ample. Some years ago, I found in the Scotch Convent at Ratisbon a mass of crude collections on the subject, made there last century by Father Brockie, but they seemed deficient in local details, and of little interest.

slain would have been innumerable. Montefortino is three miles from Valmontone, and the situation is very remarkable. It is built on a mountain that rises like a sugarloaf; I believe from the bottom to the top may be a mile and a half; and there are houses to the very summit. The streets seem rather calculated for goats than men; they are either cut out of the rock in zigzag, or paved with small pieces of white marble. There are about 3000 inhabitants in it."

Nor were these the only amusements detailed to his more juvenile correspondents. "The ingenious Abbé Wood died a fortnight ago [June, 1755], after a few days' illness at Frascati, amidst the revellings of the Princess Borghese. This lady, always magnificent, has been singularly so this season. Her daughter, the Princess Viani, and other persons of the first quality, have acted several times in Voltaire's tragedy of Zayre. Their dresses and decorations of the stage were very elegant. Viani figured as Zayre; but the Gabrieli shone in the dance. After the play, the Princess Borghese gave each night a sumptuous supper to 140 people. Saturday and Sunday last we have been entertained with the usual show and fireworks, at presenting the horse from the King of Naples.* The architecture of the machines

* The annual symbol of homage by that sovereign, as vassal of the Pope: the Farnese palace is still the king's property.

for the fireworks in the Piazza Farnese were much admired, especially the first. It represented a bridge of five arches, 210 palms [170 feet] long, in allusion to the bridge thrown over a branch of the sea to make the great road to Portici. The water was artfully disposed of under the arches: on the middle arch was raised a noble lodge, which was terminated with a statue of Hercules killing the Hydra. The whole was richly ornamented with statues, bas-reliefs, &c.; and on the front was the inscription 'To Charles, King of the Two Sicilies — the improver of the fine arts — for the discovery of Herculaneum.' This night [March 6. 1753] ends the Carnival. The second opera at the Argentina has been much admired. The decorations of the dances were very elegant. The first dance represented a Turkish triumph: there appeared on the stage several fine horses, and he that headed the procession beat time to the music. In the second dance was a vast tower full of provisions, drawn by four horses abreast; and after making several turns round the stage, the provisions were abandoned to the mob, in imitation of a custom of the King of Naples in time of the Carnival. I hope you have amused yourself agreeably at the masquerades. I have taken a greater share than usual in these diversions here, having gone almost every night with Mrs. Swymmer, a lady endowed with all the qualities we admire in the fair

sex; but the fine Scots lasses now at Paris will prevent your envying my happiness." Next year he resumes the subject with still greater zest: — "Our days of folly are now at an end. You know what a Roman carnival is. *Oh quanti matti!* Puncinellos, harlequins, Bolognese doctors, Don Quixotes, &c. &c. &c. Cafferelli has sung this season at the Argentina with universal applause: he is by much the best singer I ever heard. In the second opera at that theatre there was a most magnificent ballet. It was a representation of the fable of Cupid and Psyche. The first part of the scene represented a noble wood, with Cupid asleep on a bank. Psyche, desirous to steal a sight of the lovely boy, descends, conducted by Mercury, from heaven on a cloud; and the nimble messenger, after he cuts some capers, ascends back. The nymph, the better to view her lover, seizes a torch, which happening to touch him, he starts up in confusion and flies away. The disconsolate Psyche searches for him everywhere; at last she climbs up some dreadful rocks and precipices: when she gets to the top, the whole in an instant disappears, and she drops down before the council of the gods, who generously declare Cupid her husband, and the whole assembly dance for joy. In the second ballet there was a triumphal car with four wheels, loaded with a large band of musicians, drawn by four of the Pope's large white horses

abreast. The choristers drove it twice round the stage with great art. These entertainments are no doubt very engaging; but they are no sooner done than I feel a pain that greatly overbalances the momentary pleasure, when I reflect on the situation of my poor country, groaning under all the miseries of a usurpation, whilst I enjoy such gaieties; and thus I know how much the love of my country is rooted in me, and gets the better of my other passions, since neither the distance of time nor place is able to erase it."

Although the moral which concludes this extract must savour of artificial seasoning, such reflections are unquestionably more in keeping with the writer's staid character and rigidly decorous conduct, than the relaxations which he occasionally introduces in compliment to his correspondents' feelings rather than is own. Only a few weeks before, he says, "I should prefer a day's sport with you at home to all the diversions and masquerades here, whether religious or profane:" and to another friend he observes, "The remarks you make on the Ancona conversations I am afraid will hold pretty universally in this country. I find it the same here, so that I now converse more with the illustrious dead than with the trifling living." Yet social habits among the limited but attached circle with whom his lot was cast, were ever regarded as a duty and a plea-

sure; good wishes for absent friends, and aspirations in favour of their common cause accompanied many a wine-cup, especially on fitting anniversaries. Thus, he asks of Captain Edgar, "Pray how have you celebrated St. Andrew? Mr. Edgar did, as he always does, great justice to the good saint. He had rowth of meat and part drink. A large woodcock-pye and a wild boar's head made no contemptible figure. A copious bowl of punch, with burgundy, champaigne, ziges, &c., animated us not a little, and made us more happy than princes; and [in order] that Mr. Trante, &c., who could not come to the palace, might partake of the feast, it was kept at my apartment. Your and all our friends' healths were particularly remembered on this occasion." But amid business or relaxation, Mr. Lumisden ever turned wistfully to the home of his early associations. "When you go to that country where my heart always is, pray assure my worthy friends, who are so good as to enquire for me, that they cannot think oftener of me than I do of them. I need not recommend to you, when at Edinburgh, to visit my dear parents; supply to them the absence of their son. I am certain they will be as fond to see you as if you were their own child. At present [August], we perspire most plentifully. The microscope is a great amusement to me. The heats afford me plenty of vermin to examine, especially fleas, but such is either the

scarcity of, or aversion the Romans have to, lice, that, some days ago, Dr. Irvine was obliged to tempt a beggar with a carline before he could procure a louse."

The few letters of Mrs. Lumisden for which we have found place, indicate a character entitling her to the ardent affection of her children. In the summer of 1755, she was seized by a mortal illness, about the same time that her husband had a serious attack of fever. Her daughter hurried from London, but arrived too late. The two following letters afford an interesting picture of home affections, and represent William Lumisden in a more amiable light than he seems usually to have shown himself to his son.

Mrs. Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"London, Aug. 11. 1755.

"My dearest Andrew.—This is now the third letter that I have wrote you within these four weeks; God grant that the next bear what may be more agreeable to us all! Our dear mama's illness much afflicts me; but what reason have we to be very thankful that our water is mixt with wine,—that's to say, in the recovery of dear papa. I had much to bear when I thought them both in one state. At present I am laying my account with the loss of the best of mothers. 'Tis a debt we have all to pay: it's hard to tell if any of us ever comes to her age. Tho' it's not in my power, nor any body's else, to do her any service, yet my dearest Robie's goodness is such that he much urges me to go to see them But, dear Andrew, it's impossible to tell you how I am divided betwixt duty and duty. It cuts me to the heart to think

of weaning my dear little Andrew, who is the finest child that ever was seen of three months, besides leaving Jamie and the rest of our family, who all needs my eye over them. Oh what shall I do? Whither shall I set out for Scotland, or shall Robie keep his resolution of going for France on Thursday? There's but one day to determing us both. He came to town on Saturday with a resolution to go directly to France; but papa's writing this post of mama's illness encreasing so fast unhinges at once whatever resolutions I take. * * * Oh I cannot think of leaving the poor babies so very young! It is not little attendance a family requairs: there's seven of us (God bless us!), our Frenchman and two maids. God preserve our dear papa! Now our care must be how to provide for his happiness. The plan I have laid is for him to go and live with you. If it was agreeable to him I would have him here; I really think he cannot stay alone. But of this pray consider; but do not write your thoughts till you hear further from me, for I would hear his own thoughts before we give ours. My dear Robie offers his most sincer love to you, and I am, with the warmest heart, my dear Andrew,

"Your most affectionate sister,

"ISABELLA STRANGE."

William Lumisden to Mrs. Strange.

"Edin. 12. Aug. 1755.

"Dear Child.—The letters I wrote you on the 5th, 7th, and 9th curt. will prepare you to expect the mournful news of your mother's death, whom Almighty God was pleased to take to himself last night; and I trust that, in His infinite mercy, for the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, He has now numbered her with His saints

in life everlasting. Her physicians were astonished that her severe purging had not cut her off sooner, and believed that, if it had been moderate, she might have lingered long. She had her understanding free of pain to the last. God give us grace to copy her virtuous, innocent, and correct life!

"As all religion consists in conforming our will to that of God's, may we, by the aid of His Holy Spirit, discharge our duty in this afflicting dispensation of His unerring Providence! Religion only can minister substantial consolation in trouble; and since you have a due sense of this, I judge it unnecessary to expatiate on this comfortable subject; as indeed I am unfit to preach upon it at present, in respect I am overwhelmed with immoderate concern, tho' my reason as well as religion reproach me for being so. Such, I readily acknowledge, as had no notion of a future state, might, with plausible pretence, abandon themselves to the utmost extremity of their passions; but we Christians, to whom light and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel, are forbid, on the most weighty reasons, to indulge our grief to excess. God knows our frailty, and will give gracious allowances for it, and therefore will mercifully pardon us, tho' we are too violently affected at first with a heavy stroke, even when daily expected.

"I thank God nothing was omitted. She was well attended by the physicians of her soul, whose goodness I cannot express, aud Sir Stewart [Thriepland] and Mr. Adie were as careful as men could possibly be: and for her cousin Mrs. Hay, I cannot but have a deep sense of what she did to the last, and who still continues close with me. My dear Brucie is perfectly well, but ignorant of her great loss. I offer my blessing to Mr. Strange, you, and the two boys, and I am, &c."

Of the same date, the Rev. Mr. Harper, an old family friend, wrote to Mrs. Strange, "Your worthy mother's weakness increased by hairbreadths until yesternight about nine o'clock, when (with great composure and resignation to the Divine will) she returned her pious soul into the hands of God who gave it. She dyed, as indeed she had lived, a pattern of every virtue: 'as she had been upright, her end was peace,' without violent sickness or pain, distinct, devout, and edifying to her latest moments. Her exit was rather like a translation than ordinary death."

In a subsequent letter Mr. Lumisden says, "I used all the arguments I could to diswade my daughter from coming down, as it was highly inconvenient for her in the present situation her family was in. But her strong affection, encouraged by the best of husbands, got the better of them all. And indeed I cannot express the comfort she has been to me." Her chief thought was now for her father's prospective arrangements. A plan of "looking out for a prudent gentlewoman fit for taking care of his house, and instructing the child [Mary Bruce Strange] at 6*l.* or 8*l.* of yearly wages," not proving acceptable to him, she wrote to her brother, on the 20th of September, "I'm sure I would enjoy the pleasure of his being with you as much as were he with myself. What an unaffectionate look to see

but three of us that can call ourselves friends and relations in the world, living in three distant kingdoms, when there's a possability of our being join'd with happiness to us all. I'm sure the sosiety you have the honour and pleasure of enjoying would be most agreeable to him, and [he to] them too. I think I know you all, and am both prude and happy in the acquaintance of you all. God Almighty bless you, and continue your loves for one another! Now, my dear Andrew, do you preach on my text, and inforse it all you can, or sojest something eles if such occur to you. To take care of him, and to make him as happy as possable is what I constantly employ my wish and thoughts upon, and indeed it sits very heavie upon me. * * * * If my dear papa will but hear you and me, I'll send Bruce soon to be your housekeeper, and as soon as my dearest Robie and I grows ritch, we'll all come in a body, and be happy together while in this world. That the Almighty, of his infinit mercy, may grant us a happy meeting together is the constant prayer of her who wishes to distinguish herself in the characters of an affectionate wife, a dutiful daughter, a tender parent, a faithful friend, and, dear Andrew, your loving sister,

"ISABELLA STRANGE."

The earnest though homely feeling of these letters is characteristic both of the writers and of Scotland

in that day. We shall now see how it was reciprocated by the exiled member of this afflicted family.

Andrew Lumisden to Robert Strange.

"Sept. 9. 1755.

"How blended together are our pleasures and sorrows! The pleasure I had to find that my dear father had got the better of his dangerous fever, was soon balanced with the melancholy prospect of being to be so soon deprived of the best of mothers. But what reason have we to thank merciful Providence who has hitherto visited her in so gentle a manner! This no doubt is an earnest of the reward prepared for her virtue. I cannot too much admire your affection on this occasion, in allowing my sister to leave her family in your necessary absence, and under such circumstances, to go to Scotland at this time. God Almighty reward you for your goodness and attention! By what you write me, I must already consider my dear mother as reaping the blessed fruits of a most innocent, virtuous and well-spent life. But what do I feel for my dear father, robbed of such a wife, friend and companion! Our duty is to make the remainder of his life as easy to him as possible. I am very sensible that he cannot live alone. If therefore, in such a situation, I might propose any scheme, it would be for him to settle all his affairs in such a manner that wherever he is he may be master of his little income, and leave Edinburgh, and reside with you if your house is large enough; if not, to take an apartment near you, which will be a mutual pleasure to you all, and if either his inclination or business should call him to Scotland, he could easily go in the summer season. It would be the greatest happiness that I can figure to myself to have him with

me, but, alas! in the disagreeable, uncertain way in which things are here, unnecessary to be explained, it is not to be thought of. To come here for a single winter, that is from the first of November till May, is too great a trouble and expense for him, and yet I could not propose more, for, when we go to the country in May, we live at a considerable additional expence, and at the same time very disagreeably and inconveniently, not to mention the excessive heats, which would perhaps be too great a change on one of his age. But if he has a great inclination to see me, — and surely it cannot be greater than mine is to see him, — if he could be here in the end of October, I could lodge and take care of him with the assistance of worthy Mr. Edgar, till the month of May, when the season would be agreeable for travelling, and I persuade myself that the exercise would both strengthen him and dissipate melancholy. If he comes here, it will be necessary to leave home privately, and to take a proper name, for reasons that will obviously occur to him, although this precaution will be defeated should Ramsay or any of his acquaintances be here. However, if he resolves to visit this place, I shall have time enough to give him the necessary directions."

Andrew Lumisden to his Father.

"Sept. 23d. 1755.

"I received in due time your edifying and Christian letter of July 5th, and my dear Robie has forwarded to me your letter to my sister of August 12th, and another of the same date to her from our constant and valuable friend Mr. Adamson. The irreparable loss we have now sustained in the death of the best of wives and mothers can only be balanced by our certain belief of her happi-

ness. God give us grace to copy her virtuous example, that we may partake her reward! I return hearty thanks and affectionate compliments to all our worthy friends whom you name, who have assisted you on this mournful occasion. You will receive a sensible consolation from the presence of my dear sister, who is all duty and affection. It would afflict her not to arrive in time to perform the last duties to our dearest mother: but it was not her fault. You will no doubt concert with her a plan for your future living, which your own good sense is best able to determine; for at this distance, and ignorant of your situation, 'tis impossible for me to offer anything with certainty on that head: I can easily see how improper it is for you to live alone, and yet perhaps your affairs require your presence in Scotland; but if this is not the case, you will observe the scheme that occurs to me, in my letter to Robie of Sept. 9th, and to which I beg leave to refer, and shall anxiously long to hear your determination. My duty and concern will apologise for my saying so much on this subject. What a comfort is it to me to hear that you have entirely recovered from your late dangerous fever! May gracious Heaven long preserve that life on which all my happiness depends! I remark with pleasure what you say of your Essay, and I hope you will lose no time in having it transcribed as you mention. Every work of yours, as it is useful to others, it is precious to me. While separated from you I must now beg to possess, what my dearest mother kept with so great care, your portrait in miniature, which I shall always preserve like the apple of my eye; — I flatter myself that you will grant me this request, and Mr. Strange will send it, by first opportunity, to Mr. Waters, who can easily and safely forward it to me. Adieu, my dear cousin; may the

Almighty long preserve you in health and strength, and may the joyful time of our meeting soon happen. You know the constant duty, love, and affection of," &c.

The grief expressed by Andrew Lumisden on this bereavement was, however, light compared with what awaited him. In the end of next year he was shocked to learn from Mrs. Strange that his father had fallen entirely into the hands of a person whom they could not look upon with respect. It was whilst apprehending that an ill-assorted and unequal marriage might give him a stepmother, and divert from him and his sister their just inheritance, that he penned to his surviving parent this letter, characterised by his wonted propriety of sentiment and expression.

Andrew Lumisden to his Father.

"Jan. 4th, 1757.

"Although I have reason to conclude that my writing is disagreeable to you, otherwise you would own the receipt of my letters, I will, however, risque troubling you with this; and how can I begin the year more properly,—I am sure I cannot do it more sincerely—than by praying that it may prove healthful, happy, and prosperous to you? As your happiness and satisfaction engrosses all my attention, you will do me but justice to believe that I wish it from the very bottom of my heart. I am fully persuaded that if you knew the influence that your silence has had both on my mind and body, you would not have put me to so severe a trial. Since you informed me

of the death of my dearest mother, I have not had a line from you. To be deprived of her, and robbed of your correspondence at the same time, has often been like to distract me: conscious innocence has hitherto supported me. But I flatter myself that I shall not again have occasion to complain on this head. Ah! I have a heart that burns with love, duty, and affection for you!

"My sister has transmitted to me a letter of yours to her of Oct. 30th, in which you propose to settle your affairs. As this is a subject you never was pleased to mention to me, so I never desired to be instructed in it. But I am persuaded that you will be so indulgent as to pardon my now mentioning it. Considering my very particular situation, I did not doubt but that you had long ago made a proper settlement. However, as 'tis surely prudent to do it, I know you will execute it in such a manner as that my creditors can take no advantage of your death. As I do not thoroughly understand what you write my sister on that subject, and as I am entirely persuaded that you have nothing at heart but to make her and me as easy as you can, and for which you have so long severely laboured, 'tis unnecessary for me to enter into particulars. Permit me only to observe, that, as my sister is blessed with a most virtuous husband, whose genius does honor to his country, so a stock of ready money would enable him to extend his schemes, and in a few years to provide decently for his family: and as she has been no burden to you for many years, I cannot but indulge the thought that you will so order your affairs as to put ready money into their hands, and to have the inexpressible pleasure to live to see your posterity prosperous and happy.

"Of myself I have little to say: you know my situation; you know for what I suffer. Since I came abroad

I have not been expensive to you, having been mostly supported by my Cousin [the Chevalier] and his funds, except the 20*l.* I had of Mrs. Berry, and the money, clothes, &c., that Mr. Strange has generously given and sent me from time to time. Altho' the want of money has often prevented my advancement, yet I have always calmly submitted rather than ask what I thought might be inconvenient for you to give, as I am sensible how ready you are to straiten yourself to assist me. I am satisfied with the poor situation in which I am, and which will probably continue whilst my Cousin lives; but if he should die, and he has been some years in a declining state, I shall then be in a miserable condition. If this should happen, I am sure you would not allow me to beg an alms; and even this I would do rather than straiten you in the least. The rent of the land which you are so good as mention to give me, will no doubt keep me from starving; but as I cannot think of living always idle and needy, I intend, in the event of my Cousin's death, to employ myself in trade; but, as ready money is indispensibly necessary for that purpose, I hope you will convey the land in such a way that I can dispose of it, as I can more advantageously employ the price. I think you proposed to sell the clerk's office: I cannot but approve of your doing it, for 'tis high time for you to retire from that fatigue; and, if the buyer inclines to have my consent, I shall cheerfully give it. The price you get for it would be a seasonable interim supply to my sister and family. But why do I say so much on this head to one of your superior judgement, as well as confessed love and affection for us? If I have said anything amiss, I beg, my dearest cousin, you'll be so good as to forgive me, my view being only to entreat you to settle your affairs, so as that my creditors may not take the advantage

of my absence, and that I may be as little dependent as possible on the pleasure of others. But may God Almighty preserve your life, that I may have the happiness to embrace you, and thereby render all these precautions unnecessary. The time I have been absent from you appears to me ages; ah! may our meeting soon happen; and, till then, I shall daily kiss your little portrait, which I have now received, and which is my only treasure."

This epistle never reached his father, whose death, before the end of 1756, had already terminated all cause for farther anxiety on account of his weaknesses. On the 1st of February, 1757, Mr. Lumisden wrote to his sister, "You will easily believe the shock I felt to be informed of my dear father's death, after the vigorous state of health which I had reason to believe he enjoyed. His death, although attended with a very alleviating circumstance, has opened a wound that was as yet fresh. Had it, indeed, happened before that of our dear mother, it must have affected us more sensibly. But let us draw a veil over what is past, and always remember that he was our father. Unerring are the ways of Providence: may our conduct and actions render us worthy of the mercies of Heaven!" These trite moralities, somewhat frequent in the Lumisden letter-books, seem in this instance dictated by thankfulness that death had anticipated a dreaded re-marriage, and we need not wonder to find the secretary solacing himself by the cold aphorisms of classical writers. "Our passions,

indeed, too often usurp the place of reason: happy they who can confine them most within their just bounds! I think Pliny the younger has given us one of the most effectual cures for such wounds as mine: *Necessitas ipsa, et dies longa, et satietas doloris.*" Or, again, "But why do I mention my private misfortunes, which are so easily swallowed up by our public ones? Let us, however, hope for more prosperous days, and, in the meantime, let us follow the advice of Horace, philosopher as well as poet, —

> "'Durum, sed levius fit patientiâ,
> Quicquid corrigere est nefas.'"

Mr. William Lumisden's affairs were found to be in considerable confusion. His property consisted of some land near Duddingstoun, and certain houses in Edinburgh of small value, besides various sums lent out to unwilling debtors, probably his clients. On the other hand, there were creditors, not the less inclined to be clamorous that these assets were unlikely to be made readily available, in consequence of the legal disqualification under which the heir lay. This anticipation proved but too true; for the trustees into whose hands the administration passed proved incompetent or inefficient. During many years Andrew Lumisden's anxieties were constant, and his remittances trifling. Ultimately the whole succes-

sion seems to have amounted to about 3000*l.* to 4000*l.*, his share of which he persisted in regarding as his sister's eventual property, burdened only by his own life interest, marriage having, from the time of his exile, been habitually debarred from his prospects.

CHAP. VII.

SITUATION OF THE REFUGEES.—MR. LUMISDEN'S MISSION TO PARIS.—INTRIGUES AND SCHEMES OF THE JACOBITES.—THE PRINCE'S MISCONDUCT.

THE odium attaching to the Duke of Cumberland's barbarities in the north appears fully justified by facts recently disclosed in Chambers' Memoirs of the Rebellion; yet, on the whole, the Jacobite party had little cause to complain of rigour from a government they had done their utmost to overthrow. In days when treason, and its concomitants of seditious plotting, were still regarded as the greatest of social crimes, and when no sickly sentimentalism interposed to screen those who perilled the public peace and welfare for their own ideal of dynastic rights or constitutional ameliorations, the British ministry generally tempered justice with mercy, and multitudes benefited by the early and almost general amnesty of 1747, whose lives and fortunes had been staked on an unsuccessful venture. Such of them as emigrated gradually found their way home, and, perceiving the cause to be hopeless, some even who had entered foreign service, avowedly in order to keep

their swords in temper for a new invasion, were content to turn them into ploughshares and pruning hooks on paternal acres mercifully spared to them. Among the number were several of Mr. Lumisden's friends, — Sir Stuart Thriepland, Mr. Hamilton of Bangour, Captain Edgar, nephew of the secretary, and several members of the Strathallan and Nairne families. How soon he would have followed their example, had his attainder not bound him to the cause, we cannot conjecture; but his letters occasionally betray a keen sense of the sacrifices it had cost him, even while his exile was consoled by a conviction that his past and present misfortunes were incurred for the sake of duty and honour.

Writing to his Scottish relations in 1753, he thus expresses himself: "My particular situation is too good an excuse for my long silence. Nor should I have troubled you with this line, was it not to return you my hearty acknowledgement for your kind enquiries concerning me. The distance of time nor place will never be able to alter my just esteem for you, nor my grateful sense of your friendship. Whatever may be my lot in the world, I flatter myself you will have no reason to blush for having admitted me among the number of your friends. Our knowledge is too imperfect to foresee the consequences of things: 'tis enough for us to do what our reason and conscience tell us is our duty to do,

and although the event proves cross, we will find a real pleasure, when we reflect on the integrity of our intentions. 'Tis this that has supported me amidst many difficulties. 'Tis this that makes me even dare to say with Cicero, *Si quis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hâc ætate repuerescam, et in cunis vagiam, valde recusem.*" * * * * "I shall not entertain you with any history of myself, as I know my best friend [his mother] informs you of whatever happens to me. Allow me, however, to assure you that my principles of religion, my love for my country, my duty to my king, and my affection for my friends, are the very same as when you saw me." After nine more years had gone by, with little else to sustain him, the burden of his confidential correspondence is still, "it will always be a real satisfaction to me when I reflect that I have lived up to my principles, and done my duty;" and in 1764 he writes to his cousin Governor Bell, "I am the same person you formerly knew me: I have changed no principle, I have lost no friend."

A few detached extracts from Mr. Lumisden's letter-books will show by what circumstances the hopes of the elder Chevalier's adherents were from time to time buoyed up. "If the [unfounded] account we have just received [July 1753] proves true, of the Elector of Hanover's death, we flatter ourselves that H.R.H. the Prince will find this a favorable opportunity to appear again in the world,

and to put an end to the cruel and barbarous scenes so long acted in Britain. May his enterprises be attended with success!" "I wish the discontents against the naturalisation of the Jews may have the effects we desire. It is certainly a most monstrous act in a country that calls themselves Christians. They have done so much of late to destroy that religion, that I shall not be surprised to hear that they have erected a temple at London to the *unknown God*. Every Christian country should put a mark of resentment on this conduct of England. For example, at Rome, the Pope should appoint surgeons to inspect every Englishman that comes here, that the circumcised ones may be obliged to wear yellow hats or sashes, and to be locked up at night with their brethren in the Ghetto. For what difference ought he to make between English or other Jews? I know you sympathise with us during these inhuman heats. Sweating and hunting fleas is no small fatigue." Any difficulty that may have occurred to his Holiness in this matter was, however, removed by the repeal, during next session, of the obnoxious statute by which Jews had been invested with the privileges of Christian subjects.

But it was to hostilities with France that the exiles chiefly looked for an opening to their schemes. After speculating on the chances of a serious war

in August, 1755, Mr. Lumisden observes: "The Elector of Hanover has, indeed, on all occasions sacrificed the interests of Britain to preserve his German dominions; but I flatter myself that this very article will at last open the eyes of the people, and prove his ruin; and that H.R.H. the Prince will lose no opportunity to reap advantage from the other's folly. May success attend his schemes, that we may yet see our country happy!" Eight months later he says, "May gracious Heaven preserve his life, that he may yet taste a little of the sweets of life, after so many bitter draughts of affliction! May we soon be able to say of the British, what Homer says of the Ithacans on the restoration of Ulysses:—

"'And willing nations knew their lawful lord!'

"What steps are taking to bring about this long desired event I know not. The situation of affairs between France and England seems, no doubt, very promising; but, alas! how often have we been disappointed in our hopes. At present they talk of nothing here but of the embarkation the French are making at Toulon and Marseilles, in order to attack Port Mahon. If they can land in the island they will probably soon be masters of the fortification. 'Tis hoped that this will serve for a diversion to withdraw the English fleet from the Channel,

whereby the French may with the greater rage make a descent on England. But I dare not indulge myself to reason on things of which I know so little."

To correspondents whose zeal in the cause was likely to render such aspirations acceptable, we find the secretary's letters frequently recurring. [13th July, 1756.] "Since war is now formally declared betwixt England and France, may they never agree differences till we have obtained our wishes. The people of Britain, as I am informed, never seemed more dissatisfied with the German government than at present. The bringing over such numbers of foreign troops they consider as an attempt to rob them of their liberties, rather than to defend them against the French. Ah! dare we flatter ourselves that the proper use will be made of these discontents?"

In the end of the year he says, "I know nothing of the affairs of Britain but what I learn from the public papers. The discontents of the nation at the mismanagement of the ministry surely run very high. Their many addresses and instructions are proof of it. That infatuated people never thoroughly examine the disease: they imagine that a change of ministry will retrieve all their losses, and redress all their grievances, when, after a short trial, they find themselves as far from their desired point of view as

ever: may they at last apply the only efficacious remedy, and do justice to their lawful, injured sovereign!" Again, in June, 1756, "The discontents of the people seem very great. Oppressed with taxes to support a foreign interest, whilst their own concerns are neglected, is sufficient, one would think, to rouse them from their lethargy. May the Prince soon lay aside his incognito! May he soon appear on the active stage to save his country from utter ruin!" It is curious to find even a native Briton led by long expatriation to mistake the normal condition of his grumbling countrymen for a morbid symptom!

These extracts were addressed to Lord George Murray, or Captain Edgar. In 1764, Lumisden writes to the titular Lord Dumbar:* "The account you are pleased to give me of the state of money and paper credit in Scotland is, indeed, dismal. That trade of luxury which our own country has long carried on with England and other parts must no doubt at last ruin it; unless they can discover —a thing not to be expected—some new branches of commerce to repair their losses, and realise their ideal paper credit." So too, the previous year, Mr.

* James [sometimes called William], titular Earl of Dumbar, being a man of talent and in general esteem, gained a great influence over the Chevalier de St. George, and was much about the Prince in early life. Having become distasteful to the latter, he was directed to retire to Avignon in 1748, in expectation that Charles Edward would then go to reside at Rome; and there he remained.

Lumisden had ingeniously argued against embarking the proceeds of his father's succession in the British funds, over which, from various causes, he considered bankruptcy impending. Yet, singularly enough, it seems never to have occurred to him as an element for consideration, that the success of those very schemes on which he still lingered, with faith if not with hope, must inevitably have proved a severe shock to all stocks, and have occasioned consequent peril to such an investment. Watching, from a distance, the affairs of Europe, in the fond delusion that their progress might bring about some conjuncture favourable to the Stuart cause, the Jacobites vainly expected a summons to take part in the great drama of which they were but passive spectators. They viewed its progress with reference to a supposed by-plot, whereof the actors were unconscious, and which the alleged authors ignored; or, like the fly, fancied that by themselves was turned the wheel on which they were casually perched.

As time wore on, Mr. Lumisden's prospects did not brighten. After the miscarriage of an intended French descent upon England or Ireland, in 1759—which, though planned with no special view to the Jacobite cause, was regarded with eager hope by its adherents — all expectation of a restoration seems gradually to have died away. It was, as yet, premature to look for a full amnesty from home, and

Mr. Lumisden was among those who deemed it a point of honour, as well as duty, to adhere to the stranded vessel whilst the wreck held together. Meanwhile the irksomeness of exile was more and more felt. In his absence from Scotland, his patrimonial interests suffered greatly from the neglect of those to whose friendly agency they had been entrusted. The additional correspondence thrown upon him by Mr. Edgar's death, in 1762, imposed the painful necessity of answering appeals for aid from those whose vast sacrifices his master had no adequate means to recompense, and of doling out in driblets such sums as could be spared for that purpose. But this was not the worst. The titular King's declining health, debilitated by years and lengthened indisposition, pressed upon him a contingency upon which, probably, depended even such slender bounties, and left him doubtful how soon his own means of subsistence might be curtailed. Those, too, whose society and sympathies cheered the privations of a common exile were dropping around him; and in 1763 he touchingly exclaims, "Few of our countrymen, alas, remain alive here!" Next spring fresh burdens were imposed on him by Lord Alford's retreat to Paris. "Tired of this country, and hoping to recover his health in France, which for some time he has complained of, he leaves this after Easter. I am sorry for it on many accounts; but

particularly as I foresee it will add much to my ordinary labour, as I shall now be obliged to do the whole of our business. Whilst my master lives I cannot, nor should I ever, think of abandoning him. 'Tis true, his weak state of health renders his life very precarious; but, as soon as we are deprived of him, I shall lose little time to leave this country and return to France, to have again the comfort to embrace you and my dear sister." But, even amid these gloomy forebodings, his disinterestedness knew no change:—" I heartily wish the Strathallan family all the satisfaction they desire at home. I have done, and shall continue to do, them every service in my power. As I never ask the smallest favor from the Duke [of York] for myself, it gives me the more courage to plead for others." The following is the only instance, during his official connection with the Stuart Princes, in which he appears as a suppliant on his own account: —

Andrew Lumisden to the titular Lord Lismore.

" Feby. 20th, 1758.

" That humanity which induces you to interest yourself in my poor concerns, makes me presume to trouble you with this letter. And indeed to whom can I so properly explain my situation as to your Lordship, whose goodness and power go always hand in hand? 'Tis only since the death of my father that I have found the fatal effects of being attainted. My attainder has deprived

me of a very considerable succession; and the small remainder of my father's estate is in the hands of trustees, who show little friendship or inclination to serve me, so that I am uncertain if I shall ever recover any part of it. The gratification of 600 livres, given me by the Court of France, is paid so irregularly, that, one year with another, I can scarce reckon it above 300. His Majesty indeed is most graciously pleased to order me ten crowns a month, but this, with my French gratification, even was it more regularly paid, is insufficient to afford me the necessaries of life,—diet, clothes, and lodgings. I am very sensible that His Majesty's small revenue bears no proportion to his royal mind: Ah, may he soon enjoy what belongs to him, and make an infatuated people happy! In the mean time I flatter myself that he will be graciously pleased to continue his usual bounty to me.

"I must therefore humbly beg your Lordship to direct me how to lay my case before His Majesty in the most proper manner. To write of one's self is a disagreeable task, but cruel necessity obliges me to do it. However, it gives me an opportunity to assure your Lordship of the real attachment and great respect with which I have the honor to be," &c.

During the winter of 1758-9, Mr. Lumisden's monotonous life was varied by a long and secret expedition. On the 7th of October he writes to Mr. Strange, "You will perhaps be surprised when I tell you that I set out to-morrow on a journey through Italy and part of France. My cousin [the Chevalier] is pleased to send me to settle and balance some accounts with his correspondents. This is

what I could not have expected. Such a trust, however, to a young bookkeeper is indeed flattering. May I answer what is expected of me! I reckon to be back here in four months. * * * * I go by Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Milan, Turin, and so to Lyons and Paris. By this means I shall have an opportunity to give a glance to several places I never saw. None of my acquaintances here, except worthy Mr. Edgar, knows anything of my journey, which you may easily believe hurries me not a little. * * * * This journey, I flatter myself, will be attended with both pleasure and profit." The period of Mr. Lumisden's absence, and the consequent interruption of his letter-book, were considerably prolonged. In the next entry (May 7th, 1759) we find him writing to his sister, " I lose not a post to inform you that I am just arrived in the ancient city. After a very tiresome journey through Germany, I have safely repassed the formidable Alps. I wrote you Feb. 20th and March 29th, whereby you will have observed my route." " The roads were so bad, and travelling so inconvenient, that I was deprived the pleasure I proposed to myself of visiting Sir James Steuart."* In another

* Sir James Steuart of Coltness, baronet, another Jacobite martyr, was then living at Tubingen in Suabia, where he consoled his exile by preparing his work on political economy. Many notices regarding him will be found in the Coltness Collections, edited by me, for the Maitland Club, in 1842 : see also below, p. 203.

letter he excuses himself for omitting a visit of courtesy in Paris, having "received positive directions from my master to see only those whom he was pleased to name: it was this that kept me a prisoner the few days I was at Paris." The mission of Mr. Lumisden was evidently a diplomatic one, in reference to the troubled aspect of European politics; but of its precise objects we have no notice. He did not see Lord George Murray, then resident in Holland; but, on his return, wrote to him, "May a certain person [Prince Charles] at last comply with the advice of an indulgent father, who desires nothing of him but what tends immediately to his honour and interest! Of public affairs I know nothing but what I find in the printed papers. The French, it seems, are making considerable preparations at Brest; but whether they are intended to serve that cause which we have only at heart, or only to intimidate the Court of England from sending succours to Germany or elsewhere, a little time will decide. Unless the immediate interest of France induces that ministry to serve us, it is not to be expected that they will otherways do it; for justice and gratitude are antiquated terms, unknown at courts." Would not this seem to indicate recent disappointment in overtures to one or both of these quarters? That a demonstration favourable to the Stuarts was then anticipated may be gathered from numerous

passages in Mr. Lumisden's correspondence, especially in letters addressed to the Honourable Alexander Murray, fourth son of Alexander, fourth Lord Elibank, who, in 1751, had gained notoriety and exile by his contest with the House of Commons, arising out of the Westminster election, and who spent the next twenty years as a refugee, attached to the Jacobites rather from pique than principle.

Indeed there are several indications that, during the secretary's mission, he had formed close relations with that restless spirit, who had been compromised in the plot by which Dr. Archibald Cameron suffered in 1753*, and who was now apparently the prime mover of an intrigue for effecting, as an epis-

* Lord Elcho's unpublished account of the Rebellion gives the following account of that project:- "There was a stupid plot formed for him in the year 1752 by Mr. Alexander Murray, brother to Lord Elibank. Mr. Murray had made the Prince believe that he had got sixty men together in London, who had sworn to attack St. James' and assassinate all the Royal family at a time. When the assassination was to be committed, the Prince was immediately to come from the coast of Flanders, and offer himself to the English nation. At the same time Mr. Macdonald of Lochgarry, and Mr. Cameron were to raise a commotion in the Highlands. Lochgarry and Cameron went to Scotland, and Mr. Cameron was taken and hanged. Mr. Murray went to London, but upon finding that his assassins' courage had failed them, he came back to France. And so ended so wise a project, which shows the Prince's good understanding, for having approved of it and come into it." Lord Elcho's readiness to speak ill of the leader for whom he had made great sacrifices is well known, and we may hope that in this instance his information was incorrect.

ode in the war, a French descent upon England or Ireland, in which Mr. Lumisden was to have taken part. Alexander Murray was then living at Paris as Mr. Campbell, and married a sister of the titular Earl of Dumbar. His conversion to the Jacobite cause being sudden, and dictated by turbulence or ambition, some sop was needed to secure services to which, for the moment, undue importance seems to have been imputed. Hence the bauble coronet accorded to his egotism in the following missive, with a laxity which seems to indicate little expectation on the donor's part that the bribe would ever become available to him.

Andrew Lumisden to the Hon. Alexander Murray.

"Aug. 12th, 1795.

"Having had the honor to deliver to the King the letter you sent me for him, inclosed you will find His Majesty's return. He has been graciously pleased to sign and deliver to me the warrant for your being an Earl, which, pursuant to your desire, I shall keep till I have the pleasure of seeing you, or receive your further directions how I shall dispose of it. The patent is to you and the heirs male of your body; whom failing, to your brother Lord Elibank and the heirs male of his body; and whom failing, to all your other brothers respectively, and the heirs male of their bodies. Such an uncommon mark of His Majesty's approbation of your past services will, no doubt, engage you to give daily fresh proofs of your gratitude, zeal, and attachment to him and his royal family. The titles are left blank in

the warrant, because the title of Westminster has never been conferred on any one. His Majesty was apprehensive lest there might be some reasons for it, especially as it is the seat of the Court. But if, after inquiry, you find that there can be no objection to this title, you may insert it, otherwise you may assume any other title you judge proper, and against which no objection can lie. As it is of the utmost consequence to you to conceal your having obtained this patent, till affairs are as we wish them in England, I send this letter under Mr. Gordon's cover, with directions to him that he may deliver it to you out of his own hand, or consign it to any person whom you shall desire, that it may safely reach you. And until it is a fit time for you to use your title, I shall continue to write and address to you as formerly. You will do me, sir, but justice to believe that I have not been wanting on this occasion to represent your merit to His Majesty in its true and proper light.

"What an inexpressible satisfaction is it to me to observe that His Royal Highness the Prince has entirely got the better of his late indisposition. May health and success be his constant attendants! His desire of my being with him in case of an embarkation is an additional proof of his goodness towards me. Ah, was my capacity equal to my inclination and zeal to serve him! Attention and fidelity must supply my want of abilities. His Majesty is most graciously pleased to permit me to set out as soon as the Prince, either by himself or by you, shall advise him when it is proper for me to do so, unless he may have something particular to do with me, which cannot, however, detain me but a few days. I shall always be ready, and shall not lose a moment on the road. In the meantime it will be a great satisfaction to His Majesty to know from you how things are advancing, as he has

nothing at heart but His Royal Highness' success, and the happiness of his country. I offer my compliments to Miss Murray in the most respectful manner, and have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, dear sir," &c.

Connected with the hopes raised among the Jacobites by the French naval armaments of 1759, we have some farther notices by Mr. Lumisden, addressed chiefly to this embryo peer. "The preparations making on the coast of France for an embarkation, I observe, are very considerable. I scarce believe that the French will risque a descent on England without the participation of a certain person [the Prince], for without him they can expect little success." "The Toulon fleet has certainly sailed, and 'tis said with an intention to pass the straits and join that of Brest. But whether they really intend to make a descent in Britain seems still uncertain. Perhaps the great loss which they have lately sustained in Germany may induce them to alter their schemes." [18th Sept., 1759.] "You will easily believe the satisfaction it gave His Majesty to observe by your letters that the favourable dispositions of the Court of France to carry his Royal Highness' schemes into execution still continue. May no unforeseen accidents prevent their accomplishment! We are, indeed, much afraid that the defeat of the Toulon fleet [under De la Clue, by Admiral Boscawen, on the 18th and 19th of

August] will at least retard the execution of them." [Oct. 11th.] "How much do I long for an opportunity to meet again the enemies of my King and country in the field of battle! I shall lose no time in repassing the formidable Alps, as soon as I am honoured with orders for that purpose." [Nov. 6th.] "His Majesty was pleased with your expressions of duty and zeal for him and the royal family, as he is persuaded they came from the heart, and commands me, in telling you so, to make you a kind compliment in his name. What an inexpressible satisfaction would it be to him to hear that His Royal Highness had at last carried his schemes into execution! Nothing surely will be wanting on His Majesty's part to promote them, in as far as his health and influence will permit. With this view he is pleased to direct me to inform you that some time ago, at the very particular desire of the King of France, he gave his nomination of Cardinal to M. de Choiseul, Archbishop of Besançon. * * * Things seem now to be brought to such a crisis, that I flatter myself with the daily hopes of receiving His Royal Highness' orders to join him, which I shall fly to do on the wings of fidelity and zeal."

This bubble was, however, soon to burst. The important naval armament, destined for a descent upon England and Ireland under Admiral Conflans, was encountered by Sir Edward Hawke on the 20th

of November, when a large portion of it was destroyed by English guns and tempestuous weather, leaving the French hopelessly inferior by sea. The effect at the Muti Palace of this reverse is thus testified by Mr. Lumisden.

Andrew Lumisden to the Hon. Alexander Murray.

"Rome, Jan. 8th, 1760.

"I received by last French post your letter of 15th Dec., which I immediately communicated to the King, whose concern for the late disappointment you will easily imagine; and which is the greater, that, without some new extraordinary event happens, he does not conceive how the French can be able to undertake another expedition in the spring: though he is of opinion that, notwithstanding the great desire there is of peace on all sides, it will be very difficult for the powers concerned to come to an accommodation before another campaign. What gives also great concern to His Majesty is the prospect of what may be the Prince's fate after a peace; for without he takes proper measures before, to which he does not find his Royal Highness any ways disposed, he will be reduced to live in the same obscure way he has done for so many years past, and which would be, according to His Majesty's opinion, his utter destruction and ruin in all shapes. It is true that the Prince's reserved way of acting towards his father cannot but affect him, but his paternal tenderness for the Prince makes him feel much more the Prince's misfortunes than his own mortifications, and will always prompt him to do whatever may be in his power for His Royal Highness' real good and advantage: but alas! the Prince's

conduct has been such as to render it impossible to His Majesty to give any assistance to the Prince in any shape or manner. His Majesty is ignorant of the Prince's particular schemes and projects, and of those who direct his counsels and resolutions; and he finds him so fixed in his ideas, whatever they may be, that he sees it would be to no purpose, at least at present, to give him any advice directly; especially considering that His Royal Highness has never yet answered two letters His Majesty writ to him some months ago, His Majesty supposes on account they were not according to his way of thinking. And in general you must feel that, as His Majesty is in the dark as to the Prince's affairs, and does not see clearly into them, he cannot in many cases form a judgement upon them, much less give him his advice. But it is very plain that, without he gains the friendship of the Queen of Hungary or the French, he can never, after a peace, live but in the way in which he does. As for the French, they have not made the least step towards His Majesty, nor informed him of anything relating to the late expedition; but as it was easy for the King to foresee that, if the war lasted, an enterprise in his favor would at long run be probably thought of, it is long since that His Majesty represented to the Court of France the great inconveniences that might arise from the making an attempt on Ireland, and he should reasonably have hoped that his opinion on such a point ought to have been of some weight. But whether Ireland was really a part of the late project or not is more than His Majesty knows, being absolutely in the dark with regard to all that affair. His Majesty ordered me to write all this to you, by which you may judge of the justice he does to your sentiments towards himself and family, and of the full persuasion

he is in that you will always do what you can for their service and advantage.

"As for the flowers, I did not think this a proper time to insist on that particular, though His Majesty seems to have the most favorable dispositions towards you. But when there may be question of the execution of some new project, then will be the time to move again in that article; and I would fain hope it would not be flattering you to tell you that I think you may hope the best.* As to my having made no return to your letter of the 29th Oct., and that you writ to the King at the same time, His Majesty was then so full of hearing again soon and of great matters from you, that in expectation of that, he forgot to give me any particular orders for you till I received your last letter. And in writing this he is pleased to command me to make you a kind compliment in his name.

"From myself I shall say little. Sensible of your goodness and friendship, I know you will embrace every opportunity to lay me at His Royal Highness' feet and assure him of my inviolable fidelity and attachment towards him. I trust in God that the constant tenor of my life will justify the favorable opinion he is pleased to entertain of me. I should have done myself the honor to have writ him a letter of compliment at this season, but I thought it unnecessary to give him that trouble, as I had nothing material to communicate to him. Shall I flatter myself that, notwithstanding of M. de Conflan's defeat, the Court of France will yet embrace and be able to execute His Hoyal Highness' schemes? With

* The "flowers" here spoken of are an allusion to the green ribbon of the Thistle, demanded by this insatiable and selfish intriguer.

that view, how anxious am I to be honoured with his commands to join him! I offer you most affectionately the compliments of the season. May this additional year accomplish all our wishes, by restoring the Royal family to their just and undoubted rights, and thereby peace and happiness to our bleeding country! I ever am, with the greatest respect and attachment, dear sir," &c.

"Worthy Mr. Edgar returns you his compliments in the most affectionate manner."

After Mr. Lumisden's mission to France, his correspondence retains the confidential tone which it then first exhibited. Of Lord Inverness we hear no more as the fomentor of intrigues, but his place in that respect was in some degree taken by Lord Blantyre, with whom Mr. Lumisden for some years interchanged such letters as the following, which we give on account of their glimmering indications of the Prince's policy and pursuits. Most of them were addressed to "Mr. Goodwin," but inclosed to Lord Blantyre, who passed under that name, and who seems to have been then in frequent personal intercourse with the Prince. The Jacobite schemes and hopes were disguised under the usual slang of trading terms and false names.

Andrew Lumisden to Mr. Goodwin, alias Lord Blantyre.

"Dec. 3d, 1760.

"Although I know not your particular address, I send this under cover to a noble friend of mine at Brussels, as

I have some reason to believe you may be there; if not, he will return it back to me. Our friend communicated to me your memorandum. I need use few words to persuade you of the affliction it gives me to find that our mercantile undertakings should have been so much neglected; and which is still encreased, as the principal partner [the Prince] has of late shewn so little activity in exerting himself in his own and our own common interests. I flatter myself, however, that at this critical conjuncture he will lose no time to form an expert and able crew to man our ship, whereby alone we can have our returns sooner than our Hamburgh rivals. I am persuaded that all the steps you have taken in this affair are wise and proper; and I doubt not but your prudence and address will yet be able to bring things to their desired issue. My Cousin, who has nothing so much at heart as our friend's real advantage, does all he can to rouse him from his indolence and to make him act as you wish. But, as he has long since left to him the detail of accounts, he never enters into particulars with him. So, with regard to Le Noir, the paper man, &c., you can expect nothing to be done from hence. You must take your own prudent methods of bringing these things about. I represented to my Cousin, that, as our friend positively insisted on having the young filly returned to him, how necessary it was to humour him at this time in this particular. My Cousin, who thought the demand extraordinary, said this was a thing that did not depend on him, but that he would see what he could do in the matter.* For God's sake continue to revise our accounts, otherwise our books will run into confusion, for 'tis on your ca-

* The "young filly" refers to his daughter, carried about this time by her mother to a convent. See vol. ii. Appendix, No. III.

pacity and judgement I entirely depend. And, whatever becomes of our adventures, God Almighty will reward your virtue and disinterested endeavours to serve your friends. I shall be anxious to hear what is done, or likely to be done, in our affairs; and in the meantime and always I remain, with the most ardent affection and sincerest esteem, my dear friend," &c.

Andrew Lumisden to Mr. Goodwin, alias Lord Blantyre.

"March 3d, 1761.

"I have received your letter of the 19th January, and lost no time in communicating it to my Cousin; whom I found much prevented in your favour, being well informed of your great zeal and attachment to him and his family, and truly sensible of them. I observe, indeed, that you are not well informed, either of the state of my Cousin's health, nor of his present situation with Mr. Burton [the Prince]. As for Mr. Burton, my Cousin has been now a year and a half without having received any letter from him, though he has writ several to him; and, since the month of July last, he has not so much as writ anything to Mr. Edgar, to whom he used to write a few lines every week. It is many years since my Cousin observed that he had lost entirely Mr. Burton's confidence, but it never came to the pitch it is now at. But, notwithstanding Mr. Burton's behaviour, my Cousin's tenderness for him can never alter; and his present situation and way of thinking gives him the more concern, that he does not see what he can do to remedy either the one or the other, since Mr. Burton will not so much as answer his letters, or see any of his real friends. It is true that lately my Cousin was endeavouring, by means of a good friend to both of them, to fall on a way of having him

seriously spoke to with regard to his present conduct, but an unforeseen accident hindered that step from being executed; and it is true that my Cousin is now thinking of some other way to have him spoke to plainly on his present situation, for he certainly will never neglect the least thing that he thinks can be any way for Mr. Burton's service, although he looks upon the success to be very uncertain. In this situation both of my Cousin and Mr. Burton, you see how useless it would be for you to be at the trouble and risk of making so long a journey as you mention, especially since the present state of my Cousin's health could not allow him to see you with that secrecy, and with those precautions, which would be necessary on your account. In two words, my Cousin is not in a condition of acting personally to promote our mercantile schemes, and Mr. Burton's silence and behaviour towards him renders it impracticable to my Cousin to give any advice, much less directions, in what relates to these matters, for fear of making things worse than they are, and thereby increase the present confusion. It is to be hoped that Mr. Burton will open his eyes, at least in relation to his own interest, and in the meantime my Cousin is persuaded that neither you nor any other of our true friends will neglect any opportunity that will contribute to it. For you cannot but see the straits he is in, and the little he can do in prudence, and especially at this distance, to give an helping hand himself to that good work; although he has nothing so much at heart as the good of the trade, and the honor and welfare of Mr. Burton.

"I have now discharged the commissions I had for you, and which I might say were dictated to me by our Cousin; and I have nothing to add from him but his kindest compliments for you, from himself and nephew,

who both take a sincere share in your present affliction, for the loss of so near a relation, with whom they had been personally acquainted, and of whose zeal and attachment for themselves and family they had received many proofs. From myself I need say little. You will easily be persuaded how much I sympathise with you in your particular, as well as in our common afflictions. Let us not however despond. I trust in God that Mr. Burton will soon see the impropriety of his conduct, and bestir himself as we wish, for his own and our general interests, and you will readily believe, that I shall let slip no opportunity to contribute my mite to promote that so much desired event. In the meantime I only add, that Mr. Edgar joins me in most humble and affectionate compliments to you, and that I always have the honor to be, with the greatest sincerity, my dear sir," &c.

Other letters to Lord Blantyre during 1761 continue to represent the Prince in the most unsatisfactory light. "Your lordship will easily believe how much I regret that Burton is not yet sensible of his misconduct." "You will readily perceive what a concern it gives us to find that Mr. Burton does not yet pursue the salutary course that his friends wish. He must, no doubt, soon be sensible of the necessity of it." "Burton still continues silent. I hope he will at length get the better of his lethargy, and be yet able to manage his family affairs." Of the 11th of August in that year is the following: — "Having had the honour to communicate to my Cousin the contents of your letter of July 16, he

is pleased to direct me to return you his kind compliments, to tell you how sensible he is of your zeal and friendship to serve him, and to assure you of the constant regard and esteem he has for you. Ever ready to promote Mr. Burton's and the company's interest, which are inseparably linked together, he will let slip no opportunity that can contribute to it. But, by my letter of March 3d, you cannot but see how little my Cousin's health, and situation with Mr. Burton, and which continue the same, permit him to do. However, when the plan you mention is laid before him, he will then be able to judge how far it will be beneficial to the company, and will no doubt make the proper use of it. But, unless some method can be happily discovered to restore that confidence that ought always to subsist between my Cousin and Mr. Burton, I see nothing that can be done here effectually, either for their or the company's advantage. It is, indeed, a great satisfaction to us to hear that Mr. Burton's health is now good, and that he is more careful of it than formerly: this, we flatter ourselves, is a step towards his applying again to business. Our worthy friend, the antiquarian [Mr. Edgar], who constantly remembers you, returns you his best and most respectful compliments. Words are insufficient to express the great affection and attachment with which I have always the honour to be, my dear sir," &c.

With a view to submit his plan or plot to the Anglo-Roman Court, Lord Blantyre proceeded into Italy, and requested that Mr. Lumisden might meet him at Ferrara in October. This was answered by a proposal for his forwarding it to Rome — with unusual precautions to ensure secrecy while passing through the post-office — where it was accordingly received by Mr. Lumisden early in November, and laid before his master. The result was a conditional approval, couched in language so vague and mystical as to leave no trace of a solution, but, on the 10th of July following, Lord Blantyre is informed that, owing to the decided refusal of "S." to join in such a project, it was entirely abandoned. These extracts contain nearly all of political intrigue which the letter-books have preserved, and suffice to show how little interest attaches to what might have been supposed their most valuable matter. Somewhat more thinly disguised are the recurring allusions to Charles Edward's increasing profligacy. In one passage, his having remained entirely sober during some weeks is mentioned as a notable circumstance, and elsewhere Lord Blantyre is told that his remarks "on the chapter of villains, pickpockets and gamesters" have, by order of the Chevalier, been "transmitted to Mr. Burton, who we heartily wish may make the proper use of them."

CHAP. VIII.

MR. LUMISDEN BECOMES FULL SECRETARY.—HIS OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE AND ELEEMOSYNARY DUTIES. — HIS MASTER'S ILLNESS AND DEATH.

REPEATED disappointments and mortifications, such as we have traced, gradually diminished Mr. Lumisden's confidence in his cherished cause, and so far extinguished hope of its ultimate success, that his political convictions slowly resolved themselves into a mere personal attachment to his master, while the claims of country and kindred gained strength in proportion as those of partizanship were relaxed. In January, 1761, he assures the Reverend Mr. Harper, that "to write to and to hear from my friends, among whom you have ever had the first place, would no doubt mitigate my absence from them, but so many reasons concur to deprive me of the frequent use of my pen, that I am persuaded they will not ascribe my seldom writing to them either to forgetfulness or want of affection. Distance of time and place, instead of cooling my friendships, adds new fire to them, and makes me more ardently wish to embrace my dear friends: nor do I yet despair but I shall one day be

able to do it." By the preceding post he thus acknowledged his sister's advices of a sale of their father's land at Duddingstoun, to the Marquis of Abercorn, for which purpose she had gone to Edinburgh: "Every line that comes from my dearest Bella's fair hand is to me a treasure, and the unmerciful load of business you have on your back still increases its value. Was it in my power to relieve you of some of your fatigue, ah! with what a pleasure would I do it. I observe that the long protracted treaty is at last finished, and that at Whit-Sunday you are to get 1000*l*. Although you know my warm attachment to our present happy government [!], yet I own I have some difficulty to risque so great a part of our all in the public stocks. When the cord is too far extended it must break. These stocks I cannot but think must one day fail. Such a bankruptcy will, no doubt, ruin many a particular, but it will enrich the public in general; for the loss, as too often happens in private bankruptcies, will fall on the creditors, while the debtor remains opulent. However, do in this matter whatever your own good sense and judgment directs." To Mr. Strange he observes, "She gives us an account of the present state of the stocks. No stock-jobber could have done it more distinctly than she does. She talks of per cents., annuities, brokerage, &c., as learnedly as any of the sons of Jonathan. Yet, after all, I own I have

some reluctancy to trust our all to these uncertain funds."

Mr. Edgar's long declining health had gradually imposed on Mr. Lumisden a greater share of confidential correspondence, especially since his return from Germany. After some days of severe illness, the secretary died on the 24th of September, 1762. In announcing this to his nephew, Captain John Edgar, of Keithock in Forfarshire, Mr. Lumisden says, "When I informed his master of his death, he expressed an uncommon and real concern for the loss of so old and faithful a servant, and whose worth he perfectly knew; and he desired me to condole with you sincerely in his name on this mournful occasion. As to myself, words are insufficient to express my grief for the irreparable loss I sustain by the death of my dearest friend. In him I have lost one who bore me all the tenderness of a father and warmth of a friend. The many obligations with which he loaded me will make his memory ever precious to me, and make me constantly wish for opportunities to express to you and his other relations my grateful sense of his favors."* To his own sister

* Captain Edgar was out in the '45, and afterwards held a French commission, but returned to his paternal acres, under the indemnity of 1756. The Angus lairds cherished Jacobite principles, maintaining habits of excessive conviviality, at least as long as those of any other district, and at their symposia the captain continued to dedicate a flowing glass to "the king o'er the water." But re-

Mr. Lumisden adds, "You may easily believe what a real affliction as well as additional fatigue this must give me: it obliges me to execute both his and my own branch of trade. My Cousin, however, has been very kind to me on this occasion: he has desired me to give up my house and live in the apartment of my late friend. Thus, although my trade will not produce me riches, a thing so hunted after by mankind, yet I flatter myself it will produce me esteem and credit among the virtuous few."

The additional labour thus inadequately requited was really considerable. By the first mail after Edgar's death, his successor wrote nine letters, one being of six pages. Among them was the following to Prince Charles. A similar despatch, repeated weekly until the Chevalier's death, seldom extended beyond a brief report of the father's health, and a well-turned phrase of courtly service to the son."

Andrew Lumisden to Mr. John Douglas, alias *the Prince.*

"Sept. 29. 1762.

"Last week I had the honour to inform you of Mr. Willoughby's [*i. e.* Edgar's] indisposition, and it is with

bellion rarely proves a profitable line of politics, and, like many a better patrimony, the Keithock estate was saved from forfeiture only to be swamped by the slower machinery of heavy incumbrances and hampered management, until, on his death, it passed to other hands. A curious account of the way in which Secretary Edgar outwitted Sir Robert Walpole in his wonted policy of corruption will be found in Robert Chambers' History of the Rebellion, edit. 1847, p. 419.

the utmost affliction I am now obliged to tell you that he died on the 24th inst. He had been long in a bad state of health, but endeavoured all he could to conceal it. In him you have lost a most faithful zealous servant, and one who loved you from the bottom of his heart. God grant that I may always tread in his virtuous steps.

"Mr. Orry [*i. e.* the Chevalier], who continues in his usual health, directs me to send you the inclosed letter, as he knows no one who can more readily forward it to its address.

"May I beg of you at the same time to lay me, full of duty and zeal, at his Royal Highness' [the Prince's] feet, to assure him of my constant and fervent prayers for his health and happiness? and I flatter myself that he will be well persuaded that, as the whole study of my life has been to serve him, so, whatever commands he shall be pleased to lay on me shall be most faithfully and zealously obeyed.

"I have the honour to be, with the most dutiful attachment and respect," &c.

One of the earliest matters demanding Mr. Lumisden's attention, when his principal's illness had devolved upon him additional correspondence, related to the welfare of a much-esteemed countryman. Among the most valuable adherents who were induced to embark in the rising of 1745, both in regard to family connection and personal endowments, was Sir James Steuart of Coltness, Baronet. The hesitation with which he joined the Prince is curiously illustrated by an anecdote in Mr. Robert

Chambers' History of the Rebellion [p. 139. edit. 1847], and the false position in which this imprudence placed him during life, may be seen in the Coltness Collections. After residing for some years at Tubingen in Suabia, where Mr. Lumisden was unable to visit him in 1759, Sir James passed the season of 1762 at Spa. There the patriotic zeal with which he expressed his aspirations against the French successes in Cassel drew on him remark, considering that he was then under the ban of the British Government. On this pretext, but, as was supposed, from a dread lest his profound and statesmanlike acquaintance with the interests and resources of France might be placed at the disposal of the English cabinet in the impending negociations for peace, he was seized, in open defiance of international law, and carried, under a French *lettre de cachet*, to the fortress of Givet, where, notwithstanding influence simultaneously exerted in his favour by the Hanoverian and Stuart dynasties, he remained a close prisoner, until peace was ratified in the following year. The part taken in his behalf by the Chevalier de St. George is shown by letters to Lord Blantyre, one of which is as follows: —

Andrew Lumisden to Mr. Goodwin, alias *Lord Blantyre.*

"Sept. 18. 1762.

"Without loss of time I communicated to my Cousin what you writ me in your letter of the 10th, concerning

the Chevalier James. As my Cousin has long had a particular regard for that gentleman, he was sensibly touched with his misfortune. We reckon that the Munday's courier from Paris will bring us a farther account of this unlucky affair, and you may easily believe how ready my Cousin will be to take any step he shall judge prudent to facilitate his speedy release. The singular regard I have for the Chevalier makes me heartily regret this unhappy accident, and I doubt not but he will easily vindicate himself from the charge laid against him. In the meantime I flatter myself that you will write me all you learn on this subject. Mr. Blunt [Earl of Alford], and the Antiquarian [Mr. Edgar], who is in a very bad state of health, offer you their kindest compliments, and I ever am," &c.

On the 2d of October Mr. Lumisden adds, "I anxiously long to hear of the Baronet's liberation, for I am persuaded that this affair must have proceeded, either from a mistake, or from the malice of some enemy. However, I can tell you that my Cousin has caused a very strong letter to be wrote, in order to operate if possible his release."

In Mr. Boswell's acquaintance Lumisden found pleasure, not only as a Scotch cousin, but because, "superior to the prejudices so common at present in our country," he "has no difficulty to converse with and cultivate the friendship of his countrymen, whose honest but out-of-fashioned principles prevent them from living at home." The following letter is amusingly characteristic of both correspondents: —

Andrew Lumisden to James Boswell of Auchinleck.

"Oct. 12. 1765.

"As I am persuaded you have left Leghorn, I address this, as I did my former letter, to Genoa. You will probably receive both at the same time. I need not tell you what an agreeable entertainment your letter from Lucca of the 30th past gave me.* I am indeed at a loss which to admire most in it, the stern philosopher or the sprightly lover. The latter listened to the syren, but the former soon got the better of the spell. How much labour did it cost Ulysses to get rid of Circe! In these cases it is dangerous to trust to so feeble a counsellor as reason. The safest measure is to fly the temptation. I blame you not, my dear friend, for what has happened. Youth, passion, even novelty, apologise for you. Let me however congratulate with you on your happy escape, for I flatter myself that you have not risqued a second separation. It is enough that you have once tasted Italian gallantry. It will serve to embellish your history. Your warm unsuspicious heart might easily find a real passion. But I know too much of the ladies of this country to suppose that your fair one felt the same. Accustomed to change, they are strangers to this passion. Amidst variety it never can be properly felt. Artful in a science in which art should not enter, they can pretend ardours, sighs, and flames when their hearts are perfectly at ease. Trust them not. Preserve your vigour for some healthful innocent Scots lass, a stranger to intrigue, who will make you a happy father of a family, and con-

* Oct. 29. 1765. "I had a letter from Baron Boswell from Lucca. He found a Circe at Sienna, who, with her enchantments detained him above a month at that place. He was at last obliged to muster all his philosophy to get the better of the fair witch."

tinue the race of those worthy ancestors whose memories you so justly esteem. Have you visited Corsica? If you have, I cannot but insist on your giving me an account of your expedition. It will be both new and instructive to me. Did Paoli show you the Rousseaunian code? What system of government has this celebrated modern laid down for these brave islanders? I know nothing worth mentioning to you from hence. At present there are no British travellers here. Byres and Willison have had fevers, but are again well. They, your cousins the Erskines, little man [Dr. James Murray], and all your acquaintances salute you most affectionately. With all the sentiments of friendship and esteem, I always am, my dear sir," &c.

We have already alluded to the subject of most frequent recurrence in Mr. Lumisden's correspondence, especially after he became sole secretary in 1762,—that of dealing with applications for eleemosynary aid from the scattered exiles of the Jacobite cause. Of many thorns on his path this was the one which perhaps rankled most deeply in his sensitive breast, especially when doling out or refusing a pittance scarcely adequate to maintain life itself. There was, however, another class of cases scarcely less embarrassing,—that of bold beggars such as Mr. Charles Stewart, and of improvident but influential adherents like the Strathallan Drummonds, as exhibited in the following letters. Though in themselves of no great interest, they exhibit the miserable shifts to which some leading refugees were reduced,

the lowly state of the would-be Court of the Stuarts, and the sort of administration which chiefly devolved upon its officers; above all, the nature of Mr. Lumisden's duties, and the temper in which they were uniformly performed.

Andrew Lumisden to Mr. Charles Stewart.

"July 3d. 1764.

"His Royal Highness the Cardinal Duke having put into my hand your letters to him, of the 12th and 23d past, he is pleased to direct me to tell you, that neither the King's nor his own situation permit them to give you these extraordinary reliefs which you so frequently call for. However, on removal of your brother's present dangerous indisposition, which we heartily regret, they are pleased, for this time only, to order you twenty Roman crowns. But I am commanded to tell you to contrive to live on that extensive charity which the Royal Family have been so generous as to allow you, and not to apply for any further extraordinaries. Full of compassion and unlimited benevolence, the Royal Family wish to assist all the world. But, alas! their present circumstances do not correspond with their generous minds. The little that they have must, in the first place, be applied for the relief of those faithful subjects who have actually lost their fortunes, and risked their lives in their service; and the remainder only they can bestow in simple charities; in which last class they must consider you and your brother. I have only to add, that I shall always be ready to do you any service that lies in my power; and wishing your brother a speedy recovery, I remain, very sincerely, sir," &c.

Andrew Lumisden to Viscount Strathallan.

"Feb. 26. 1765.

"I lose no time to acknowledge the receipt of the letter of the 2d, with which you are pleased to honor me; it gives me, indeed, infinite concern to observe by it the difficulties to which you are reduced. I am the more sensibly touched at it, because of the impossibility to get anything done for you at present here. The knowledge I have of the King and Duke's finances, and their manner of thinking on that head, prevents me from delivering your letter to His Royal Highness. Had I delivered your letter containing so extraordinary a demand, after you and your family have had so large a supply within these six months, I should have done you a real prejudice, and put it entirely out of my power to be of any service to you hereafter. All I would therefore in prudence do was to represent in general, but in a warm manner, your unhappy situation to His Royal Highness, who, at the same time that he heartily regretted it, confirmed to me what I well knew, that neither the King's nor his own funds permitted him to do anything at present for you. The gratifications the King is accustomed to give at this season, to prevent many honest people from starving, have exhausted the money set apart for that purpose. Besides, His Royal Highness added, that, at any rate, he could not take upon himself to dispose of His Majesty's money to pay debts for any one, and at which he knew the King always expressed a great aversion. However, I flatter myself that, in some months hence, I shall be able to procure you a little supply, but can never expect to obtain for you money to pay your debts. I cannot give your Lordship a stronger proof of the regard for, and attachment I have to, you than in

not delivering your letter, as I am certain of the bad consequence it would have produced; but if you are of a different opinion, and still direct me to do it, I shall do myself that honor. What a satisfaction it would have been to me, could I have been instrumental to have relieved you on this occasion! For I flatter myself you will always do me the justice to believe the great respect and unalterable attachment with which I have the honor to be, my Lord," &c.

Andrew Lumisden to the titular Earl of Alford.

"Feb. 26. 1765.

"I am honoured with your letter of the 3d, and heartily wish your hearing may reap benefit from the course of remedies you are taking. The King is pretty much in his usual weak state of health, without any reasonable prospect of his ever being better. I have made your court to the Duke, and thanked him for his letter to you. His Royal Highness never fails to mention you but with pleasure. To-morrow he goes to Frascati for some days, You will probably have heard that he has taken the management of his affairs in France from Lady Lismore and son. He trusts all to M. Brunet and his council. I have good reason to believe that the Lady was told that, if she presumed to complain on this account, she would be deprived of the pension the King now allows her. The Duke, as I think I formerly mentioned, continues very willing to order those supplies which the King has been accustomed to give to his distressed subjects, but I am afraid lest the unreasonable demands that are frequently made will at last tire him. Among others, I cannot but send you a sight of a letter of your cousin Lord Strathallan, which please return me. Within these six months I procured for his Lordship and family 2,800 livres; yet you see the demand he now makes,

notwithstanding of the promise he made not to apply to the King again, after your Lordship obtained for him the 3,000 livres about two years ago, but which promise you may be sure I took no notice of to the Duke. When I mentioned the letter to His Royal Highness, and that I had one to present to him, he desired I might not do it, but to write my Lord that, out of friendship to him, I did not present the letter, as I found it would have done him a real prejudice, and put it entirely out of my power to be of any service to him hereafter. I shall in some months hence endeavour to obtain some supply for him; but what can any supply I can expect to get for him avail to one who, in so short a time, has contracted 14,000 livres of debt at Sens, notwithstanding of the money he has at the same time received from his uncle, the Court of France, and the King? In short, the sincere regard and friendship I have for my Lord Strathallan makes me heartily regret his conduct, without being able to relieve him. All your friends here constantly remember you in the most respectful manner. I have the honor always to be, with the greatest respect and unalterable attachment, my Lord," &c.

Andrew Lumisden to Viscount Strathallan.

"April 16. 1765.

"I am honored with your letter of the 16th ulto., and, having again laid your different letters before the Duke [of York] and explained to him your dismal situation in the best manner I could, His Royal Highness has been pleased to take upon himself (though with much difficulty, considering the state of the King's health and his funds) to order you 3,000 livres at once, upon condition that you ask no further supplies or money from him; you may

therefore draw on Principal Gordon for this sum. His Royal Highness desires that you may conceal what he has now done for you, as it might induce others to make like applications to him, when it is not in his power to assist them. He was indeed much surprised to observe that you should have contracted such considerable debts in so short a time, but hopes you will now contrive to live with that frugality and economy which your own unhappy circumstances, as well as those of the Royal family, render so necessary; and in writing this to you, he was pleased to direct me to make you many kind compliments in his name. With the utmost truth I can assure your Lordship that I have done everything in my power to serve you on this occasion. I did it with all the warmth that esteem added to friendship could inspire. I heartily wish I could have procured you a larger sum, but what His Royal Highness said to me on this head was so strong, that I could not further urge it. I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect and constant attachment, my Lord," &c.

"P. S. Having had the honor to read this letter to His Royal Highness, he was pleased again to regret, that neither the King's nor his own funds possibly permitted him to order you a more considerable relief."

Andrew Lumisden to the titular Earl of Alford.

"July 9th, 1765.

"It gave me a very sensible concern to learn, by your letter of the 16th past, the death of Lord Strathallan: I was at the same time informed of it by his brother, Mr. Drummond. I most heartily sympathise with the poor lady and her numerous family. Nothing, you may easily believe, shall be wanting on my part to assist them on this mournful event. I have had the honour to present your letter on this subject to the Duke. He intends

to write you by next post. He is very sensible of the distressed situation of the Strathallan family, and will do whatever is reasonable for their relief. In the meantime he has wrote to M. Brunet to advise with your Lordship on the proper method of applying to the Court of France in behalf of the lady, and to take the necessary informations from you. It would give much pleasure to His Royal Highness if anything considerable could be obtained on this occasion from that Court. Be that as it will, I shall endeavour to obtain some supply for her from hence. It happens indeed at an unlucky conjuncture, viz., just immediately after her husband had got so large a sum. There is no change on the King's health. Last week died the General Cavalchini. All your friends here remember you most respectfully, and I have always the honor to be, with the greatest respect and unalterable attachment, my Lord," &c.

Andrew Lumisden to the Honorable William Drummond of Strathallan.

"July 16th, 1765.

"Two posts ago I received the letter of the 11th past, which you were pleased to write me; and last post came to my hand your letter for His Royal Highness the Duke, which I had the honor to present to him, and have now that of conveying to you his return to it. Words are insufficient to express my real affliction for the death of your brother, my Lord Strathallan. Long acquainted with his singular merit, I cannot but sincerely regret his loss. You need never doubt of my poor but hearty endeavours to serve his family. I lost no time to write to Lord Alford, by His Royal Highness' directions, to concert the properest manner to recommend my Lady,

your sister-in-law, to the Court of France, in order to obtain if possible a pension for her. I hope in a few months hence to be able to send her a supply of 1500 livres. Whilst the King lives, I doubt not but I shall get it continued yearly to her, which is all that His Majesty's funds can possibly permit to do. I beg leave to offer my compliments of condolence, in the sincerest and most respectful manner, to the ladies, and the whole family; and hope you will always do me the justice to believe the singular regard and esteem with which I have the honor to be, sir," &c.

"Pray make my compliments in a particular manner to Mrs. Drummond and her brother, and let them know that I had the pleasure of seeing lately here their cousin, Mr. Boswell, eldest son of Lord Auchinleck. He is a young gentleman of great talents and merit. He is now making the tour of Italy, along with Lord Mountstuart. He told me that in his way to Paris, which I reckon will be about the beginning of winter, he would stop at Sens to have the pleasure of seeing his cousins."

Andrew Lumisden to the titular Earl of Alford.

"Aug. 27th, 1765.

"At the same time I was honoured with your letter of the 4th, I received one from Mr. Drummond, containing a letter to the Duke, acquainting him of the Strathallan family's intention to return to Scotland. They judge well, provided they can live at home independent of their French pensions, for I much doubt if the Court of France will be prevailed on to continue these pensions if the family leaves the country. They not only beg His Royal Highness' immediate assistance, but likewise the continuance of it in case of the King's death. This last request he would by no means engage in. But, whilst His Majesty lives, they will receive his assistance wher-

ever they are. I now send them an order for 1500 livres; and, indeed, had their demand been for once only, as your Lordship supposed, I believe I should have been able to have got it increased, but when His Royal Highness perceived that the whole strain of the letter was for continuing the supplies, he would do no more. I have the satisfaction to think that I have not a little exerted myself to serve the worthy family of Strathallan; for you will readily believe that it was no easy matter to procure them 7300 livres in the space of a year."

The amount here stated far exceeds that of the gratuities given in any other case, although in 1763 we find 1,000 livres to Lord Nairne, and 2,500 to Lord Blantyre. It is impossible now to ascertain the circumstances under which such an expenditure had been incurred by Viscount Strathallan in maintaining his family abroad; but beyond question it was not serious compared with the income which, but for his mistaken loyalty, they might have enjoyed in peace and plenty at home. When such answers emanated from the Stuart princes, it was, indeed, time for their adherents to make their peace with the Hanoverian dynasty.

The Duke of York's brief visit to Rome, in April, 1764, occasioned no small irritation at the Muti Palace. "On Sunday arrived here the brother of the Duke of Hanover, called Edward. He travels by the name of the Count d'Ulster. Low bred and covetous, we are told he makes a foolish figure

wherever he goes. Strange that his Court should have allowed him to expose himself thus to foreigners, and especially in this country! But stranger still that the government here should press extraordinary marks of favour on one of his family, and the rather as he travels incognito, and 'tis said does not desire it of them! Rome will always be Rome. He lodges at a merchant's called Barazzi, who for some years has been one of the principal spies of the house of Hanover." "This false, hypocritical, inconsistent people have shown many marks of distinction to the Count d'Ulster. But, 'tis said, that as the Court of Rome has disobliged most of the princes of its own communion, they want now to flatter the heretics; for, *being wiser than the children of light, they make unto themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.*" "On Saturday night the Hanoverian traveller left this, and goes to Venice. The honours and attention paid him by the Roman nobility (I had almost said mobility) are not to be believed. Had the King been in his former vigour, this would not have happened. It only proves the inconsistency and ignorance of the Court and people of Rome. He was, indeed, visited by none of the religious orders, but by the general of the Jesuits. However, I can assure you that this young man's usual ill-manners and avarice have appeared very conspicuously; nor has he shown the smallest mark of satisfaction or gratitude for the extravagant honours bestowed on

him." "It is not easy to exaggerate the ridiculous behaviour of the person called the White Prince whilst here. We were assured, at the time that he paid 15 pauls [6/6] a head to a *traiteur* for his table, whereas the Duke of Gordon and other late travellers paid a zecchin [9/6] to the same *traiteur*. In short, 'tis said that the value of the presents he has received in Italy greatly exceed the expense he has been at in visiting the country." Thus did the Secretary's pen seek vengeance for the Duke of Cumberland's sword; a scanty excuse for such paltry and pointless gossip! But whatever bad taste may have been shown by this brother of George III., his son, Prince Augustus, afterwards Duke of Sussex, obtained favour in the eyes of the Stuarts by a studied politeness, which had been inculcated by his father. The Chevalier Levingstoun, who went to Rome in his suite, told Sir Thomas Strange that, when visiting Cardinal York, the Prince remained standing, and, on the compliment being returned, the Cardinal was received in a room containing only the seat which he was intended to occupy.

For two years the Chevalier's constitution had been sensibly impaired; and in May, 1760, Mr. Lumisden informs Lord George Murray "that the King has been these two months confined to his bed; but it is now hoped that he is out of danger. He

was seized with a severe cold, attended with a fever and convulsive cough; which last was so violent, that we were every moment apprehensive that it would have deprived us of the best of princes and the best of men. He was so extremely bad that he received all the rites of his church. But God Almighty has been graciously pleased to give a happy turn to his distemper. He has been these two weeks without any fever, and has coughed little. * * * May God of His infinite goodness increase his strength, and long preserve that life on which depends the happiness of so many! His Majesty's illness having engrossed all my attention, I know nothing here at present worth communicating to your Lordship." It was not, however, until November, 1763, that his declining health became seriously affected, from which time he remained bedfast above two years. His memory having by degrees entirely failed, he that winter ceased to sign his name or transact any business whatever. There seems to have been no ascertained disease, his appetite and digestion continuing almost unaltered; but his strength was much reduced, probably in a great measure from frequent depletions, thus alluded to by Mr. Lumisden in 1764: — "There is a mode in physic as well as in dress; and, provided the physician prescribes fashionably, he has little concern about the consequence. Some years ago the Roman

faculty would not have ordered a blooding, even in cases where it seemed indispensibly necessary: now they order blooding on every occasion, whether right or wrong. There are people here who have lost above twenty pounds of blood in one sickness; but they never again recover their former strength. In short, I know no greater misfortune than to be obliged to employ a Roman physician."*

To those whose maintenance in a great degree depended upon the Chevalier's bounty, his life was of paramount interest; and the feelings with which it was watched may be gathered from the following letter to the wife of Fotheringham of Bandean, one of the Jacobite exiles:—

Andrew Lumisden to Mrs. Fotheringham of Bandean.

"Aug. 21. 1764.

"It would be a particular pleasure to me, could I say anything satisfactory to you on the subject of your letter to me of the 23d past. The king no doubt has long been in a bad state of health, but since November last he has

* Mr. Lumisden was a habitual heretic in such matters. He elsewhere speaks of physic in Italy as a guessing profession; and the late General Durham remembered an anecdote which he used to tell at the expense of his friend Dr. James Murray, "the little man." While one day on an antiquarian circuit through Rome with a party, a window was thrown open by the wife of one of his patients: "Come sta il vostro marito sta mattina?" "Sta bene." "So I thought," said the Doctor to his friends, "for I gave him a proper strong dose last night." "Sta in cielo! è morto," continued the bereaved widow.

been close confined to bed. His disease seems rather to be an universal decline of nature than any particular complaint. His physicians however are of opinion that he suffers much less pain in being thus confined to bed, and that in this situation he has strength to spin out years. But, as neither the cold of winter nor the heat of summer have produced any real change on his health, we have, alas! little reason to expect that he can now recover such vigour as to enable him to apply again to business, which he has for some time past entirely abandoned. I am still at a greater loss what to say on the other question you ask me. How the king has disposed of the effects properly his own, can only be known after his decease. It must however be obvious, that the funds that enabled His Majesty to assist so many of his worthy distressed subjects, are mostly personal to, and must die with him, unless these funds are continued to his sons. But who can conclude that this will or will not be the case, or that the sons will be in a situation to imitate the charitable example of the father? In short, Madam, I should think myself culpable was I to flatter you with hopes on an article of such consequence to you, and which is attended with so much uncertainty. We ought not indeed to despair; we ought ever to trust in the goodness of God. But in situations of this kind, reason seems to point out to us always to prepare for the worst. By such a conduct adversity never finds us asleep, and consequently, if it comes it makes the less impression on us; whereas if we shall be happily disappointed, and prosperity be our lot, we can easily bear with the change. I cannot, I think, Madam, give you a greater mark of my friendship and confidence than by writing to you with so much candour on so delicate a subject: and I hope you will never doubt of my readiness to embrace

every opportunity, when I can be useful to you, and where I can give you real proofs of the sincere regard with which I constantly am, madam," &c.

During the next two years Mr. Lumisden's weekly reports to the Prince and others of his father's "dismal health," might almost have been stereotyped. Towards the last we find this remark:—"It is wonderful how he holds out; life itself must no doubt be a burden; but it is of much consequence to many of his poor subjects." On the 26th of November, 1765, he mentions some aguish attacks which had taken a quartan character, and, though slight, were regarded with uneasiness. Applications of bark checked the fever; but a great diminution of appetite was for the first time manifest. By the 10th of December the ague had abated; but on the 27th it returned, accompanied with a fainting fit. Larger quantities of bark being exhibited, the fever was again reduced, and he continued to gain ground; but, on the 1st of January, immediately after dining with appetite, he was seized with oppression in the breast, and died unexpectedly at a quarter-past nine that evening.

By the first post which left Rome Mr. Lumisden announced his master's death to Lord Dumbar at Avignon; to Lord Alford, Principal Gordon, Mr. Waters, and Mr. Strange at Paris; to Mr. Fotheringham and Mr. Flyn in France; and to his sister in London. It will suffice to extract his letters to Mr.

and Mrs. Strange, with their answers, which prove that the artist had not altogether abandoned the sentiments of the life-guard's-man, nor the lady forgotten the white cockade she had worn in Holyrood Palace twenty years before.

Andrew Lumisden to Robert Strange in Paris.

"Jan. 7th, 1766.

"I have had, my dear Robie, an unlucky beginning of the year. On the 1st instant, at nine and a quarter at night, the King was relieved from the miseries of this life. Notwithstanding of his long illness, his death was a surprise on us, nor did we think he was so near his end. Last night his body was carried to the Church of the Twelve Apostles, which is ornamented in the most magnificent manner; and this morning the solemn obsequies were performed there in presence of the Pope and Cardinals. Amidst an infinite concourse of people, his body has been carried to St. Peter's with the utmost pomp.* You will easily believe the hurry I am in on this mournful occasion. How things will be settled here is more than I can at present say. I believe His Majesty was on the road to Rome before the death of his father. We expect him with impatience. Until he comes, or we receive directions from him, I can determine nothing of myself. I could not delay writing to you, and likewise a line to our dear Bella. I flatter [myself] she will readily excuse the shortness of my letter, when she reflects on the many things I have naturally to do. Adieu, my dear Robie: I ever am, with the utmost affection, your," &c.

* In his letter to Mrs. Fotheringham of same date, Mr. Lumisden says, "I am just come from thence, having performed my last duty to my gracious master, by putting his royal seal on his coffin."

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Paris, Jan. 26. 1766.

"I received, my dear Andrew, with a concern I have not words to express, your letter of the 7th; and, however prepared I might be for the event, I could not restrain those tears which were due to the memory of a prince whose virtues were equally great with his misfortunes. I have wrote to my dear Bella along with your letter, which will doubtless be an afflicting stroke to her. I dined yesterday with Lord Alford, the Principal, and Mr. Oaker; his Lordship, poor man, is much disconsolate.

"We all now lay the foundation of our hopes upon the conduct of his present Majesty, which I pray God may be such as does him honour, and consequently revive the drooping spirits of his few remaining faithful subjects; for such they are who are now attached to him. By such a conduct alone will he regain his character, and give the lie to the many aspersions he has received. I pity your present situation, and resign with concern the agreeable prospect I had in seeing you soon here. I send you the enclosed letter, by which you'll see misfortunes come not on us single, in that we have lost our worthy friend Mr. Harper. Write me as often as you can, and let me hear what you can say that is agreeable. I shall only add, with my compliments to Mr. Hay, &c. &c., I ever am, dear Andrew, yours affectionately."

Andrew Lumisden to Mrs. Strange in London.

"Jan. 7th, 1766.

"I cannot, my dear Bella, give you a greater proof of my constant and tender remembrance of you, than by a stealing a moment to write you this line. You will easily believe how I am, and have been for some days, engaged

when I tell you, I am just come from rendering the last mournful office to my Cousin. He died the 1st instant, at nine and a quarter at night. Although long in a declining state of health, I still thought he had strength to have remained a little longer among us; but, it pleased God to do otherwise; I still continue resolved on coming to Paris, to have the comfort of embracing you there. But, as I expect soon my young Cousin here, I can settle nothing positively about myself till I have seen, and given him an account of all my transactions. You may be however assured that nothing less than an unavoidable necessity will engage me to remain longer in a place of which I am so heartily tired. May the year, thus clouded to me, prove prosperous to you and your dear children! may you and they, in its progress, enjoy perfect health, attended with every other blessing your heart can desire. To hear of it will be the greatest pleasure I can receive, all my happiness depending on yours. My heart overflows with love and tenderness for you, and with ardent prayers for you and your families' prosperity. It gives me unspeakable pleasure to hear how much my dear [nephew] Jamie is admired in Scotland; I embrace him and his dear sisters and brothers, and, with the warmest sentiments of affection and love, I ever am, my dear Bella," &c.

Mrs. Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"March 3. 1766.

"I received my dear Andrew's epistle of January in the manner he may well suppose, although I was prepared for it several days before. I will not renew your grief nor my own by regretting the loss of that Friend we equally honored and esteemed; and yet I cannot be silent, my heart is so full of that feeling of pain which

cannot be described, only known to one that suffers like myself. If my twenty-years'-old acquaintance [the Prince] is now at your house, on your knees present my most respectful duty, nor blush to think a lady bid you do so. O had I been of a more useful sex! Had my pen been a sword I had not been here sitting tamely by my fireside, desiring you to do me a simple office like this. In those years, so many and so long, I have not been altogether idle, for I have made three fine boys, who I hope will do me credit: they'll be recruits when I'm gone; I hope they'll all have Roman spirits in them. I'll instruct them that their lives are not their own when Rome demands them. Although I wish to see you, yet I do not wish it at the expense of any breach of duty. Till you have a free, honorable, and cheerful discharge, do not dare to quit your post. Remember you are Cato's son; he preferred the public to every private consideration whatever. I hope you will not construe this as if I had a doubt of your worth; no! I only want to show you that no time can alter my opinions of right or wrong, having a mind entirely free and above self-interest of all sort. I would rather meet you at Philipy, than that you should take any step, to shorten the journey, that might create a future pain: the filial love and duty we owe our friend is always to be our chief consideration in everything. I will not tire you more with a subject which I know is as deeply engraved on your heart as mine. Other subjects I will not give a place to here; you shall hear from me soon, and I beg you'll let me have the same pleasure from you. I need use few words to assure you that I am, with great affection, "Yours," &c.

It was probably the same enthusiasm that dictated this letter and the following anonymous one to

the editor of the Public Ledger, which is carefully preserved among the Strange papers as a relic of their ancestress' more than sentimental Jacobitism.

"Sir,—It is hoped that the impartiality by which you are desirous to be distinguished, and in which consists the chief merit of a public paper, will induce you to give a place in yours to the enclosed. Justice is certainly due to all mankind, and to none more particularly than to the deceased. In whatever light we may have seen the Prince who is the subject of this letter, it cannot be denied that he was equal by his birth to the most illustrious; for the absurd and malicious falsity often propagated concerning him never yet gained credit with any unbiassed person.

"As a Prince, he was certainly entitled to our respect; as unhappy, he was a worthy object of our compassion; and as a countryman, we ought to rejoice at the good character given of him by foreigners. In vindicating his name from the malicious and foolish aspersions thrown out against him in the most scandalous manner by some, you will do an act of justice to the injured, and cannot but receive the thanks of every lover of mankind; and in particular of all who retain a due respect for the Blood Royal of these kingdoms, and for the august Person who so worthily fills the throne.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

"A Friend to Truth."

[*Extract of a Letter from Rome, January* 10*th*, 1766, *inclosed in the above.*]

"On the first instant, about a quarter after nine at night, died in this city the Chevalier de St. George; a Prince not more distinguished by an uninterrupted series

of misfortunes, than by the resolution and constancy with which he bore them, and of whom it may with justice be said, that, if many were enemies to his cause, no one, acquainted with his real character, was ever so to his person. In his early youth he gave undoubted proofs of the most undaunted courage. At the battle of Malplaquet he charged at the head of the household troops of France, and that with so much intrepidity, that the old officers of that celebrated corps cannot yet mention his name but with a kind of enthusiastic veneration.

" If, during the remainder of his life, the peculiarly unhappy circumstances of his fate would not admit of a farther exertion of the *military*, yet those same circumstances gave him an opportunity of shewing he was not less endowed with the *moral* and *Christian* virtues. Unfeigned piety; an equality of temper, rarely to be paralleled; the most engaging behaviour to his inferiors; a generous sensibility of the losses of those who had suffered on his account, while the most heroic resignation scarce permitted him to feel his own, added new brightness to his illustrious birth. And, as these have been the objects of admiration to the Romans, during a residence of near fifty years, so will they render his memory dear to all mankind, as long as the love of virtue shall subsist. An exile from the cradle, bred up in the school of adversity, grown grey beneath the weight of misfortune, he well knew how to compassionate the unhappy. And where his abilities could not extend to their relief, his humanity would not deny them the tribute of a tear.

" Such was the amiable Prince, who is universally lamented in this capital. If it does not belong to us, at this distance, to pronounce as to the validity of his pretensions to a crown, it must at least be confessed, by all

impartial judges, that none was ever more deserving of one. This acknowledgment is a tribute justly due to the memory of the Chevalier de St. George; and this the most zealous advocates for the present establishment in Great Britain would not refuse him, had they been, like the people of Rome, well acquainted with his merit."

"The above was sent to the Public Ledger, 11th February, 1766, and on the 22d was acknowledged as follows:—

"'A FRIEND TO TRUTH' has put our impartiality to a test by which we choose not to abide, in publishing what he has sent to us, an extract of a letter from Rome, which we cannot think would prove acceptable to our readers, or for our own credit to insert."

CHAP. IX.

MR. STRANGE'S PROGRESS UNDER LE BAS. — HIS EARLY MINOR WORKS. — HIS GREAT SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS COMMENCED. —HE SETTLES IN LONDON. — HIS PUBLICATIONS THERE. — HE PLANS A VISIT TO ITALY.

HAVING thus continued, without interruption, our sketch of Mr. Lumisden's sixteen years' residence at Rome, in the service of the Chevalier de St. George, we are now to trace his brother-in-law's adventures during that time. From the correspondence printed in our fifth chapter, we learn that Mr. Strange left Edinburgh in September, 1748, for Rouen. There he remained until the following June, enjoying Lumisden's society, and making good progress in design under M. Descamps, at whose academy he carried off the first prize; no inconsiderable success in a country where drawing has been generally more attended to than with us. Hitherto, his leaning had been towards miniature painting, but, flattered by the prospect of soon rivalling any engraver in Rouen, he was resolved to

adopt this profession, and to follow it in Paris. Thither accordingly he proceeded, as we have seen, about Midsummer, 1749, and lost no time in settling himself in the *atélier* of Jacques Philippe Le Bas. This artist was then at the height of his fame, not only as a most laborious engraver, whose plates are said to exceed five hundred in number, but as an instructor whose pupils gained him high credit. Although we do not possess materials indicating Mr. Strange's progress under this master, there can be no question of his diligence and success, stimulated by anxiety to rejoin his wife and child, as well as by the prospect of farther domestic demands on his professional exertions. It was there he became acquainted with the dry-point or needle; an instrument which his ingenuity greatly improved, applying it in various novel ways to develope the beauties and resources of his art. Indeed, we shall see that the magic softness and unity of his matured style were chiefly owing to a judicious adaptation of this tool, and to cutting away from its pointings with the graver.

Any attempt to distinguish with certainty, and still more to class in chronological order, the early or anonymous productions of distinguished men, must be received with caution. It is, however, the duty of Sir Robert Strange's biographer to collect what scattered lights are yet available for tracing his

professional progress, even by means of inconsiderable works, now lost sight of or uncertain. His own pen has already recorded how, during his apprentice days, he was employed on cyphers and osteology, and we shall mention three book-plates from his hand. Commissions so undignified may startle some readers, but they were not peculiar to Strange. Hogarth was apprenticed to a silversmith, and his dawning genius found its first development in engraving armorial bearings on plate: Sharpe long found employment in lettering visiting cards, pewter pots, or dog-collars; and he used to reckon his door-plates by hundreds: his favourite pupil, Skelton, executed, for Mr. Charles Townley, a visiting card ornamented with busts from the antique. These instances will be found in the Life of Nollekens; and the number of eminent artists who have commenced as coach-painters is notorious.

From the dates which we formerly endeavoured to supply, it would follow that Strange's six years' apprenticeship ended about 1741, but we are unable to give any information regarding him for the next four years. Towards the close of that interval, passed it may be with Cooper, he probably produced the two least meritorious plates that bear his name,—a portrait of Archbishop Leighton, and a figure of Justice; for, although the volumes to which they serve as frontispieces are dated after

1746, the utter prostration of business at Edinburgh during the Rebellion would naturally postpone the publication of books prepared for issue before our artist had mounted the white cockade. Leighton's portrait is prefixed to an octavo volume of his Expository Works, printed at Edinburgh in 1748 for David Wilson. It was done from a print by R. White, and bears the signature,—*R. Strange, sculp.* At best a very poor thing, quite inferior to the original, and scarcely improved by the few retouches observable in the London edition of Leighton's Select Works, ten years later, it seems to afford no countenance to the anecdote that, on a subsequent reissue, Strange, justly ashamed of his production, retouched the plate on condition of suppressing his name. Scarcely more successful was his allegorical frontispiece for Ruddiman's Answer to the Rev. George Logan's Treatise on Government, printed at Edinburgh in 1747. A contorted and cumbrously draped figure of Justice (in whose balance a whole scaleful of empty hands is outweighed by a single one holding the label—*veritas*) sets drawing and grace equally at defiance. The antiquarian controversy becoming bitter, its reverend promoter thus extended his sarcasms to the engraver, holding him responsible for absurdities beyond his province. "This picture is a monster of its kind, for, in all pictures done by the most able hands, the

length is always in a due proportion, being never more than seven lengths of the head; whereas, Justitia, Mr. Ruddiman's goddess, is full eight. It is a disgrace to the engraver to set his name to it,—*R. Strange, sculp.*—for the picture itself would have told us his name to be *strange*, without placing it at the lower part." Our artist could not as yet choose his work; and to be occupied on a subject so absurd in conception, and wretched in design, was penance enough, apart from the poor pun to which it subjected him. Indeed, his hand seems to have responded to the disgust he must have felt when employed upon very inferior productions, the execution of such being usually so inferior that, without his signature, no one could suspect them to be from his graver.

His first independent undertaking was probably a portrait of the Rev. William Harper in mezzotint, of small folio size, after W. de Nune's picture, dated 1745. This gentleman, an episcopalian clergyman at Leith, published in 1775 a metrical version of the Song of Solomon. He long continued the attached friend and spiritual guide of the Lumisdens; and, as the signed plate remains with the artist's family, it was probably an essay dictated by respect and affection for him and them. To personal considerations he may also have owed occasional commissions for book-plates about this period. One of these,

identified by his name, and done for Dr. Thomas Drummond of Logiealmond, after T. Wale, shows the deserted interior of a library, lighted by the Goddess of Morning's torch, while she draws aside the curtain, the legend, *Aurora est apta Musis*, administering a reproof to sluggards. The book-plate which Strange executed for his brother-in-law Lumisden before 1748, with many fanciful appendages, has no interest beyond his signature. Another allegorical vignette, of much higher finish, and signed, was adopted by his son Sir Thomas for a similar purpose; it represents winged Time with hour-glass and scythe, borne upon clouds by three cherubs singing from books. This plate has been gilt, and may have been executed in France. Animated no doubt by his subject and *the cause*, as well as by the mead of approbation anticipated from the fashionable circle of Edinburgh,—his powers strained by the enthusiasm of her whose heart and hand were to be the guerdon of his success,—Strange laboured with all love and loyalty on that portrait of Prince Charles which we have described at p. 48. It, consequently, exhibits a vast improvement on previous efforts, giving good promise of future excellence. The marks of haste which it bears may be ascribed to duties of another sort required from his arm as a lifeguard's-man, and which for some time interrupted his peaceful pursuits.

At the close of the Rebellion a new direction was given to these pursuits. Reduced for a time promptly and secretly to gain the means of subsistence, he could neither depend upon the tedious labours of the graver, nor canvass for employment among publishers whose occupation, like his own, was temporarily gone. He therefore had recourse, as we have seen, to the expedient of painting miniature likenesses of the Jacobite leaders, victims of the times, and, as such, popular, like himself, among a wide circle of their countrymen. Although cultivated with great ability in England a century before, this art was as yet little known north of the Tweed; and his success in it not only induced Strange to undertake the responsibilities of matrimony, but, after he had profited by the amnesty, directed his thoughts to Italy as the proper field for cultivating his new accomplishment. Several of these miniatures remain in his family, and will be included in our list of his drawings, Appendix, No. II. He did not, however, entirely abandon his proper profession; and to this period may perhaps be ascribed two small heads of Prince Charles, treasured among the family relics, though unsigned; they are of high finish, and one will be mentioned in a letter of 1789. In the same collection, and printed on the same sheet, is that larger one of this subject, very rudely etched, to which we have alluded (p. 69.), as contributing to

his support in the Highland fastnesses. In the British Museum are two very small vignettes (?): one a marble bust of Homer on a circular background, with the legend EXOTMEN ΠΑΝΤΕΣ ΠΟΤΑΜΟΙ, in which Mr. Carpenter finds much of Vertue's manner; the other, signed at Edinburgh, representing Pindar's bust on a pedestal in front of an oval mirror. We conclude our conjectural list of Strange's Scottish plates with one excelling all the others in artistic merit; probably the latest of that series, at all events the first that gave assurance of eventual success. It is a folio portrait of Dr. Archibald Pitcairn, after Medina, composed in the style of Houbraken's works. It is signed *R. Strange, sculp. Edinr.*, and by him dedicated to Dr. John Clerk, President of the Royal Society of Physicians there.

We have now to ascertain which of our engraver's early works may be imputed to his student life in France. On reaching Rouen in the autumn of 1748, he found, among a small group of Scottish exiles, Sir Stuart Threipland and Hamilton of Bangour. A portrait-plate of the latter in a furred *roquelaire*, from an oil painting in possession of the former, was presented by the late Earl of Buchan to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries in 1782, as a work by Strange; and if this account be correct, we may presume it to have been an offering of friend-

ship produced on that occasion. The plate has been since published, with a memoir of Hamilton by Mr. David Laing, in the Society's Transactions, iii. p. 255. In composition and merit it is greatly inferior to another portrait of the poet, which will be found below at page 271. One more performance appears to be of the same period; intended probably as a farewell memento from Strange to his countrymen, on departing for Paris. It is a fac-simile of the medal struck by Prince Charles, having on one side his profile, with C. P. W., and on the reverse AMOR ET SPES BRITANNIÆ. The Museum impression is printed in red; that in the family collection heads a broadside with eighteen lines of a Jacobite doggrel, dated May, 1749.

It is puzzling to single out all that Strange finished in France anterior to the appearance of those two plates which he considered worthy to stand at the head of his collected engravings. But the most interesting of them is an oblong vignette, known as the Death of the Stag, signed *R. Strange*, 1749, being an exact copy of a proof in the family collection, which bears the name of *Le Bas*, 1746. The natural inference is, that this was his trial-piece on entering the academy of that master, and in beautiful execution he perhaps never surpassed it. Impressions are very rare, fetching readily fifteen shillings; but it has been electrotyped for this volume,

and will be found on the opposite page. About this time also he may have executed the vignette which bears his name, after H. Gromlet, of a nymph in fluttering drapery, standing in a garden alley, and holding a mask. These two plates have been gilt, and remain with his descendants, along with proofs of the three following, which, if from his burin, may have been done while in France. Two slight etchings, in the manner of Lepicié, representing the interior of an artist's study: in one of them a lady sits for her portrait among a group of friends; in the other, a pope, with his attendants, while visiting a crucifixion on the easel, are startled by the sudden withdrawal of a curtain, behind which a human model is discovered tied up to a cross. Finally, a small rocky landscape, in the foreground of which five naked boys are swinging on a fallen tree: a charming composition, which, though executed in a light and spirited manner, very different from most of Strange's works, may be regarded as his not only from family tradition, but as impressions of it there and in the Museum are taken on the same sheet of paper with an etching proof of his infant St. John asleep. It has much of Boucher's character, and may be accounted for by an anecdote in Nagler, that Le Bas, highly pleased with his pupil's progress, offered him employment on a series of prints after that painter, then at the height of his reputation, which

Strange declined, believing himself destined for better things. I regret to say that careful inquiries at the Bibliothèque Impériale, and in the print-shops of Paris, have not enabled me to throw any farther light upon Strange's early productions, or upon his connection with Le Bas.

It is a usual fate of persons eminent in art or literature to be held accountable for works in which they take no part. This observation may possibly apply to one or two among the preceding list; at all events, to two questionable pieces, of Nymphs Bathing, after Watteau, which we have not seen. And we may pronounce as spurious three engravings, ascribed by Nagler to Sir Robert: 1. "The Flemish Farm; Praedium Hollandicum, from the painting of Le Nain, in the possession of Robert Strange" (misprinted in Nagler "La Femme Hollandaise"); a homely subject, coarsely executed in mezzotint, and signed "J. Mitchell, sculpsit": 2 and 3. Two mezzotints, after Rembrandt, of his Father and a Jew Rabbi, are with greater probability ascribed by Le Blanc to one William Strange, an obscure artist of the eighteenth century, regarding whom I have discovered no particulars. We shall here close this dry catalogue of Sir Robert's early minor productions, which it seems sufficient thus summarily to indicate; but we propose to notice critically, in the order of their publication, each of his more im-

portant plates, adding such allusions to them as he has himself anywhere given us.*

Thrice have the French borrowed, without being able to naturalise, the higher types of pictorial art. The influence of Michael Angelo, imported by Rosso of Florence and Primaticcio, ran quickly to sickly extravagance at Fountainbleau. Those classic tendencies which Nicholas Poussin successfully cultivated in Rome languished on the canvases of Jouvenet and Le Sueur. Finally, the pure forms of Greek sculpture were recast by David and his followers with theatrical mannerism. Painting had, indeed, quite another mission to perform in France, by contributing to the elegancies of that artificial life whence its subjects have there been habitually taken. Thus was its character intrinsically decorative and sensuous. It pandered to the follies of fashion, it encouraged the vagaries of a vicious standard. In the exercise of much technical excellence it was content to satisfy and commemorate, without seeking to elevate, the public taste. While Watteau, Lancret, and Boucher were all-popular as painters, Le Bas could not be expected to refuse his burin to subjects which secured its success. Hence, in the five great folio volumes of his col-

* A chronological list of Strange's engravings, so far as I have been able to ascertain them, will be found in No. I. of the Appendix.

lected engravings at the Bibliothèque Impériale—monuments of a long-sustained industry on somewhat mechanical principles—we find scarcely a religious or historical representation, and the Italian masters are known by only a few landscapes. So too had it been with Descamps at Rouen; and amid such tendencies Strange could scarcely hesitate in choosing his line. It thus naturally happened that his earliest considerable work was from a sparkling little Wouvermans, entitled *Le Retour du Marché;* wherein a peasant and his wife returning homewards on their market-cart are about to pick up a wayfaring woman, who rests by the roadside suckling her babe. This, the only example from his graver of what the French term a *tableau de genre,* proves incontestibly that, had its exercise been continued in that line, his reputation could noways have suffered. The vapoury atmosphere, the gradation of tones and lights, are delicate in the extreme, and bear comparison with the best of his master's unequal plates, while the painter's character and feeling are most satisfactorily expressed. His next effort was after a picture in which Vanloo had represented a favourite and promising pupil, eleven years of age, as the God of Love, leaning on his bow beneath a rock, and archly leering with a somewhat Correggiesque expression. "At Paris, in the year 1750, this and the foregoing print appearing

together, and being the first I had ever engraved of the kind, it was with some difficulty that the public believed that I was the author of both, they are treated in such opposite manners: the one with that neatness which is best suited to the style of many of the Flemish painters; the other with that freedom which corresponds with the greater style of history, where every object receives its value from the freedom and variety of the execution." Such is the notice by their author of these, the earliest considerable plates undertaken on his own account; but the public must have had a motive for surprise beyond what his modesty has suggested, since, from the *atéliers* of Descamps and Le Bas he had passed at once into the foremost ranks of a profession demanding either long practice or intense application. Yet, though thus rivalling all living competitors in Flemish and French subjects, something farther was wanting to his own satisfaction. Those impressions left on his taste by Richard Cooper's Roman importations, and, perhaps, fostered by discussions upon these with that first instructor, while apprentices still shared their master's domestic circle, were revived in his mind when the time arrived for adopting a career; and we shall find his energies for the future dedicated to Italian paintings of the highest class. These two prints were published at the humble price of half-a-crown each, from originals then in the cabinet of Le Noir

the painter, but now in the Dresden gallery; a beautiful *replica* of the Wouvermans, however, adorns Mr. Holford's collection. The Retour du Marché may have been undertaken by Le Noir's encouragement, as it bears a dedication from him to his friend M. Prévost, while its companion is inscribed by Strange to his late instructor in Rouen; a tribute of respect honorable to both.

It would be indeed desirable to have some account of Mr. Strange's Parisian life, and of the impressions he received on visiting a brilliant capital where he was first exposed to the full influence of elevating art. We must not, however, forget that the national collections of France were not placed on their present footing until after the first fall of the Bourbon dynasty, and that even the royal pictures had scarcely yet been brought together in the Luxembourg; so that artists were then mainly dependent upon casual facilities from private owners. Of his labours we possess an enduring record in the two engravings just described. Early in October, 1750, he left Paris for London, where, in the following spring, he resolved to establish himself, hoping for better encouragement and a freer access to pictures worthy of his burin than he could have looked for in the Scottish metropolis; indeed, he never returned to Edinburgh after 1748. Mrs. Strange gladly joined him with her girl, having spent but few months

in his society since their love-marriage four years before. Immediately upon his settling in Parliament Street, he imported from Rome, through Mr. Lumisden, a number of engravings after celebrated masters, either as commissions for friends, or, as seems more likely, for general sale with a view to extend in England a taste for works of a high class, —an object of which through life he never lost sight, and which he endeavoured to promote by hazarding extensive speculations in prints and pictures, as well as through his own works. Along with the first lot of engravings, to the value of about fifty dollars (including those from the Vatican and Farnesian frescoes, and others after Carlo Maratti and Salvator Rosa), Mr. Lumisden informed him that "Maratti himself never engraved any of his own designs: Guido indeed did, but the plates are not now extant, and 'tis rare to find copies of these prints. If I can meet with any of them I shall be sure to buy them for you." Other remittances of the same sort accordingly followed in after years.

Mr. Strange's first occupation on his return to England was procured for him by his countryman and steady friend Dr. William Hunter; and it was the more welcome from his anatomical studies while in Cooper's studio. That eminent physician was then preparing his magnificent work on the Gravid Uterus, which appeared in 1774, illustrated by engravings after designs of critical accuracy by Van

Rymsdyk. The plates were executed almost entirely by French artists under the advice of Strange, who contributed the fourth and sixth, both representing anatomical sections of the most difficult and delicate character. The latter is particularly elaborate, requiring six months' continual application; for which his charge of 100*l.* was considered most moderate. Such at least was Lady Strange's statement to Dr. Alexander Munro; but there is an apocryphal anecdote in circulation, that, when his price for it was asked, he said the labour being beyond all price, he would accept of none. Be that as it may, Dr. Hunter handsomely, in his preface, expressed thanks, "particularly to Mr. Strange; not only for having by his hand secured a sort of immortality to two of the plates, but for having given his advice and assistance in every part with a steady and disinterested friendship." Rymsdyk's drawings, very delicately treated in red chalk, are preserved in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow; but the plates have passed to the Sydenham Society, by whom a reissue of the work was sent out in 1851. The drawings bear various dates, from 1750 to 1766, the sixth being of 1750. Professor Simpson of Edinburgh, the highest living authority, has pronounced it, "as a mere work of art, perhaps the most beautiful anatomical plate that has ever been given to the world."

During the following year he was able to devote

himself to more congenial labours, in preparing the plates of his Magdalen and Cleopatra, both after Guido. The latter was from a picture belonging to the Princess of Wales, to whom both were inscribed, —a circumstance throwing light upon this extract from Mr. Lumisden's letter to him of the 13th June, 1752: "It gives me a sensible pleasure to hear that you have at last found proper pictures, and should have been still more so had you procured them by the means of some one else; but I can add nothing to what my friend in Edinburgh has so judiciously said to you on this head, for I know your prudence will make the best use of what has happened, without giving any one just reason to say that a change of fortune has produced in you change of sentiment." Mr. Strange was certainly no bigoted Jacobite; but we shall afterwards find that this peace-offering to the rising powers failed to conciliate the future monarch. It was, indeed, with the special exception of his Apotheosis after West, the last as well as the first time our artist sought patronage by the then almost universal expedient of a dedication.

These companion engravings, which were issued in the spring of 1753, at only four shillings each, are probably as popular as any that ever came from his burin, and fully warrant M. Charles Le Blanc's observation, that "Strange's improvement was most rapid, the works which he put forth soon after quitting M. Le Bas establishing his reputation as one of

the most distinguished engravers in Europe." To the same purpose is Mr. Lumisden's flattering testimony: "It gives me infinite satisfaction to hear of the vast progress you have made in your profession. I can assure you that none in Italy comes near you; nor do I find there ever was such an engraver a native of Italy. Frey was a Swiss. I heartily thank you for the six sets of your prints, which are as many as I have use for." "I cannot express the pleasure I have in seeing your prints; they exceed my expectation. I have already shown them to some of the *virtuosi*, who all justly admire them, and bestow on you the highest praises. Go on in the same way, and you will establish a character that time cannot destroy." "I have given one set of your prints to Menks, who says as much of your performance as you could desire, and this from such a judge gives me great satisfaction." Regarding Raphael Mengs we have, in Lumisden's letter-book for 1753, this interesting notice: "A few months ago came from Dresden a Saxon painter called Mincks. He is thought superior to any of the Romans. His works are, indeed, surprising. He was formerly here, and studied Raphael for about seven years. He is the King of Poland's painter, who gave him a pension of near 400 livres a year, besides paying him liberally for whatever he paints for him. He is to do three immense large pictures

for a church at Dresden. He showed me the designs of them; they are most beautiful. Sensible that Rome is the best place for a painter to improve his taste, he is to execute all his works there." Three years later the subject thus recurs: "I have, indeed, a reluctancy to recommend any of the British painters to Mengs, as I observe they seldom agree. For unless a student goes into his method he will have nothing to do with him. His method is that his scholars should design accurately before they begin to colour. But as this requires time, and as our countrymen are generally advanced in years before they come here, they have seldom time or money to pursue their studies in this way; and which, by the bye, I believe is the properest manner of arriving at any degree of perfection in painting." Lumisden, though no connoisseur of art, was right in these views. Mengs, as yet scarcely twenty-five, had almost every quality of a great painter but commanding genius. The rigid discipline of his youth made him one of the most conscientious and painstaking of artists, qualified to teach by precept and example, though unable to reform a degenerate age.

Mrs. Strange, after a visit to her family in the summer of 1752, was confined of a girl, who died in February, 1753; and in June, looking forward to another such arrival, she besought Mr. Lumisden's influence with his master the Chevalier to stand god-

father by proxy, should the babe prove a boy, which brought this reply: —

Andrew Lumisden to Mrs. Strange.

"July 24. 1753.

"I lose no time, my dear Bella, in acknowledging the receipt of yours of June 25th, subjoined to Robie's of the 16th. I am very anxious to hear of your safe delivery. I observed with pleasure what you said on that head; and our Cousin, being informed of your desire to name the little gentleman after him, greatly approved of it, and empowers Mr. Friend [?] to be his proxy; and, as a mark of his friendship for you, gave out of his own hand one of the finest gum-flowers ever you saw, which had been presented to him that day by a convent of nuns. I shall carefully send it with the portrait [of himself], &c., and I am persuaded that you'll value it so much as to put it in a frame and glass. Say everything that is kind and affectionate from me to my dear Mr. Friend: you cannot say too much. Assure him that our Cousin is no stranger to his merit, which was particularly taken notice of on this occasion. He sincerely regrets that misfortunes in trade do not allow him to assist his distressed relations; and this, to one of his generous sentiments, is no small affliction; but I hope trade will soon be more prosperous. * * * Wishing you a happy delivery and speedy recovery, I ever am, with a most affectionate heart," &c.

Mrs. Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"London, July 30. 1753.

"My dear Andrew, — I'm just waiting for the happy hour, the sharp shower, and the canny moment, the account of which will come to you in course; at present,

I thank God, I'm perfectly well. I bless God all's well in Edinburgh. Our dear little Bruce has lately had the small-pox, but, Lord be praised! is now recovered; they write me she will not be spoiled with them, but as her life and eye-sight is preserved, I'm happy. Honest Sir Stewart [Thriepland] attended her close; I hear his lady is with child. Lady Cunningham is dead; did no more good in her end than in her life. Her son, the Dr., is led by the nose by his Madam and Baillie Ar——t, so you may judge what figure he makes; keeps the parish kirk close: Sir William's debt is almost paid by the mother's long life. When you get the box, you'll get the Memoirs of the Court of Augustus, on condition that you'll return it, for the support of my vanity and the ornament of my library, it having a fine panegerick wrote on the first page by the author, when he made a present of it to my Lord: 'tis in Greek and Latin; the learned thinks it pretty, and the ignorant thinks it so. The rest, which Robie purchased, I wish you much good of. He has bought all Pope's works for me, with which I think myself very rich. I make no hand of the French. I find old sparrows are ill to tame, so have quite given it up till you come and ding it in me: and yet I hope you'll always have something else to do than take that trouble; but I will charge you with the tuition of my son in the hou-seller. * Pray make my compliments in the very kindest manner to Mr. Edgar, the Dr., and his lady; and may God Almighty bless and preserve you to all your friends, and your affectionate sister,

"ISABELLA STRANGE."

The name of the proxy, suppressed from political risks, has not been preserved; but the boy who thus

* Quære, *sely-how?* See Jamieson's Dictionary, *v. how.*

obtained the name of James Charles Stuart Strange, lived to the age of eighty-seven, and will be occasionally mentioned in these Memoirs.

Mr. Strange went to Paris late in the autumn on professional business, and partly, it would seem, to look out "for one bred an history engraver," such as Lumisden had vainly attempted to send him from Rome. In August, 1754, the latter writes: "I am glad that you have at last got a fit person to assist you in those parts of your work that only consumed your time; this will make your two prints appear the sooner." Yet no artist of eminence was during his whole career more independent of extraneous aid; and Leigh Hunt has observed, that he occupied himself on the most mechanical parts rather than entrust them to others, going to work with the dawn, the longest day being too short to fatigue his hand. Even thus early did his fond brother-in-law foresee the natural results of such imprudence: "As I know how anxious you are to execute whatever you take in hand, I am vastly apprehensive you will impair your health by too much application: let me, therefore, conjure you to take from time to time moderate exercise on horseback or otherways, which will be the best medecine you can take to preserve a life valuable to the public, as well as to your family and friends. * * * I observe you have been very much employed, and I heartily congratulate you on the purchase of

Dorigny's two plates, which I know are very valuable, and were thought to have been lost at sea. How often have I admired the two pictures they are taken from! The print of the Descent [from the Cross, by Daniel da Volterra] I never saw, but I have frequently seen the one of the Transfiguration [after Raffaele]: this last has been sold here for some years past to English travellers for four crowns. I should be glad you sent me a few copies of each, and let me know the price you sell them at, and if I find they can be disposed of here at the same rate, I shall inform you; though 'tis only strangers that give good prices for things here." Mr. Strange having fallen upon these plates at Paris, was not slow in securing for the English market two of the most eminent and important productions of an engraver who was the earliest, from the days of Marc Antonio, to devote his graver chiefly to Raffaele, and who represented him with freedom and fidelity. The superior execution of the Transfiguration not only is considered by Walpole to have "raised Dorigny's reputation above all the masters of that time;" but it led to his being encouraged to undertake the Hampton Court Cartoons. I have seen nothing to bear out M. Le Blanc's assertion that Strange retouched these works by Dorigny; but nine years later, while in Rome, he sold to Piranesi the two plates in question (executed in 1705) by a sample of Parisian proofs, so superior

to those subsequently taken from them at Rome with bad workmanship, that the purchaser attempted to resile from his bargain. This Mr. Strange resisted, but generously offered to have them printed off in Paris. Eventually Piranesi was satisfied with his bargain.

The warm affection invariably subsisting between the Stranges and their exiled brother sought an interchange of more than letters. Commissions were frequently sent to Italy, especially for prints, including the publications of Piranesi and Frey, and the most choice engravings after the great masters, in which it would seem that Mr. Strange now carried on a considerable traffic. In acknowledgment of trouble so taken, Mr. Lumisden received from Parliament Street many a timely gift of books, clothes, and occasionally money. Even Scotch short-bread was not forgotten as a Christmas regale to the *emigrés*. "Your brown cloth made its appearance on the last day of December [1753]. 'Tis the genteelest suit I ever had, and admired by everybody: 'tis lined with a silk of the same colour, full mounted with gold buttons, and a green silk waistcoat richly laced. How happy would I be to appear with it at the cross of Edinburgh!" "As you desire to send something to my worthy friend [Mr. Edgar], I believe you can send nothing more accept-

able than some fine *pig-tail*, for he eats a great deal of tobacco; you may likewise send him a cheese."

Mr. Strange moved in 1754 to the Golden Head, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, where he resided and published his works until 1762. A pair of engravings appeared there, in the spring of 1755, from originals, in the possession of Henry Furnese, by Guido and Andrea Sacchi, recommended probably by the opportunity they afforded of treating the nude, rather than by interest in the subjects or beauty of composition. Accordingly, their great merit consists, apart from a faithful transfusion of these masters' respective characters, in the exquisite rendering of the flesh. Of Guido's Liberality and Modesty, Mr. Strange remarks, that "no figures can be more expressive of the characters they represent than those before us. They are in general elegantly drawn, and remarkable for grace. There is a candour and openness in the one, which in the other is finely contrasted with that diffidence and becoming sweetness which are the greatest ornaments of the sex. Clothed with elegance, emblems of riches accompany the former; while with one hand she presents with dignity, she, by holding a compass in the other, circumscribes her generosity with prudence. The latter, attired in a simpler drapery, received the present offered her with a mildness suited to the character of Modesty. A Cupid presiding in the

air, and holding in his hands a label, adds greatly to the general composition." The companion picture, "Apollo rewarding Merit and punishing Arrogance, from the Roman school, does honour to the artist. It is evident that the painter has taken his idea of the principal figure from the Belvedera Apollo. The figure whom Apollo is crowning is no more than a common portrait, and serves to make a contrast between the divine and human form. He was a singer in the Pope's chapel, doubtless celebrated in his profession, and the picture, in all probability, was meant as a compliment to him. In other respects he does not interest us. The story of Marsyas is well known, and he is painted with a masterly freedom. The whole of the picture has a style of colouring in it resembling the artist's celebrated St. Romualdo at Rome, by its clearness and harmony." * Partly as a relaxation from these employments, and in some hope of finding another eligible purchase of plates, Strange crossed to Paris in August, returning home in December. During this time he made two drawings from Pietro da Cortona, which he gave to the world in 1757. The impending war with England may have hastened

* In his collected works Strange has placed this pair after the Annunciation of Guido and the two Carlo Maratti's; but I follow Le Blanc's arrangement, as it is confirmed by the date 1755 on these plates, and by Lumisden's letter books. Their price was seven and sixpence each.

his departure; but his baggage, containing plates and prints, was detained in the French custom-house even before hostilities had broken out, and the influence of the Chevalier de St. George was put in requisition by Lumisden for its recovery.

The year 1755 did not pass without incidents in his domestic circle. A son, born in May, and named after Mr. Lumisden, died in the following January of small-pox, at which time his eldest brother nearly fell victim to that miserable scourge. In July Mrs. Strange was called to Edinburgh to attend the sick beds of her father and mother, aided by her eldest girl. The former rallied for a time; but this was the prelude to sad family misfortunes, commencing with the death of Mrs. Lumisden this summer, and closing with that of her husband about sixteen months later. On these events we said what seemed necessary in our sixth chapter. Mrs. Strange had scarcely recovered from her confinement of Isabella Kathrine, in December 1756 (a babe not long spared), when she heard that her father had breathed his last, neither in peace nor in unity with his affectionate children; and, as soon as her health permitted, she proceeded to look into his affairs at Edinburgh, where she was painfully so occupied till October, 1757; an irksome duty continued during several recurring years. The following pleasing, though perhaps partial notices of her little ones

occur in letters to her brother of 1758-9: "My little Jamie was put into breeches last Sunday. He looks most charming; when he went to the park everybody called him the Young Chevalier. His hat has a silver button and loop, with a silver cord round it and tassel: you must advise me to bring him [to Rome] with me. My little jewel Andrew seems to have the finest ear for his age I ever knew. I must positively bring him to Italy to improve him in music; anything for an excuse. * * * * Mary Bruce seems to like writing best of any. She'll dance with a very graceful air, although she is far from possessing beauty, yet there is something agreeable about her, and she is very like her dear Papa. Jamie is like me, not marked with the small-pox as his sister is. He has a fine temper, but for Andrew, he truly is the most compleat charmer I ever saw, both in body and mind. His complexion is as brown as mine, and his eye as dark. God make them all good, for you see I make them all bonny." Again, in announcing the birth of another, Isabella Katherina, in 1759, she says: "You see I'm disappointed of a little Robie, tho' my dearest has his wish in getting a little Bella: she is quite a Venus in miniature."

Mr. Strange's indefatigable hand sent forth three large works during 1757. Of these a pair, after pictures by Pietro da Cortona in the Hotel de Toulouse, were of classical subjects, recommended

to him not less by contrast of treatment than by historical importance. His critical notice of them runs thus: "The Finding of Romulus and Remus is beyond all question one of the most interesting compositions in painting, and the masterpiece of Pietro da Cortona. It is elegant in design, although the painter was in general a mannerist. It is finely coloured, rich and luxuriant in fancy and effect, and gives us an idea of a fertile country, decorated as yet by nature alone. In Cæsar repudiating Pompeia, the grandeur of this scene is finely contrasted with the simplicity of the former. In the one we perceive a country which, though rich, is still in its infancy; whose descendants became the assertors of civil liberty, and whose conquests ultimately produced that profusion of riches, crowns, sceptres, temples, palaces, &c., here exhibited to the view. A principal personage too engages our attention, by whom those liberties (the liberties of his country) were sacrificed to an inordinate ambition, of which himself became at length the victim." To this criticism, characteristic of the age in which it appeared, many will now demur. The former scene, although of surpassing beauty, carries no impress of its theme; the latter appears as devoid of attraction as of dignity. And that peculiar blemish into which Strange occasionally fell, called by the French *macrot*, and described in our concluding chapter, was seldom more apparent

than in the sky of his Romulus and Remus. A third engraving, issued this year, was taken from Salvator Rosa's gigantic picture of Belisarius, presented by Frederick the Great to the first Marquis of Townshend, and exhibited at the British Institution in 1854. Strange calls it "a noble monument of greatness and misfortune," and it is beyond question a favourable example of the picturesque and wildly poetic grandeur which that artist could happily introduce while representing history.* We may here mention another print, finished about this time, although not published until 1758, of the three children of Charles I. who successively wore the crown their father had lost. It is graceful in treatment, and full of home-feeling to a Briton, especially to a Jacobite. The original by Vandyck, then in Kensington Palace, is now at Windsor; and a small sketch of the picture is No. 143. of the Louvre Gallery. Mr. Strange became acquainted at Rome with a duplicate, carried thither by the Chevalier de St. George, but which has lately been acquired by the present Duke of Hamilton. This was the only plate to which he never finished a companion:

* Horace Walpole has left us some interesting criticism on this picture, compared with Vandyck's treatment of the same subject; see Catalogue of Engravers, *voce* Scotin. And no professional jealousies having yet clouded Strange's progress, the notice given of these three engravers in the Critical Review, vol. i. p. 94., was favourable to him.

its price was six shillings, that of the preceding three, seven and sixpence each. Lumisden records Raphael Mengs' approval of these works as "executed with great taste and elegance, and a proof that others as well as the French could engrave; and at the same time he expressed his desire to have some work of his engraved by such a master."

Strange's early formed and constantly cherished taste for Italian art,—his ambition of giving to the world and familiarising to his countrymen some of the best specimens of the great masters,—the tie of kindred and affection which bound him to Rome,—were all strong attractions towards the Mediterranean shores. In November, 1755, Mr. Lumisden writes to him thus: "I begin to anticipate the pleasure of seeing you here. If you continue the design of coming to this place, I flatter myself that I shall have little difficulty to get you full access to all the principal collections; and, with regard to other things, it shall be my business to make your abode as easy and agreeable to you as possible. I shall have a particular eye to such pictures as I think may be proper for you. Although the painters have chiefly employed their pencils on religious subjects, yet they have not entirely neglected profane history; and there are no doubt severals of the latter here not yet engraved. And such as are engraved are generally badly executed; witness the Battle of

Alexander and Darius, the Sacrifice of Polyxena, Xenophon sacrificing to Diana, and the Rape of the Sabines,—all capital pieces of Pietro da Cortona etched by Pietro Aquila. The picture you mention of Antony and Cleopatra—which you are told is by Cortona, but which I believe is rather by Guercino, the great master of expression—would make a noble print, and, as I am informed, never was engraved. The painter having seized the point of time when Antony supposed that the lady had poisoned him, she, dressed in a royal mantle, is on her knees declaring her innocency;. Antony is at full length in profile; and I have often thought that his figure had some likeness to King Charles II., as perhaps there is some resemblance, too, in their characters of gallantry. In the Spada Palace there are several fine pictures, but particularly two, that would entirely answer your purpose. One is the Rape of Helen, by Guido, in which he has exerted all the delicacy of his pencil: Paris, attended by his companions, is leading her, attended by her maids, to the ships to embark; the figures of Paris and Helen are incomparably fine. The other picture is the Death of Dido by Guercino: Dido, surrounded by her sister, nurse, &c., is lying on the funeral pile with the dagger in her breast, just yielding up her love-sick soul, at the present point of time, when Virgil makes her say, at the end of the [Fourth] Æneids, *acci-*

pite hanc animam, meque his exsolvite curis. The expression is wonderful." "Let me add the Death of Germanicus, by Poussin. This picture, which is in the Barberini Palace, is remarkable for the various degrees of affliction of those that assist at the melancholy event, and is oftener than once taken notice of by Abbé du Bos. I do not know indeed if ever it has been engraved, but that you can easily learn." The prevailing taste, in Italy as well as England, then inclined to history and mythology rather than sacred subjects, and it was largely shared by Lumisden, who, on his return from Germany in 1759, thus reverts to the subject: "My journey through Germany afforded me little pleasure. It was not so when I came into the Venetian territories: I saw there many masterpieces in architecture and painting that deserved to be examined with more care than my time would permit me, for my Cousin was anxious for my return. * * * Let me tell you in general that most of the pictures I saw of Titian, Paul Veronese, and others of the Venetian schools, although very fine, were all religious subjects; and such, I doubt, would not answer your purpose. At Bologna, I saw some fine pieces of Albani that would be agreeable subjects for prints, viz., Venus lying on a sopha, and Cupid leading up Mars to her; Venus or Ariadne with Bacchus and Ceres; Nymphs of Diana bathing: these are in the Monti Palace. And in the

Zampieri there is a Dance of Cupids, which is one of the most wonderful of Albani's works. In the Monti Collection I saw the Liberality and Modesty of Guido, which is indeed a most beautiful picture. The Monti family pretend that the one in England is only a copy. Guido and the great masters frequently repeated the same subject. Their works, too, were often copied by their scholars and retouched by themselves; whether the one in England is of this last kind you will be better able to judge when you have seen the one at Bologna.* I am glad you have seen something of Mengs' painting."

Some modification of Strange's Italian project having occurred, and his attention being diverted rather towards Spain in 1757, Mr. Lumisden says: "I have not yet had time to consider your Spanish plan; I shall, however, just set down what at present occurs to me on it. No doubt there are many capital pictures in that country; but whether there are pictures to be bought in Spain at such prices as would answer your intention is what I know not. You might, indeed, have the pleasure of seeing the King's Collection, and making such drawings as you might afterwards engrave. I must, however, think that it

* See above, p. 254. Strange pronounced the Monti picture a repetition by Guido, but damaged. Mr. Lumisden's list of attractive *chef d'œuvres* is a fair sample of the mythological preferences then in vogue.

would be better for you first to visit Rome, where you might not only finish some drawings to engrave, but also find a great many pictures that would answer well in a London sale. It is true there are scarce any capital pictures to be bought at Rome; but one of your judgment could find out a number of good copies and middling originals, which I fancy are the ones that would produce most money in the way of trade; but you are better able to judge of this than I am. I own I am interested that you should visit Italy as soon as you conveniently can; at the same time I am persuaded that you may do it very advantageously for yourself. It would be a vast satisfaction for me to attend you on any excursion, and to spend the remainder of my life as much with you as possible. But while my Cousin lives I shall not probably quit him; but whether my young Cousin may afterwards employ me as a book-keeper is what I cannot possibly know. If he does, I cannot refuse; out at any rate you may be sure that I shall readily concur in every scheme that you think may be useful to you."

In 1757 Lumisden suggested that Mrs. Strange with the children, at all events with the eldest girl, Bruce, should accompany her husband on his proposed journey, and in February, 1758, he actually moved into "a convenient little house" opposite the Ciogni Palace, in the Via de' Lucchesi, at a short

distance from the Chevalier's residence, in hopes of receiving them as his guests. It consisted of four rooms, besides closet, antichamber, kitchen, and cellar; but many delays were destined to intervene ere Mr. Strange became its inmate. Immediately after recovering from a severe attack of fever, in January, 1758, he issued proposals for three more plates, to be published before his departure, with the following prospectus contributed by Lumisden:—

"To transmit to posterity the works of the great painters is one of the many advantages of engraving. Had this useful art been known to the ancients, we might by its means have enjoyed the compositions of Apelles, Xeuxis, and the other celebrated masters of antiquity, whose works are now lost. Such a loss can only be repared by preserving the works of the most eminent of the moderns.

"If the Italians revived, they have also excelled in, the art of painting. Their pictures are become one of the riches of their country; for although many of their works are now scattered through Europe, their capital pieces are only to be found in Italy. It is there we can judge with certainty of the merits of Raphael, Correggio, Dominichino, Guercino, Titian, A. Caracci, and the other renowned Italians.

"Many of their wonderful compositions are much injured by the length of time, and want of proper care of their proprietors: some of them are in danger of being soon entirely lost, as others are in effect so by being retouched by late artists. This is the universal complaint of those who visit Italy;

"'A fading fresco there demands a sigh!'

"Although some of these paintings have been engraved by able hands, many, however, of them have either not been engraved, or are so badly executed, that we cannot in the prints trace any of the beauties of the paintings from which they are taken.

"Mr. Strange, who has given the public repeated proofs of his talents in this ingenious art, has been pressed by his friends to undertake a journey to Italy, to engrave some of the works of these great masters before they are quite defaced. He is the more easily induced to comply with their desire, as the art of engraving seems to be at present in a low state in that country. And, indeed, although this art owes its birth to Florence, it has been always more cultivated elsewhere than in Italy. Most of the engravers who have acquired reputation there have been foreigners; witness the late Giacomo Frey, a Swiss.

"But, as such a scheme must be attended with great expense, and require years in executing, Mr. Strange flatters himself that his friends will continue their favours to him, by subscribing for the following prints, in order to enable him the better to execute his intended undertaking;—an undertaking that will be highly acceptable to the lovers of the fine arts in general, and do honour, he hopes, to his country in particular."

The works thus pompously ushered were three in number: one, the St. Agnes, as a companion to Belisarius; the other two forming a pair. Of the first Strange says: "Painting cannot convey to us a more perfect idea of sweetness and female innocence than the figure before us. Domenichino, whose works are remarkable for truth and *naïveté* of expression, has

in this almost surpassed himself. We may suppose indeed that, when he painted this picture, he had his eye upon the St. Cecilia of Raphael, for there is some affinity between them. St. Agnes is graceful and easy, and she receives with a devout respectfulness [the crown of martyrdom as] the reward of her innocence. An ox led to slaughter and a cupid holding a lamb are emblematical of the subject." After for a time bestowing its powers upon somewhat heavily draped figures, Strange's graver now returned to luxuriate upon the delicate texture of female limbs, in Guido's seductive representations of Venus attired by the Graces. "Justly," observes he, "may this artist be termed the painter of the Graces. Elegance of ideas ever accompany his pencil. Every head is beautiful, and every extremity partakes more or less of the observation. In the character of Venus, it is evident that the painter has taken his idea from one of the Daughters of Niobe, a head replete with all the beauty of the antique." In the companion subject Strange was less fortunate. The allegory of Hercules tempted by Pleasure, while listening to the counsels of Virtue, wants the grand character in which Nicholas Poussin excelled, and forms a foil rather than a contrast to the attractive Guido which it is intended to match. The St. Agnes and the Venus were from Kensington Palace, the Hercules from Mr. Hoare's collection.

Their prices were, respectively, seven and sixpence, half-a-guinea, and seven and sixpence.

These engravings were distributed in the autumn; but Strange did not yet consider that he had earned repose, or set his studio in order for his journey, until he had put forth a pleasing pair of religious subjects after Carlo Maratti; a painter then much in vogue among his countrymen, few of whose productions rival in beauty the *Parce Somnum Rumpere* from Dr. Chauncey's collection. The Madonna unveils her slumbering babe to the admiring contemplation of St. Catherine and an angelic group; a composition in which Strange found the character of Raffaele to be happily combined with that of Guido, but where the somewhat mannered grace of Correggio may more readily be recognised. Its companion, under the title of *Te Deum Laudamus*, though called by Strange a Madonna and Angels, represents a St. Cecilia chanting amid an angelic choir. It is perhaps the least meritorious of his important plates; the original went with the Houghton Gallery to St. Petersburgh. These two were published in the beginning of May, 1760, at six shillings each.

We may here mention another pair of pleasing prints, forming one subject, the Annunciation by Guido, the exact date of which we cannot ascertain from the Lumisden correspondence; but which, being published at the Golden Head, must have

appeared between 1754 and 1760. Le Blanc conjecturally places them in 1756, and in Strange's not always chronological classification they come in after Guido's Cleopatra, for which refer back to p. 246. Dr. Chauncey was then in possession of the originals, which were exhibited at the British Institution in 1854 by Lieut.-Col. Brandling; and the engravings were issued at two shillings each.

This seems also a fitting place to consider several minor productions, of uncertain dates, but prior to Strange's Italian journey. Book illustration would have unquestionably given him early and certain returns for professional labours, while the execution of large and elaborate plates, at his own risk, not only demanded protracted application, but deferred its reward until sales had been widely effected. In a man of indolent habits, even in an anxiously solicitous parent, these considerations might have stifled ambitious longings; but eminence in the highest walks of his art was the goal he had in view, and neither assiduity nor self-reliance were for a moment wanting for the long effort it required. He accordingly engraved little for current literature, and that little he probably undertook rather to oblige authors than to satisfy publishers. This was at all events the case with his obstetric plates for Dr. Hunter in 1750, and with the Antiquities of Pæstum for Bruce of Kinnaird in 1764; both of which we

have elsewhere mentioned. His other performances of the same class, subsequent to 1750, may now be thus cumulatively disposed of: 1. Among the Antiquities of Athens, illustrated by Stuart and Revett in their great work which was produced between 1748 and 1762, is the Temple of the Winds; and in vol. i., chap. iii., are given bas reliefs, representing the eight quarters whence these blow. Lips and Zephyr, the South-west and West, are signed by Strange, while Kaikos, the North-east, is ascribed to his graver: the others were done by Basire, and bear his name. 2. More to his taste, and therefore much more satisfactory in execution, are a series of small circular portraits, mentioned by Lumisden in 1758, as undertaken for an early edition of Smollett's History; a statement I am unable to verify. They are of unequal merit; Charles I. being very poor, Queen Mary of Scotland, good; Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, still better; the Earl of Strafford and the Great Montrose, excellent. Of the last, M. Le Blanc informs me that a deceptive copy has been made. By him and others, the set is stated to include Prince Charles Edward, but I have been unable to verify this in any collection. Possibly, however, the Prince usually so classed may be one already mentioned at p. 235., and thus referred to by Lady Strange in a letter to her husband of 1789. "*A propos*, where is the plate you had engraved of my

Prince several years agoe, which never was published? It is but small; such a one as is now wanted for a book. I believe I could get ten guineas for it, which is better than nothing. I believe you had it engraved from our best and largest miniature." 3. The portrait prefixed to Hamilton of Bangour's poems in 1760 has been incidentally referred to at p. 236. The plate came into possession of the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, of Hoddam, and having been lately purchased by me, is here introduced. 4. In the British Museum is a very good medallion head in profile of "*Il divino Ariosto*," signed by Strange, and inscribed "*Medaglia del Doni.*" 5. Lastly, eight heads of Roman personages, apparently from medals, have been ascribed to him on I know not what authority: they bear names, and references to the work they illustrate, thus:—

Sextus Pompeius - - - - -	p. 77
Cassius - - - - - - -	111
Antony Cæsar Lepidus - - -	204
Cleopatra - - - - - -	227
Octavia, Cæsar's sister - - -	327
Livia, Cæsar's wife - - - -	342
Mecænas - - - - - - -	349
Marcus Vespasianus Agrippa - -	360

CHAP. X.

MR. STRANGE DECLINES TO ENGRAVE PORTRAITS OF GEORGE III. AND THE EARL OF BUTE. — THE ANNOYING RESULTS OF THIS.— HIS QUARREL WITH ALLAN RAMSAY.—HE SELLS SOME OF HIS DRAWINGS, AND GOES TO ITALY.—HIS DRAWINGS AND PURCHASES OF PICTURES THERE.—MRS. STRANGE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

WHILE Mr. Strange was rapidly extricating himself from the professional impediments which retarded his departure for Italy, there arose an unlooked-for obstacle, which not only occasioned him great immediate annoyance, but threw a partial blight over his prospects, and in some degree soured most of his after life. Our knowledge of the circumstances has, until now, been derived solely from his printed letter to the Earl of Bute, necessarily an *ex parte* statement, but one not hitherto impugned; yet there was obviously something, whether of misunderstanding or of malign influence, that remains unexplained. Allan Ramsay, a courtier as well as court painter, being employed, in 1758, on full-length portraits of the Prince of Wales and of his Royal Highness' favourite, Lord Bute, whose patronage Ramsay enjoyed, hinted to his countryman Strange, that it would be acceptable in the highest quarter, were he to engrave one or both of these

pictures. As such an engagement, inferring either two or four years' labour, would entirely interrupt the journey he had long planned and even publicly announced, Mr. Strange at first demurred to what he regarded as a suggestion originating with the painter himself; and soon after, on consulting friends, declined the proposal, to Mr. Ramsay's evident disappointment, but with a full explanation of those circumstances which prevented his compliance. About a fortnight later, Strange received, through Mr. Chambers, the architect, a message from the Prince, desiring that he would lay aside all other commissions in order to execute both portraits; in return for which he was offered one hundred guineas, and his Royal Highness's patronage to the public subscription for the prints. Mr. Strange conceived, from the inadequate amount of this remuneration, that the Prince had supposed the work such as might require but a few months; a calculation afterwards confirmed by the fact that Mr. Ryland, who wrought on these plates nearly four years, received 50*l.* in each quarter, besides 105*l.* for his drawings and the copyright. Mr. Strange, therefore, repeated to Mr. Chambers, for the Prince's information, the same explanation he had offered through Ramsay; and subsequently heard from him that his Royal Highness had expressed himself in all respects satisfied with the reasons thus assigned. To his consternation, he

soon after ascertained that Ramsay was representing, on Lord Bute's authority, the Prince as so provoked, that he could not bear to hear Mr. Strange's name mentioned. During these incidents, and especially after they had so ended, Strange sought opportunities, personally and by letter, of stating the matter to Lord Bute, and sent proofs of his three engravings of 1759 to the Prince, his mother, and the Earl, without obtaining either notice or satisfaction. The sunshine of courtly favour being thus withdrawn at its very dawn, our artist found himself the victim of many false and injurious reports, and learned that Lord Bute had said of him, "It is a thing *we* are determined never to forgive." Finally, before setting out for Italy, he detailed the whole case to Mr. Dalton, who was much about the Prince, and who replied with a shrug that Lord Bute was entirely under Ramsay's influence.

Thus much from Strange's published explanation of what seems but a paltry basis for a serious quarrel and a permanent wrong. The kindness of my friend, Mr. David Laing, of the Signet Library at Edinburgh, has placed at my disposal his private correspondence with Ramsay regarding this incident; which, though long, is important, and will, therefore, be found at No. III. of our Appendix. It is therein obvious that Mr. Strange considered himself most unjustly calumniated by the prevalent reports of his

having, *from political feelings*, refused to occupy his hand upon a portrait of the heir-apparent to the throne; and, farther, that the slights he received from Lord Bute satisfied him that his conduct must have been looked on at Court in this light. As Ramsay was a professed courtier, *protégé* of the future minister, and the medium through whom the proposal first reached him, it was natural for Strange to presume that this aspersion had originated in his suggestions; at all events, that it had not been anticipated by his frankly stating those cogent reasons for the refusal which the engraver had assigned to him at the time. Further, Ramsay, as painter of the portrait in question, might naturally feel offended at its rejection, and disposed to resent this as an affront. But, from the very strong and pertinacious manner in which a man of Strange's generally equable temperament charges him with having actually propagated the injurious rumours, and rejects his deprecatory, though evasive and ungracious explanations, we cannot but conclude that these accusations, and the term "scoundrel," applied to him a year afterwards, were the result of deliberate conviction, not of hasty anger. It is easy to conceive that a feud so bitter, with a brother-artist of Ramsay's influence and success, must have raised no light prejudice against Strange; and we here allow it more place than professional squabbles

usually merit, seeing that the latter not only regarded it as having much influenced his after fortunes, but even ascribed to this the exclusion of his branch of art from the Royal Academy.

A word as to the probable motive for Strange's refusal of Lord Bute's commission. Were we to estimate this step by mere pecuniary considerations, his good sense might be justly impugned; for the portraits in question would surely have commanded a better immediate sale in England than any historical engravings.* But, apart from any consciousness of inconsistency in devoting his graver to a dynasty and party against whom, some few years before, his sword had been drawn, Strange had set his heart on historical art of the highest class, and was not lightly to be turned aside by inducements which might have tempted more interested men to postpone, for a time, the indulgence of their taste and ambition on pursuits of more enduring reputation.

Estimating the dependence of artists in those days on the smiles of prince or peer by the standard of

* "With respect to the painting which he refused to engrave, it is said that his Majesty, on meeting with it among some other lumber, a few years before Sir Robert's death, expressed himself in high commendation of the spirit which refused to perpetuate so wretched a performance, however urged to such prostitution of genius and the engraver's art." So says the Fingask MS.; but however right Strange then was to decline the commission, and to prefer Raffaele or Guido, Ramsay's works merit no such disparagement, whether emanating from royalty or from the over zeal of his rival's friends.

our own time, we should inadequately appreciate the sinister results which so false a position was calculated to entail upon Strange. Before many months passed, the Prince had mounted the British throne, and Lord Bute was Prime Minister. Some five and twenty years elapsed ere he was re-admitted to his sovereign's favour, while, in the interval, the Royal Academy had been founded, and his name pointedly and permanently passed over. Thus do momentous consequences follow from very paltry intrigues, and their importance in the present instance induces us, if possible, to trace out the cause.

Mr. Strange's political antecedents, and still more his close connection with an official in the Muti Palace, offer a ready solution of any disfavour or suspicion emanating from the Court of St. James'. Horace Walpole accordingly wrote to Sir Horace Mann, British Minister at Florence, in May of this year: "I am going to give a letter for you to Strange, the engraver, who is going to visit Italy. He is a very first-rate artist, and by far our best. Pray countenance him, though you will not approve of his politics. I believe Albano is his Loretto." Yet this cannot be accepted as altogether satisfactory. He was one of many whose Jacobitism was rather a transient influence than a rooted principle: like them, he had been amnestied. His first English plates had been dedicated to the Princess of Wales,

and proofs of each successive engraving had been accepted by her Royal Highness, and by her son, the heir-apparent of the throne. He had offered the compliment of selecting four of his seventeen finished works from pictures in Kensington Palace, to which access had been freely accorded him. Nay, several of these are said to have graced the walls of "the butcher of Culloden," and to have conciliated the marked goodwill of Lord Bute. Some new occasion of offence must, therefore, have been given or presumed. Can this have been his merely declining a commission offered at a moment when he was not free to accept it? Or, may the favourite have taken umbrage that a countryman should have dispensed with his patronage, and defeated the hope of seeing his own features, and "the best leg in England," transmitted by the best burin of the day? Or, is it not probable that Strange's answer and its motives were misrepresented by Ramsay or Chambers? As to the dispositions of the latter we can say nothing; but some light will now be thrown on Ramsay's anti-jacobite prejudices from the Lumisden letter-books.

Allan Ramsay, a "far-away cousin," or cadet of the earls of Dalhousie, settled at Edinburgh in the beginning of last century as a wigmaker, exchanged that in those days substantial trade for a book-shop, and became the most popular of pastoral bards in the

Scottish dialect. His eldest son Allan was bred an artist; and in February, 1755, Mr. Lumisden writes from Rome to Mr. Strange: "Mr. Ramsay, wife, and sister, arrived here about Christmas. Though I I never visit strangers that do not either first visit me, or inform me of their arrival and desire to see me (the reason of which will readily occur to you), yet I thought I might safely dispense with this rule in the case of Mr. Ramsay, so I waited on them immediately on their arrival. The reception I met with was very dry: I ascribed it to the fatigue of the journey. Had Allan been alone, I should not have visited him again until he had returned my visit, but on account of the ladies I made them other two visits, when I found the same dryness still continued. After laying some circumstances together, I easily perceived that my visits were not agreeable. You will, therefore, not be surprised if I do not deliver your commission, for, unless Mr. R. visits me, and expresses a desire to cultivate a friendship, I shall never wait on him again. I thought, indeed, to have rendered both our stays here more agreeable by a mutual intercourse. I shall only add that I have had the honour to be visited by lords, members of parliament, and persons of at least as great consequence and fortunes as A. Ramsay. * * * * I intended to have shown him all the civilities in my power. What I most regret is to be deprived of

the pleasure of a song from my old friend Katty." In June the subject is resumed to his sister, with obvious allusion to her comments on the preceding passages. "I am vastly entertained with your lively and just remarks on 'the prudent ones:' how different is such prudence from wisdom! 'Tis so shallow that it does not deserve the low name of cunning. They are despised by one, the contempt of another, and laughed at by all. I am still on the same footing with A. R. and family; I have not seen or heard from one of them since I wrote: they shall enquire for me before I enquire for them. If Robie, however, sends him copies of his new prints, I shall find a way to convey them to him, though I think he may delay that compliment till he returns home. Mrs. R. has been delivered of a daughter since her arrival here." In June, 1757, Lumisden writes: "Ramsay left Rome about a month ago; I hear he is at Florence on his way to England. He has left his daughter about two months old at Rome, and says he will return back for her in two years. * * * We know that Ramsay owed his wife to accident not to merit. He may have acquired from great practice to paint a head, but surely he can neither paint a drapery nor draw a figure. He went sometimes to the academy here, where he drew, but they were such figures as every one laughed at, and wondered how he could pretend to be a painter. In

this article Mr. Nevay, and a dozen other British students, might have been his masters."

We give these full extracts in order to show that Mr. Lumisden, favorably predisposed towards Ramsay and his family, found his advances repelled by them during above two years; that he thereupon conceived a strong prejudice against his countryman as a man and an artist, and impressed this dislike upon the Stranges. The truth seems to be that the painter, bent upon cultivating powers in the ascendant, feared to compromise his chances at St. James' by any semblance of connection with the Jacobites, and that the secretary, always on the defensive against such men, resented as personal this politic reserve. But we now come to traces of a reciprocity in these aversions. On the 20th of April, 1759, Lumisden writes to his brother-in-law: "I am sorry that your proposals, which I think are sensible [see above, p. 265.], should not have produced a larger subscription, but I find the rascally behaviour of Ramsay is partly the occasion of it: his conduct does not surprise me, as I have long had a bad opinion of his heart." And again, in November: "Mr. Seton writes to his son that your three plates are superior to your former works. Such performances, in spite of the impotent malice of the little fellow you mention, will be infinitely valued by the curious, when his name and works will be no

more known." It thus would seem either that the enmity existing between Ramsay and Lumisden on political and personal grounds was extended to his brother-in-law, or that separate grudges existed between the two Scottish artists. It may be that Strange's answers to Ramsay and Chambers, when declining Lord Bute's commission, having reached the Prince's ear in no friendly version, or accompanied by insinuations compromising to his loyalty, a prejudice was thereby raised, which we shall find in operation even after his return to England. As regards the main question from which we have thus digressed, Mr. Strange's biographer must regret an incident which, acting upon a mind conscious of merit and sensitive to neglect, tended to sour his feelings towards the Court and the artists of England, and thus probably added new inducements to his remaining abroad, at much sacrifice of his domestic enjoyments.

Although inferring some repetition, it may be well to give Mr. Strange's exact motives for his journey as subsequently set forth in the introduction to his Descriptive Catalogue of 1769. "Since the time of the memorable revival of the arts in the fifteenth century, Italy, without doubt, is the country which has produced the most celebrated painters. There are none who have penetrated so deep as they into the secrets of this art, or reached to such a height in

the sublime. A purity and correctness of design, the most noble expressions, elegant forms, just proportions, elevated ideas, and a fertility of genius, give a superiority to their productions, which no other artists would have been able to attain. It is only by studying and meditating upon the works of the Italian masters that we can reasonably expect to form a true taste, and to defend ourselves against the destructive and capricious sorcery of fashion, which changes almost with the seasons, and of which the most applauded and finest efforts, in the space of a few years, generally appear to be, what they really are, unnatural and ridiculous.

" Influenced by these considerations, after having experienced the favour and protection of the public, in the reception which they gave to several engravings which I executed after capital paintings of great masters, I resolved to undertake a journey into Italy, where I foresaw that I might be able to make such a collection of drawings as would furnish matter of still greater entertainment for the public, and would gratify that species of taste which I saw, with great pleasure, was every day rising higher, and diffusing itself farther in this opulent country; and I flatter myself that my hopes have not been disappointed. I employed several years in travelling through, and residing for some time in, all the principal cities of Italy; where both in the churches and

in the palaces of the great, I met with many excellent pictures, which appeared to me to be highly worthy of being made more generally known. I attached myself principally to the most agreeable subjects, and especially to such of those as had not been already engraved, or only imperfectly. In the execution of the drawings which I have made from these pictures, I had peculiar advantages through the favour and munificence of several princes, and other considerable personages in Italy (which I shall ever remember with gratitude), and I exerted all the ability I was master of; insomuch that, if I have not vainly flattered myself, I have been happy enough even to preserve the peculiar character of each master; a circumstance essentially necessary in works of this nature."

In proportion as Mr. Strange's reputation spread, his family augmented. His daughter Isabella Katherina was born 5th February, 1759, and lived to complete her ninetieth year. Robert Montague, born 25th January, 1760, rose to be Major-General in the H. E. I. C. service. A plan of placing the eldest girl, Mary Bruce, for education, in a French convent, was abandoned on the intervention of her uncle, whose Jacobite principles and Roman residence never tainted his Protestant opinions: but James was sent down to Scotland. With so many olive branches to tend at home, Mrs. Strange un-

willingly declined her brother's invitation that she should accompany her husband abroad, and reconciled herself to a lengthened interruption of her domestic happiness for the sake of his professional prospects, and the eventual interests of her family. To console her bereavement, she borrowed from Herring, Archbishop of Canterbury, a portrait of her helpmate executed by their friend Webster for his Grace, who retained the frame in pledge of a restoration, on Strange's return, which never took place, as the picture remains in their family. Anxious to realise what funds he could before his departure, Strange now sold to Mr. Charteris, afterwards fifth Earl of Wemyss, a number of the drawings for his recent publications, all in red chalk, a list of which will be found in No. II. of our Appendix.

From the time his journey was resolved upon, his brother-in-law busied himself to obtain for Mr. Strange, through the Stuart interest at Versailles, a passport for France, then closed against British subjects by the seven years' war; and his letters were filled with information and advice regarding routes into Italy. "At Lyons pray buy for yourself a handsome waistcoat, which you will find cheaper there than anywhere else; and, if you come by Genoa, buy a velvet coat." Early in June Strange reached Paris, where he made purchase of some pictures, and quitted it on the 16th of September

for Genoa and Florence, whence he wrote as follows:—

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Florence, Oct. 30. 1760.

"My dear Andrew,

* * * * * *

"You cannot immagine the man of consequence I am esteemed in this place; I am plagued with many visits with which I could partly dispense. A copy of my works which I presented to Sir Horace Man has been handed about, and done me great honour, and I am even remarkable enough to be pointed out by many in the streets. I have had the honour of a visit from the Marquis Gerini, who presented me with the first volume of prints from his collection which is lately published: he gave me the strongest assurances of his friendship and readiness to serve me in any shape I required. I presume any assistance I may stand in need of here will be easily procured me by Sir Horace Man, with whom I am extremely well. When I set forward to Rome, I imagine his recommendation there will likeways not be amiss. It will be necessary for me, my dear Andrew, to be well with all the world, and to be in perfect good corespondance with all the British at Rome: it is my interest at present to behave with circumspection, by which means I shall the more readily baffle and dissapoint my enemys, the rather that I know they are upon the out-look. I foresee such a field opening for me in this country as will secure me, I hope, immortale honour; and in the end an ample fortune, should it please God I am spared. You may easily believe I will engage in no other work here after I have finished the Madona della Sedia. You know my particular reason for doing this picture; it is

already a good way advanced. I shall advize you in course of my leaving this, which I imagine will be with the courier. It will at soonest be the time you mention before I have the pleasure of seeing you, nor do I think it will much exceed it. * * * * Let me hear from you in course, and inform yourself if there is any fine chalk to be had at Rome, as a friend of mine has wrote me for some. My compliments to worthy Mr. Edgar, and believe me, "Dear Andrew, your affectionate,

"R. STRANGE."

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Florence, Nov. 17. 1760.

"My dear Andrew,

* * * * * *

"I continue still at work in the Pallace Pitti, but have not as yet finished my drawing. The weather has of late been so bad that we have scarcely seen the sun this fortnight: you may naturaly believe this retards my undertaking, and the more so that I could not have the picture down. I long as much, my dear Andrew, to be with you as you do to see me, but am resolved to finish this drawing with the utmost care. My reputation at Rome is probably established as an engraver, but the Romans have never seen any of my drawings, and I am the more intent on doing something that may surprize them, especially as it is after their favourite painter. Since my being here, I have endeavoured to pick up a few pictures, but to no purpose. I apprehend I shall find no less difficulty at Rome, and the more so that I find Mr. Jenkins, &c., have become important dealers. So far as I understand, this gentleman must make his fortune without loss of time, for I am told that he has of late disposed to the amount of at least 3,000*l.* only to

three different people: I own I have no idea of his meeting with any pictures that are literally fine to that extent. You must know a circumstance happened the other day which was droll enough, and am afraid has brought me into a scrape which I wish I were out of. Lord Fordwich is one of those that Jenkins has taken in. A few days ago we were at Sir Horace Man's, where was Lord Torrington and several other gentlemen. Sir Horace told me he would show me a drawing of a fine picture which Lord Fordwich had purchased. The drawing was accordingly brought, and it was no sooner opened than I smiled, and said this was my old acquaintance. Upon this every one looked grave, and asked me what I meant. 'The original of this picture,' I replied, belongs to the Royal Family, and is in the Pallace of Kensington.' Every one I found stared at each other, and his Lordship was devilishly confused, and soon retired. This picture represents Perseus and Andromeda, and is without doubt a copy from Guido. I understand this discovery has confirmed some reports which his Lordship has already heard relating to the originality of his pictures, insomuch that he has sent for the whole from Leghorn. They are only five in number, which I am told stand him near 600*l.* I had a message by a gentleman from him yesterday, beging the favour I would give him my oppinion of the pictures when they arrive, and I know that it is for this purpose they are sent for. You see this is a disagreeable situation, and am really at a loss how to act, though I own at the same time I have a secret inclination to see this important cargo. Pray what sort of a chap is this Jenkins? I find he is here the favourite of none, and this affair is likely to turn the scales against him. Let me have the

pleasure of hearing from you in course, and give me your thoughts on this affair.

"I ever am, dear Andrew, your affectionate

"ROBT. STRANGE."

Mr. Lumisden replied: "I am not surprised that Jenkins should have committed the fraud you mention; he has been long known here for his villainies. However, by consummate impudence, joined to the honourable office of a spy, he gets himself recommended to many of the English travellers. You did well not to write to the scoundrel." Mr. Strange's apprehension of some disagreeable results from giving an opinion calculated to expose this picture-dealer, who became a sort of English banker at Rome, appears to have been realised, as Lumisden's letter-books in 1762 contain several allusions to correspondence of Jenkins, which he repeatedly advises his brother-in-law to pass over in silent contempt. But this incident interfered with the circumspect resolution of the latter to live in peace with all men; and it, as well as his subsequent quarrel with Dalton and Bartolozzi, must have tended to augment his enemies at home. Of the person in question Nollekens thus writes: "As for Jenkins, he followed the trade of supplying the foreign visitors with intaglios and cameos made by his own people, that he kept in a part of the ruins of the Coliseum, fitted up for 'em to work in slyly by themselves. I saw 'em

at work though, and Jenkins gave a whole handful of 'em to me to say nothing about the matter. Bless your heart, he sold 'em as fast as they made 'em." After completing the Madonna della Sedia, which he unfortunately did not live to engrave, Strange made a rapid journey to glance at the pictorial treasures in Bologna, arriving towards Christmas at Rome.

Mr. Strange's journey to Italy was suggested by the admiration he had long entertained for the artists of that favoured land, and by believing that a residence there was essential in order to imbibe a feeling for high art, and attain to its execution. His object, therefore, was rather to study works of the great masters, and to lay up a store of careful drawings whereon to exercise his graver after his return, than to pursue his immediate profession while in that country. Hitherto his drawings had been generally in red chalk; but he now devoted himself to miniature, for which his early inclination had chiefly lain, and, by a process claimed for him as an invention, he attained to high perfection in water-colour painting upon prepared skin, called in Italy *pelle di capone*. On reaching Florence, he at once applied for inspiration to the highest source, and selected the most popular of Raffaele's easel pictures for a beginning. Of his success Lumisden thus reports to their old family friend, Sir Stuart Threipland, 17th June, 1761: "I have now the happiness of

my dear Robie's company. His works are universally admired by the artists as well as the virtuosi here. They expressed the utmost surprise at the elegant drawing he has done of Raffaele's Madonna della Sedia. He has almost finished a drawing of Domenichino's St. Cecilia, in the Borghese Palace. He intends next to make a drawing of Guido's Herodias in the Corsini Palace as its companion; after which he goes to Naples to see the fine things there, as they reckon the spring the best season for that excursion. Robie no doubt will reap vast advantage from his Italian journey, particularly as he will carry home with him drawings of the most capital pictures as have either not been engraved, or have been badly done." None of these three drawings were published. In the end of February he resumes the subject to his sister: — "I thank God Robie has kept his health very well this winter. I shall nurse him as well as I can, and endeavour to make his time here as agreeable to him as is consistent with his close application. The drawing he has lately finished from Titian [Venus blinding Cupid], besides the agreeable subject, is the finest he has yet done, and has surprised all the professors here; it is, indeed, rather a finished picture than a drawing. He is now doing the Death of Dido by Guercino; a picture universally known and admired, and which I believe will be the largest work he will undertake in Rome. It will

be no small fatigue to him to finish this drawing; but I am persuaded it will at last recompense his labour."

It is stated in the Annual Register and Scots' Magazine of this year, that Prince Rezzonico, nephew of the reigning Pope, Clement XIII., as a tribute to Mr. Strange's extraordinary merit, obtained for him an apartment in the palace for his residence, and a general permission to erect scaffolding where he pleased while copying at the Vatican; a favour which the last pontiff had entirely prohibited, in consequence of injuries to the frescoes from this practice. Accordingly in July Lumisden says: "Robie, notwithstanding his great application, is in perfect good health. You see he is now at the Vatican, in order to transmit to futurity his name along with that of the immortal Raphael. And, indeed, Robie's graver will preserve to posterity the elegancy of Raphael when his paintings are no more. The figure of Justice, which Robie is now drawing, is full of dignity, and the head of Meekness is truly divine. * * * By the end of the month he will finish his drawings at the Vatican, and return back to that part of Rome where the air is reckoned good. He has, indeed, done justice to Madame Justice: it is the most elegant figure I ever saw; and I doubt not but her sister Meekness, which he is now doing, will be no less so. They will make

glorious prints." Again: "He is particularly careful in the choice of subjects, of which he has some very fine ones in view. But, with all his application and anxiety to get home, I do not believe that he can finish the drawings he proposes to do here in much less than a year. I am very sensible of what you must suffer from his absence; but the great advantages that will at last arise from this journey to your family will, I hope, sufficiently atone for your present widowhood." * * * "He must not, however, grudge some time more to make his collection of drawings as large as possible; nor should he leave behind him anything which he would wish to engrave, as he can never again propose to undertake another journey to Italy. His drawings, I am persuaded, will surprise all Britain, as they do every one here." These epithets may seem fulsome; but Lumisden was almost naturalised among a people whose language of compliment habitually bordered on exaggeration; and his opinion seems borne out by the academic honours showered upon his brother-in-law in various parts of Italy.

An interesting letter from Mr. Strange at Rome appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, and is reprinted in Selections from that periodical, iii. p. 6. It seems addressed to some friend who had urged on him the greatest works of Raffaele, and excuses the abandonment of his intention to draw and engrave

the Parnassus, after leave for the scaffold had with difficulty been obtained, chiefly in consequence of finding, on closer observation, that "the principal figure is amongst the most indifferent, and has the least grace of any that great master ever painted;" apart from objections raised by the extremely injured female figures, the disagreeable shape of the fresco, above all, the time required to copy so large a composition, placed where only a few hours of light were available each morning. In the School of Athens he recognises "indeed a wonderful and most glorious performance, and worthy the hand of a divinity," which, if younger, he would have been proud to undertake: "but at present the case is different; I have no idea of coming abroad to Italy but for a very few years, and throwing that time away upon a work which ought to be carried on at the public expense, or by the patronage of a prince. I must leave these things, my dear sir, those laborious undertakings, to some future genius: at present it is my scheme to vary my subjects and authors as much as possible, and that even those be of the most agreeable kind, such as will please the public, and best suit the genius of a free people." Of the Justice and Meekness he says in the context: "These figures contain all that is excellent in painting, whether we consider them in the beauty of the compositions, the noble gracefulness of the characters, the uncommon

greatness in the style of the draperies, or the wonderful force of colouring, light and shade."

Of the domestic life now passed by the brothers-in-law we have this agreeable picture: —

Andrew Lumisden to Mrs. Strange.

"February 7. 1761.

"How happy am I, my dear Bella, every time I see your hand-writing! Your letters I am sure can give no greater pleasure to my dear Robie than they give to me. To hear of you and your delightful infants' good healths is next to the comfort of seeing it. I do not despair of yet having that satisfaction. In the mean time I have the inexpressible happiness of my dear Robie's company, and which, you may easily imagine, I enjoy as much as possible. I encroach as little on his valuable time as I can, for indeed, he grudges every moment that he is absent from you. I save him the trouble of thinking on housekeeping, &c., as I take all that on myself. We have our friends to dine with us from time to time, and I entertain them very well, yet with economy. I cannot upbraid myself in point of extravagance. Robie is indeed surprised how I have made things answer, considering the genteel cloaths, furniture, and things I have bought. But this proceeds from the little expence I was at, till now, for a servant, joined to some presents that my Cousin was so good as to make me. However, I reckon from the agreeable prospect you give me of our affairs at home, I need not for the future pinch myself so much as I have done. I do not propose by this to commit any extravagance, for you may assure yourself that I shall always live with the same frugality for you and your childrens' sake as if they were my own: all I

desire is to live with the decency of a gentleman. * * * * You may send the shirts to Leghorn, and any new books you can pick up, for you cannot imagine what an entertainment these things are to me at this distance from home. Adieu my dear Bella! I embrace you and the babies with the most affectionate of hearts."

Mr. Strange went to Naples early in October, Mr. Lumisden suggesting to him some "interesting subject by Giordano, as there is generally a great deal of light and shade in the works of that master." But Strange's taste sought something better, and directed his attention to a Madonna by Parmegiano in the Monti collection, Guido's Potiphar at the Baronelli Palace, and Rubens' portrait of himself with Vandyck. Of the two last he made careful drawings before the year closed, besides having one or two executed for him by another hand.

But it was to the Royal Gallery he chiefly looked, and we find it stated in the Annual Register that the British minister having vainly applied on his behalf for leave to copy there, his works were shown to Prince Alicandre, the King's governor, who at once obtained for him unlimited permission to that effect, an apartment in the palace being fitted up for his use. He was thus enabled to copy Titian's Danae, his Venus and Adonis, the Mistress and Child of Parmegiano by himself, Schidone's Cupid, his group of two Children singing, and Vandyck's sleeping Christ, which, with the Potiphar already

mentioned, were all the Neapolitan pictures he lived to publish. The few weeks which he meant to devote to Naples thus gradually extended themselves to eight months, provoking the regrets of his brother-in-law and the murmurs of his wife. But his time was well compensated, not only by the drawings he carried off, but by several purchases of pictures he was enabled to make, among which was a Holy Family ascribed to Raffaele. Strong testimony to its originality, in letters from Raphael Mengs and from M. Mariette, will be found in the Catalogue of Strange's Pictures, 1769; but no description is there given of it beyond the subject—a Madonna with Christ and St. John in the painter's last manner—and the dimensions of its canvass, 25½ inches high by 20. This meagre notice does not enable me to trace it, but in another catalogue of pictures exhibited by Strange in Castle-Street, it is called the altar-picture of a domestic chapel at Genoa. He began a copy of it in red chalk, which was interrupted by his leaving Rome about the 20th of October for Florence.* Another im-

* There is a difficulty in identifying this picture. Among Strange's miniatures at Lord Zetland's, there is one answering the above description; also a similar one, still in his family, in red chalk, and a pencilled reduction, laid off in squares for engraving; the composition of all these is that of Raffaele's panel picture, obtained from Sir Thomas Baring by the ex-king of Bavaria, a *replica* of which was purchased by the late Captain Franks at the sale of Car-

portant acquisition made next year was a small full length of Charles I. by Vandyke, which, having been presented by James II., after his flight, to Cardinal Howard, came into Mr. Edgar's possession, and on his death was purchased for 60*l.* by Lumisden for his brother-in-law, who engraved it in 1770.

Mr. Strange passed above four months at Florence, braving the cold while copying in the gallery, and eschewing the precaution of fur-lined long-boots, suggested by Lumisden's experience of the in-doors' rigours of Italian winters. Then probably he drew Carlo Dolce's Sappho, *alias* La Poesia, and proceeded early in March to Parma, for the single object of copying Correggio's celebrated altar-piece, generally called his "Day." His reception there is thus described by his brother-in-law to Principal Gordon, of the Scotch College, at Paris. "I am persuaded it will be a pleasure to you to know the genteel reception our friend met with at the Court of Parma. A few days after his arrival, the first minister, M. du Tillot, invited him to dine, and

dinal Albani in Rome. Mr. Strange has also left a drawing in black and white chalks on blue paper, from a picture on panel still in his family, which represents the infant Christ standing on the Madonna's knee, the little St. John at her right side, St. Joseph on her left. This is a charming pyramidal group of Raffaelesque character, yet in composition and colour more resembling the works of Gianfrancesco Penni, named il Fattore, although bearing his great master's name. It cannot, however, be the Neapolitan picture, which was on canvass.

after dinner presented him at Court. His R. H., the Infant Duke, Don Philip, examined his drawings and prints with great attention, and made the politest encomiums on them. Mr. Strange took this opportunity to present a copy of his prints to him, and single ones (having no more with him) to the minister. Next morning, M. du Tillot sent him two snuff-boxes, the one of gold, curiously wrought, from His R. H., worth between 60 and 70 louis d'ors; the other of shell, set in gold, from himself, worth about 25 louis d'ors. These presents, worthy of a prince and a minister celebrated for their protection of the fine arts, were rendered still more valuable by the letter that accompanied them, wrote by M. du Tillot's own hand, and of which I cannot but send you this copy.

"Le goût, Monsieur, que S. A. R. a pour les talens, et le plaisir avec lequel elle a vu hier vos desseins, l'engagent à vous donner un témoignage de son admiration pour des ouvrages destinés à la celebrité, et de sa satisfaction des belles estampes de votre main que vous lui avez presentées. Je vous remets de son ordre un pacquet contenant une boite.

"Vous avez bien voulu me donner aussi, Monsieur, une marque de votre attention; j'en ai été très touché. Je me flatte que vous voudrez bien agréer de ma part une lègere marque d'amitié, et regarder ce petit tribut que je paye à mon admiration pour vous, comme un des sentiments avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,

"Monsieur, votre très humble et très ob^{t}. serv^{r}.,

"Du Tillot.

"Parme, ce 13 Mars, 1763."

A month later we have the following from Mr. Strange to Lumisden, giving an account of the academic honour here paid him, in acknowledgment of his success in rendering the Correggio. His reception as member of the academy of St. Luke, at Rome, will occur in correspondence of this year, which we shall presently cite. The Correggio will be farther noticed in 1771, when the engraving appeared.

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Parma, May 13, 1763.

"My dear Andrew,—You'll by this time have received my letter of last week, wherein was inclosed one from our dear Bella. I make no doubt of your procuring me what recommendations will be necessary for Bologna: I wish indeed I had applied to you sooner, but to say truth, I was always in suspense about my stay there till thoroughly determined by Bella's letter. Since I wrote you last, I was one evening surprised by a visit I received from his Royal Highness whilst I was at work. I need not tell you how much he was charmed with the Correggio, and the many compliments I received in course. He was desirous of seeing my drawings another time, and I past yesterday upwards of an hour with him in looking over the whole. I had mentioned to M. du Tillot my desire of inscribing the Correggio to his Royal Highness, which he was much pleased with. He took an opportunity to speak of it whilst we were all together, and the Infant with great pleasure received the compliment I intended him. The inclosed copy of a letter I send you is, you see, an additional honour to what I have already

received here. You'll observe, they have not only received me a member of the Academy, but a professor. I desire you'll make an elegant translation of this letter, which I will send with a copy of the original to my dear Bella, and let me have it, if you can, by return of post. You may henceforth direct for me at Bologna, as I shall certainly leave this by the time I proposed. My Correggio is entirely finished, but have laid it aside for a day or two past; and indeed in so doing, I did well, for we have such weather here, and such perpetual rain, that one can hardly read a letter at mid-day * * * *

"I ever am,

"Dear Andrew,

"Yours, &c.,

"Robt. Strange."

Several of Mrs. Strange's racy letters of this period being preserved, we are enabled to follow the chief family incidents through correspondence. On new-year's-day Mr. Lumisden wrote thus to his sister: "Perhaps, my dear Bella, you may think it affectation, but it is with the greatest truth I assure you that, ever since the death of my dear friend [Mr. Edgar], I have been so constantly employed that I have not had an hour I could properly call my own. This is the reason that I have been so long of writing to you. It is with unspeakable pleasure I see by your letters to our dearest Robie that you and the children continue well: may health and prosperity ever attend them, and may Heaven, with the addition of this year, grant you all the happiness

your heart can desire! I heartily sympathise with you on your present fatigue, and anxiously wish Robie at home to relieve you from a great part of it. At the same time, though your fatigue is too much for you, yet I can assure you that Robie's fatigue is no less: he labours immoderately that he may carry home with him as many fine things as he can; the consequence of which will be riches to his children and immortal honour to himself. * * * * I have this winter made up the cloath coat you was so kind as send me; I have ornamented it with a genteel narrow gold lace, which makes me so gorgeously apareled, that you might say I lived in a king's court, as St. Luke tells us, vii. 25."

At the close of the month he exhorted Strange as follows: "I shall call nothing laudable that detains you in Italy, after you have done the drawing of the celebrated Correggio at Parma. It will require many years to engrave the drawings, &c., you are already master of, and surely your family demands your presence at home. It is your absence no doubt that begins to sour our dear Bella's temper, and this I can in some measure excuse her, especially as her prospect of your return is so distant. Think seriously on this subject, and endeavour if possible to get home by next Christmas. The two plates you propose, and which indeed are absolutely necessary to engrave at Paris, will at least consume

eight months of your time, so you certainly need to get to Paris by the beginning of May."

Those who remember the late Mr. James Strange as a sedate though benignant octogenarian, may smile at a passage in his father's letter to Lumisden of February 26.: "When you write to Bella, pray remonstrate against Jamie's dancing on the stage, for I can perceive there is such an intention. It can only proceed from a blind fondness of the boy that encourages this folly, which can do him no service, and affords a sufficient handle for our enemies to ridicule us on this occasion. I have said what I think is proper on the subject, but what comes from you I know will have greater influence than all I can say." Accordingly Lumisden replied, "I shall not forget to mention to her Jamie's dancings, for you cannot be more averse to it than I am;" and on the 9th of March he thus performed his promise: "I am glad to hear of the progress the boys make under Mr. Cartwright. Although the cultivation of their minds must always be the great object in view, I am far from having their bodies neglected. I therefore heartily approve of dancing, and exercises that produce a genteel carriage, but these exercises ought to be carried no farther than to answer this purpose. To carry them farther is not only consuming that time which ought to be employed to more valuable purposes, but

renders the persons possessed of them ridiculous. It is for this reason that I cannot approve of Jamie's dancing on the stage. Such a degree of dancing is only proper for a dancing-master, and not for a gentleman. Thus the Earl of Massareen, who is now in Italy, has been laughed at by the Italians, as well as by his own countrymen, on account of his theatrical dancing. I therefore flatter myself that, when you seriously consider the matter, you will not encourage the dear sweet boy to dance any more on the stage." On this subject Sir Thomas Strange has left the following memorandum: "We were taught dancing by a very clever Frenchman of the name of Lalauze, who, having a connection at one of the theatres, and being to have a benefit, prevailed with my mother to allow my brother James to appear at it, with his own daughter, in a dance of some kind, my brother being his best pupil, and indeed a very distinguished one."

Mrs. Strange was a strong-minded woman, quick in disposition as well as in intellect; her temperament, like the April of her own inconstant climate, varying from sunshine to gloom, from smiles to sadness. Being much thrown upon her own resources in the extrication of her father's entangled affairs, the promotion of her husband's professional interests, and the education of her family,—devolved as these entirely were upon her by Mr. Strange's

repeated and prolonged absences, a querulous tone is sometimes observable in her correspondence, especially during his residence in Italy, protracted from months to years. On the first of her letters we are now to quote, her son Sir Thomas Strange has remarked: "My father's long absence abroad, the conduct of my grandfather, after my grandmother's death, with the woman here alluded to as 'an incurable' (in consequence of which a relation, Thomas Boswell, after whom I was called Thomas, left to Heriot's Hospital a considerable property intended for my mother's family), the iniquity of agents in Edinburgh, who, on the death of my grandfather, got possession of his property to the prejudice of his family, availing themselves of its scattered state, and particularly of the legal incapacity of my uncle to assist its claims; — these things, added to the reflection of what she had suffered by her marriage with my father, to whom she was otherwise both tenderly and respectfully attached; — the whole together affected my dear mother's spirits, naturally of the most lively kind, souring often her temper, which, ardent in the extreme, was apt to be too indignant. Of herself she speaks in 1757 as 'all mercury; I'm sensible I'm too much so:' and in another letter, 'misfortunes and pain of mind have worn me greatly, and I have too much spirit, which I am often afraid will overset my small share of judgment. My passions are too

strong for my reason, which I am sure I employ as much as possible toward the correction of what my cooler judgment disapproves when I am able to philosophise!' Hence the tone and allusions of the following letters, especially that of 29th March. With all this fretting however, she outlived my dear father some fifteen years, and survived this period above forty."

Mrs. Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Feb. 26. 1763.

"My dear Andrew,

* * * *

"I shall not doubt of Robie's great study, diligence, and progress, but what will that signify if it hurry him and me the faster to the grave? I am not able to bear the fatigue I have; both body and mind is oppressed. You cannot imagine the writing I have, and cannot avoid: the multitude of people I have to speak to, of which many are very idle, and yet those very idle must be minded. Our affairs in Scotland stand as they did. That unhappy woman, who thought once to have had the honour of being our step-mother, being disappointed that way, and not finding beauty sold so well as it had done, soon became a burthen to her relations in Edinburgh, who gave her to know that she must travel. They collected ten guineas; so here she came about a fortnight [ago] or so. I have forgot how she fended; God knows work she never would. After all, I was lately shocked to hear she had been in an hospitle, and was now turned out as an incurable. I will make no animadversion on this, but the proverb, 'It's no shame to see wasters want.' I never knew a person I had no

reason to wish well to but this woman and her relations, and Anne Hay, who is at present in Bedlem, I suppose an incurable too. They are not canny; I do not like [them].

"I wish I had something to keep as a remembrance of my eldest boy's god-father, at a proper time, if it can be had for love or money. I want he shall be possest of such an honour when I am gone, and cannot tell him of it what's what. I suppose Sir Laurence Dundas's son, who is at Rome, will behave as one of the prudent ones: never mind it; I value nothing but peace of mind. I sometimes despair of seeing you; if my dear Robie does not treat me with that affectionate tenderness dew to a weak child, I will soon be no more. As such is all, and ever was, my only desire, I hope, for his own sake and the family's, he will not overlook it. A harsh word wounds me to the soul, and contradiction in a surly maner would soon put me to my resting-place. I have a pleasure in nothing this world seems to have for me. All my dutys I perform like an unfeeling philosopher. I have no joys, but many fears and disquietudes. * * * * Andrew is the most steady, diligent child as [ever] was. When he is at his book you would think he was a man of forty, he is so attentive, and never wearies: when he's at his play, you would think all his study was to eat. Bell and Bob are fine children. Mr. Mylne*, who is here and sends his best wishes to you and all friends, having lived here in the land of Goshen three years, is to set out in a few days for the land of Cakes to pay his duty to his parents. * * * * God bless you. I ever am, my dear A., your loving sister,

"I. S."

* Mr. Mylne, architect of Blackfriars' bridge, long enjoyed the friendship of the Strange family, and is frequently mentioned in

Mrs. Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"March 29. 1763.

"My dear Andrew,

* * * *

"I hope Robie is well. Notwithstanding that I die daily to see him, yet I wish he may do something in Bologna; his friends expect much from thence. Names, you know, go a great way: I only grudge his time in Paris, but I submit with patience. As to the dear babies, I thank God they are all perfectly well. Was I to be vain of anything, I might pique myself on my care of them: but I take nothing to myself; everything is from the goodness of God, who has given them most valuable endowments both of body and mind: I have only been attentive to their improvement in both. At so great a distance, you can but form a notion of them from others of their age, by which you will never know them. Their modesty is equal to your wish. Jamie knows no more of a theatrical carriage than you do; he moves and dances like a gentleman. His master is as unlike a dancing-master as your Holy Father. Fear me not, I have given neither you, nor any of the world, any reason to suspect my want of what's call'd common sense. I think I have seen throw things you yourself have been blind to, as to the foibles of men or wemon. I will but do myself the justice when I say I have as few of them as any she that ever wore petticoats. I know I have passion; and plenty of revenge, which is, to be sure, the child of the Divil, and not the brat of a weak brain. My wayward love is the only blot you can stamp [on] my scutcion: with that, when I see you, I shall vindicate

their letters. The asterisks in this and others of the collection mark passages omitted as of insufficient interest for publication.

myself, in the deafest side of your head! Thank God! things seems to turn out well, but that I did not foresee this, I can assure you. I was always willing and ready to contribute to the making my Robie happy, and with chearfulness to submit to everything that could befall me. I was ever resolved never to complain to my friends, who are ever deaf to distress, but mighty willing to rejoice in one's prosperity. But I find I must not give way to this, for I know not where it will end, and I am resolved to keep something for a meeting, But, to begin again, Robie and you must submite the care of the children to me for this year. I foresee, tho' I might get the blame was things to turn out ill, yet when they flourish I may never be thought of: but I hope to live to tell my own merit in their education myself. Jamie never learned ought but the Minuat and Lewer, which is a sort of Minuat; he never saw a country-dance; he, nor his sister, has not been within the play-house door since April last. I say again trust me: I have not given you any reason to doubt of my quick-sightedness. I hope I shall always be able to give good reason for what I do. I will not quit my knowledge of mankind to the best of you. My children, from the oldest to the youngest, loves me, and fears me as sinners dread death: my look is a law. * * * * My love to Robie when you write to him, or do you send him this; he will soon hear from me. I ever am, with great affection and love, your sister. "I. S."

Mrs. Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"June 26. 1763.

"My dear Andrew,

* * * *

"I am far from being well, which I do not choose

to signify to Robie. Was he to be with me to-morrow it would do me no service. The immoderate fatigue I have had these many years in bringing in a family into the world, and the anxiety I have had in rearing them, join'd to many sore hearts, has wore out the best constitution in Europ. 'Tis true I have had a severe additional fatigue since Robie went abroad, but I have had one substantial comfort; I have been my own mistress. I have had no chiding stuff, which I believe I sometimes brought on myself, but when I did, it was in defence of some saving truth. My frugality has often been dear to me, but yet I'm of opinion had my disposition been otherwise he would have more justly found fault. * * * Robie is of a sweet disposition, but has not so much fore-thought, nor so discerning a judgment as I have. When I'm gone, he will soon be flatter'd out of himself, and out of that justice which is dew to my children, and we have nobody to interpose. * * * I'm at present too much affected to say any more of this. To-morrow I'm to take asses' milk: Dr. Hunter says that will do me good; he was with me this morning. Everybody say the country will by all means be proper, but that will never cure a person who carries their disease in their mind. Peace and quiet is my wish, but I despair of ever attaining it. Since ever my lord left me, my applycation to business, my constant desire of doing good and being oblidging, has fatigued me beyond measure. The thing that has of late most hurt me is speaking. I exert with such spirit and vivasity that, when I'm left alone, after having entertain'd my visitors, I feel such a violent pain in my breast that I am useless for some time. I have had a dreadful cough this spring, which still sticks to me. To sum up all, when I sit

down alone, and enters into a train of thoughts, I grow low spirited.*

"I have sent you Fingal and the Index; when will you give over asking books? Here I must end; only tell you the children are all fine creatures, but their being continually disturbing me is hard, but for their wellfare and frugality, I will yet endure it. Their voice sometimes is like thunder, for all of them are very healthy, for which I thank God: sound in body and sound in mind. The domestick affairs of such a family as mine is sufficient business for any woman. * * * Here I have had a halt to take some rubarb and a glass of wine; this is my own receipt. After a person passes forty, they are either a fool or a phisician. Blooding is ordered for me, but I hate that operation much. * * * * Oh Andrew! it would be well worth your while to come and see my infantry. A mother's description is not minded: if it was, I could tell you that Bruce is everything that I could wish her, and what her father wishes. She has been a heart-break many a time to me, but I flatter myself with the best now. Jamie delights both man and woman: lovely and modest, he cannot move a finger but he shows beauty. The old and the wise, the sharp-sighted and the soft-hearted,

* Mr. Strange being his own publisher, his works, and some of his foreign purchases, were sold at his house, and, no doubt, under his wife's superintendence while he was from home. In this letter she incidentally remarks, "I can sell nothing but what is really fine; bad and middling things in the way of virto I am for burning;" an opinion still acted upon by dealers in London more than elsewhere. And she adds, "I believe I have friends in all the points of the compass. This is only to be had by oblidgingness, which is one of my studys, and by which I have had ever some of this world's gain."

admires and loves Andrew. Bell's her papa's pictur, softened with smiles; she's all dimples: a gentle zepher you would call her, with a most comick disposition as would charm you. Bob is my favourate, only because I am now going to describe him: he loves me more than they do all. He is in every respect like Jamie, who some people say is my favourate, but I think Bob is my dauty. Jamie I wished for, and hitherto he is all I could wish for, was I to wish again. There's a youthful giddiness in him that is not in Andrew, yet one cannot help admiring it. Although I love him as I do my own soul, yet I pass no fault without correction: I correct him oftener than Andrew. *He* has a sedateness that never was in any boy but himself. Within these three weeks I have put him, meaning Andrew, to learn to dance to brisk him up. He is jealous of his brother, as he is of him: neither of them can bear the other to advance faster than he. When Jamie was aplauded for dancing, Andrew wished he could do so too. Now he is more awake, and pleas'd to think he will be able to dance when his brother dances to his papa. Bruce dances very gently. Bob and Bell imitates the rest, and dances too. What will your prudence and philosophy think of this letter? it needs no apology if you consider from whom it comes and to whom it goes. * * * * I wish you wase staying in France, I would recover there, or any place where I had an opportunity of speaking to none but one friend. I shall never attempt to learn a new language. Oh! here comes our friend Mr. George Spence from the City with his whole family to visit me; I'll seal up, so Adieu."

Mrs. Strange's letters show much originality of character, engrafted on more ordinary qualities of

the Scottish gentlewoman of last century,—a class now to be estimated only from such memorials, accidentally preserved. Among them native capacity had little cultivation, while natural sagacity and raciness of thought or language were left untrammeled by artificial refinement or conventional restraints. These considerations may, we trust, authorise our somewhat copious extracts regarding matters of mere family interest, offered without modification of style or spelling.

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